

MEISTER KARL'S SKETCH-BOOK.

BY
CHARLES G. LELAND.

"I truly hold it for an honour and praise to be called and reputed a *bon Gaultier* and a Robin Goodfellow; for under this name am I welcome in all choice companies of Pantagruelists."—RABELAIS.

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PREFACE.

THE reader may have observed that in recalling experiences of life or literature we seldom follow a regular plan. Our memories of individuals, as of cities or of books, change with the phases of events; so that that which once attracted may seem at another time dark and repulsive. But, with whatever feelings we regard the past, it is not less certain that much invariably recurs as half-forgotten or greatly changed which was once clearly retained. Facts will seem like fancies, realities like dreams, and eccentric trifles will often remain when things of real value have slipped into oblivion.

Examination also convinces us that our daily trains of thought, if not of conversation, are not less irregular and fantastic, and that life itself is infinitely more grotesque than we are wont to imagine. An accurate record of the sleeping and waking thoughts of the soberest merchant in the city would probably astound, by its eccentricity, even a Hoffman.

In Meister Karl's "Sketch-Book," the Author will be found to have followed at ease the current of his thoughts, without making the slightest effort to restrain their course, or to turn it in any preconceived direction. When a grotesque or even an absurd fancy has struck him, he has recorded it without hesitation, and given it life in print without an effort at correction or revision. He has not attempted to extract either from experience or reading merely that which he regarded as striking or peculiar, but has written down, as they occurred to him, matters great and small, sensible or nonsensical, definite or indefinite. And as the work throughout smacks more of translation, extract, and quotation, than of original thought, the reader may possibly excuse the following

citation from the preface of an "*Odd Volume*," written many years ago, as it not inaptly illustrates the character of the following chapters:—

"In rummaging over a house, a room, or even an old desk which has stood some dozen or twenty years in his study, who has not noticed how many out-of-the-way articles present themselves? Shells, minerals, pictures, seals, penknives, trinkets, strange and curious productions from abroad, and convenient contrivances which come into use once in seven years—all are stowed away carefully in the old pigeon-holes and drawers, and present a grotesque but not a useless or uninformative medley when paraded on the table for inspection.

"Every one who has read to any extent has at least one apartment in the great storehouse of memory which is furnished with a medley of a similar character—a collection of the odds and ends of knowledge—gathered from all quarters, and connected and compacted by associations the most fanciful or even whimsical. Out of this apartment of our memory we have drawn the materials of the present volume, and offer them to our readers, in the hope that they may not merely serve the purpose of amusement for an idle hour, but may furnish instruction touching interesting topics of life, society, and manners, both at home and abroad."

Meister Karl trusts that he is not one of those writers who allude complacently to the early age at which their works were written, since he has never been able to understand why a precocious production should have the slightest advantage over those of mature years. But as every stage of life has its unavoidable and characteristic defects, he would mention that the greater portion of the "*Sketch-Book*" was written at intervals from his sixteenth to his twenty-fifth year. Much which is excusable in the familiar sketches of a youth passed in universities and travel would sound strangely if supposed to be written by an older man.

THE

Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

INTRODUCTION.

“COMME mon dessein n’a été dans mes voyages que de remarquer ce que je trouverois de plus bizarre, de plus merveilleux et de plus surprenant; vous ne devez attendre de moi que des choses surprenantes, merveilleuses et bizarres. Imaginez donc pour cela, que je n’ay voyagé que dans des pais de prodiges, puisque je ne vous apprendrai que ce que j’ai remarqué de prodigieux. Comme vous êtes de mes amis, je vous écrirai aussi familièrement que je vous parle, je veux dire, sans ceremonies, et sans façons,—Vous les recevrez successivement les unes après les autres, sans que je vous fasse beaucoup attendre.”—*Mital, ou Aventures Incroyables, et toute-fois et cetera: Paris, ce 30 Mars, 1708.*

WELL, my friends!—are we all in our places? Is the last packet thrown in?—are your hats tied up?—your travelling caps on?—coat and gown settled down? Is the baggage snugly stowed away?—have the trunks gone to sleep in loving unison with the band-boxes upon the carpet bags? Major, is your flask within reach?—you may wish to refer to it. And are they all there, the gentle ones, including the pretty waiting-maid outside? (Are you comfortable, ma’m selle?) And lo, here am I, your courier, your friend, your guide that is to be, with my everlasting green bag, portfolio, and pipe. What’s all that row with the horses? Lay on the leather, driver! all right,—dem that beggar!—go a-head!—hey up there!—g’lang!

“Clic clac, petit postillion!”

Click clack, little postillion!

Before thee lies the way;

And thou art like an eagle fleet

Upon thy gallant grey!

Ladies and gentlemen! I modestly set myself forward as your courier or valet-de-place, for a long journey. Like many other

couriers, I shall make you travel pretty much where I please; *un-like* them, I shall impose upon you as little as possible. Common couriers make you travel by land and water; I shall take you *under* ground, if I choose; slap through the misty land of gnomes, and sometimes through the gold-glancing Aërial, where the pure dwellers are; sometimes you shall be among the steam and whiz and dash of the busy Nineteenth century; and sometimes the quaint old spires, and distant towers, which rise darkly against the Evening Blue; and the dream-like shadows flitting around shall awaken the consciousness that our journey is not of this world or age.

Nay, may I be forsworn, if the jaunt shall have any limit of any sort or time. All the dramatic or itinerarie unities shall be disregarded; blown away; sent to the devil; *in poco*, dismissed; and all for your sakes, O dearly beloved!

Softly and kindly, like the voices of loved ones[^] passed away, come the recollections of scenes in beautiful distant lands, to the soul of the traveller. Merrily and wildly, like the ringing of fairy bells heard at eve over the darkening plain, doth Fantasie awaken the chimes of his spirit, when he thinks of the pranks played in youth in many a quaint old city o'er the sea.

But ah! gentler than all, how softly, how strangely, how wonderfully, do those unborn ghosts, those embryo thoughts, the feelings, pass in sad and beautiful procession before the gate of the soul! Messengers from the Unknown, whence come ye, or whither do ye flee? Time hath not known ye, and ye dwell not in space. The world esteems ye not; only to the poet who has never written, to the artist who never creates, are ye welcome visitants:

"I stood upon a lofty place,
And look'd out on the plain,
And there I saw a lovely face
I never saw again!"

My dearest!—every one who travels, whether he be "My Lord," with his own carriage; a commercial agent, with his samples; a student with knapsack; a travelling journeyman mechanic, with ditto, and an extra pair of heavy hobnailed boots; or even an adventurer, taking the provinces,—should do their best during a journey, to entertain all the thoughts, feelings, sentiments, and emotions to which I allude; or to act and think

so that they may spring up in future. Travel, like youth, is a period when most domestic cares are borne by others, in order that we may improve our ignorant souls, and lay up glad recollections, or, according to Dr. Watts, "shining ears," for the time to come. Alas! alas!—that with so many, these "shining ears" should be like the golden ones of King Midas, merely asinine!

"Alas! he has made a pun! M. le Courier—is *this* the way you conduct us?"—Ay, carry me the hangman, but it is. Travel, my fair Julie, like youth, is the time of all times when Dame Fantasia hath full swing.

Pardie! my children!—my own, my minnie darlings—you little know the treasure you possess in your old courier. He will tell you the stories and sing you the songs of the lands you are to travel in, for he knows them all as well as the probable colour of next winter's snow. *Bon Gaultier et franc compagnon*, he can laugh like a cup of flies, and draw corks with his handkerchief. Reserved and modest in his demeanour, he will allow nothing in his exhibition which can offend the feelings of the most fastidious!—*ergo bibamus fratercule*—(therefore, O brother, let us be temperate)—and hand the ladies in!

"*Vive la Grande Route!*" But I cannot satisfy everybody. For you, young gentlemen, just from college, the continent is a fiery ordeal, and he who gets through without scorching a few feathers, may sing out *in dulci jubilo*. I had as lief drive pigs through a corn-field, as undertake to bring you virtuously through: but—pay your fare; jump in, and—ahem, hush! (*I'll see what I can do for you.*)

But thrice hail you, ye jovial bachelors! come along, if *anybody* is to come. Make glad our hearts with your quips and cranks, your shouts and jokes. Join with us in carolling and chanting! Roar out a merrie *tol de rol*, *juvivallera* chorus to my songs, until the inn-keepers twig our approach an hour before the arrival of our avant-courier. Ye shall sit with me after dinner, when the ladies have retired. For your sakes the landlord shall mysteriously impart in an undertone those golden scraps of information, not meant for the slow "outsiders." I will find out for you the lurking-places and rendezvous of good cigars and cogniac. Black eyes, braided locks, and opera tickets shall console you during our long, long pilgrimage.

Linger not, for already our horses paw the ground: MONTEZ!
EN AVANT! MARCHONS!

"I'm in every land at home,
And in every home content;
If I northward chance to roam,
Or my course be southward bent,
Happy, though alone—afar;
Ubi bene, ibi patria!"

And do you, O beautiful ladies, ("and all amiable ladies are beautiful,") smile upon us, and gladden us with your glances. Be your eyes black or blue; your hair jet, golden, or *chataigne foncée* of dark chestnut; be ye stately queens, or dear little darlings; dames of high degree, or nice petite mignonne milliners, still favour us with your presence. Open your windows, be they in the second, third, fourth, or fifth stories; wave your white handkerchiefs; hurrah, and cast out flowers upon our merry old diligence, as it lumbers by. Meet us at the table d'hôte; do us the distinguished honour to visit the opera under our escort; catch us accidentally in the long, dark entries of our hotels. You will waltz with us in Vienna to the music of Strauss; faint into our arms on the summit of Vesuvius, and go with us, well-bedomino'd, to the grand masked balls of the Opera, and the *Prado*! Oh yes, you *will*! Don't say *no*, for Mamma will never find it out.

Hide my book in your beautiful muff. M'lle P—— will purchase it for her Select Library of Foreign Romance. M'lles *Amenaïde, Anäis, Coralie, Hortense, Camille, Nini, Fifiue, Josephine*, and *Fiddledédine* will study that *barragouinage Anglais*, that they may read it to one another, and to Milord Smith. Her illustrious highness, the —— of ——, will expire under its influence. The white-coated courier will become an historico-romantic personage. After-ages will dispute whether he was a man or a myth; and the great unwritten epic of the twentieth century will be founded on *his* adventures. But I cannot stand preaching here:

"Brevis oratio penetrat coelos,
Longa potatio evacuat scyphos."

The last crack of our whip, the last blast of our horn; already the sign of our hotel is a mote in the distance. Adieu, *O Regnaut mon amy!*—*O mon amy Regnaut!*

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN WHICH THE COURIER DISCUSSES CERTAIN TRAVELLERS OR
 "SEREINS" WHO JOURNEY TO AND FRO WITHOUT KNOW-
 ING HOW; AND CONCLUDES BY ILLUSTRATING THE PROVERB,
 "HE IS POOR INDEED WHO CAN PROMISE NOTHING."

"I LONG have dwelt in Romanie,
 And made a trip beyond the sea;
 Have had a fever twice while there;
 And suffered damage everywhere.
 But all the troubles I've withstood,
 In Syria, Rome, by field or flood,
 Were naught, compared to my vexations
 From travelling flats, in foreign nations."

TIBAUT, ROY DE NAVARRE, improved.

LORD BACON hath well remarked in his essays, "He that travelleth into a country, before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel." Since Bacon's time, matters have materially mended in this respect. Phrase-books are no longer *absolutely* indispensable, for every head-waiter on the continent receives at present such an education that he might, if so minded, relinquish at any time his situation for the less lucrative appointment of Professor of Modern Languages in a university. And not only the head-waiters, but many others, of different employments and capacities. Did not my friend *Leon* tell me how Harry, one day, on entering an obscure little shop in the dirtiest corner of the *Rue Serpent*, was astonished, after inquiring, with great difficulty, "*Avez voo doo eau de soda?*" to hear the trim demoiselle reply, with incredible quickness, "Yes, sir, soda watair, and very nice ginger-bière, too—*blessed if we haven't!*" Ah, my friends, this is a great age we live in!

Yes, a very great age; nevertheless, he who travels with only one language; might as well undertake to run with one leg, if information or pleasure be of any moment. Of all parts of a young gentleman's education, the most expensive and difficult is

that of putting him up to a thing or two, which can rarely be effected abroad, solely through the medium of his native tongue. It has been said (by Mrs. Catnip) that the most agreeable and instructive things which we hear are intended for the ears of others; and you are all aware, good friends, that foreigners are not, generally speaking, in the habit of expressing such remarks in the English language; although I have known rare instances to occur, in which the natives, stimulated by a laudable excess of caution, have breathed out their heart's secrets to each other in that tongue, to the infinite delight of the John Bulls in the next box.

Therefore, Theodore Augustus, mind your grammar. Therefore, Therèse Maria, attend to the lessons of madame, for great will be your reward in days to come.

Beware lest your personal appearance indicate "*slowness*." Remember that this wicked world persecutes innocence, making it pay for dinners and drinks that it never ordered. "He's *vus nor vicked*—he looks *green*," was the reason assigned by the butcher for turning his only son out of doors; therefore study in the first place to make your outward man serve as a sign to indicate the immensely wide-awake soul which lodges within. Remember that there are vast numbers of people who, to use the words of Montaigne, "*supportent plus malaysement une robbe, qu'une ame de travers*." If you wear a blue silk neckerchief, occasionally white-spotted, with tweedish clothes and light cap, you will be taken for English. If you dress in black from head to foot, (and have in your trunk a black-glazed cap, and small whisp-broom, "*to sweep de cloze wiz*," as I heard a Prussian once say,) for an American. If in square-cut green frock-coat and braided cap, for a German. The first is the most comfortable, the second the most respectable, and the third the most economical; for a landlord would as soon think of overcharging his own son as a *Deutscher*.

AGLIONBY RALPH DE SQUILTERS was an English gentleman of good estate, and an illustrious example of those who travel without knowing how. *He* never spoke "the d—d language." *He* always wanted black tea, and boasted of having rung for the servants forty times in one day. And *he* always conversed in English at the table-d'hôte, making very particular remarks about the personal appearance of those present, occasionally getting

himself into scrapes, from which all the *aplomb* of a graduated lorette would never have extricated him. I remember once, at the Erzherzog Carl in Vienna, hearing him criticise the appearance of all present, from "the old file in yellow moustaches," down to "the little turnip-nose, who calls herself a countess," until he settled upon the spectacles of a sedate, respectable old gentleman, and wondered whether they were gilt or golden. Great was the astonishment of Ag. de Sq. when the old gentleman handed them to him, remarking, in English, "Perhaps, sir, you would like to examine for yourself." Poor Squilters could only give vent to an "Oh—ah!" which sounded as if he had just received a kick in the abdomen; when his victim added, "And *perhaps*, sir, considering that the majority of those present understand English, you will be pleased to make your insolent remarks in a lower tone of voice."

There is the indifferent traveller, who leaves his soul for safe-keeping with the landlord, or valet-de-place, or any chance "compagnon de voyage" whom destiny may provide. There is the suspicious traveller—poor creature! I have heard of a man who fancied that he was the only bonâ-fide human being in existence; that all the brave men and merry maidens who circle over this green world were demons or goblins, wearing the mere semblance of humanity; winking at one another when his back was turned, and playing him incessantly a ghastly, insincere game of life. About as agreeable must the life of that traveller be, who ever fancies that all the inn-keepers, waiters, chance foreign acquaintances, etc., are banded together to cheat, swindle, and delude him. Such travellers are not to be "done"—not they! They lay deep counterplots against the Machiavellian devices of their landladies, and cheat themselves out of many happy hours, days, or months, in order to avoid being a little comfortably cheated by others; urged, half the time, not by mercenary motives, but by a mere nervous dread of being cheated!

Ah bah!—the deuce carry for me the fifty thousand fools who are at this moment "doing the continent," and the hundred and fifty thousand who intend doing it as soon as convenient! But no; they must needs tumble round like the rest, and collect bon-bons and bonnes-fortunes, pictures, mosaics, cameos, and romantic adventures, at the lowest market price. They must needs be flea-bitten, garlicked, sauer-krauted, diligenced, vetturino'd, table-

d'hôtéd, bal-masquéd, and humbugged, as their fathers were before.

Hurrah! then, I say, for travel! Go on as ye have begun, sweet friends! and in fifty years every other house abroad will be an *Hotel des Iles Britanniques*; every shop, devoted to the sale of John Murray; and the natives, forgetting their respective German, Italian, Polish, and Hungarian mother tongues, will speak no language save bad French or worse English; and society, changed to its very roots, will consist of only two classes—those who travel, and those who minister unto their wants.

O Regnaut mon amy, let me depart in good humour!

Yes, let me talk myself into a good humour over the golden visions, the wonderful scenes which I intend to reveal to your enraptured eyes. For should time permit, nor inclination fail, I will bear ye afar on the fresh wings of the spirit through the purple light of spring into the black-letter, legendary land, far—far away.

Over the fountains,
And under the waves;
Over the mountains,
And under the graves.

—Describing to ye meanwhile such matters as the quarrel I had with my friend Herter, a student of law, for throwing a stone at Lola Montez, the art of cheating custom-house officers, patent blacking, the Lake of Como, true piety, evenings with the grisettes, spring fever, head-waiters, the *valse à deux temps*, and, to be consistently inconsistent, an occasional flight of the most esoteric nonsense which ever bewildered the common sense of an idiot. Yea—and the Lola Montez item above alluded to, and the Jesuits, (not alluded to,) reminds me that I can, if I will, answer the question so unblushingly put ages ago by St. Senanus—of

———Quid foeminis
Commune est cum monachis?

Or, what constitutes the peculiar affinity of ladies for young clergymen? In other words, Why hath “the muslin” such an affinity for “the cloth?”—These be subtle mysteries.

Out of the fulness of my heart, I will even copy down the names of streets, the inscriptions on cook’s shops and Gothic cathedrals; print my washerwoman’s bills, *verb. et lit.*; kick up the *diable à quatre*; tell tales out of school, and throw ye all into

mirific ecstasies. *Zeit bringt rosen*—time brings roses. Wait only, and see what dainty flowers will spring up from this root of an introduction. Do you think that I will not do all this, and more? Give heed, my friends, to this my motto, which I drew from Master Euphues Lylie's *Anatomie of Wit*: "*Hennes do not laye egges when they cluck, but when they cackle; nor men set forthe bookes when they promise, but whenne theye perform.*"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

STYLUS IN PIXIDE—THE PEN IN THE INKSTAND.

Munich, May 1.

"YE furniture was olde and badde,
It had a mustie smelle;
I thinke upon such stooles as these
Ye damned doe sitte in Helle.

"Yet even thys I might haue borne,
Perhaps as muche agen,
Had not mine hostesse come eche daye
Toe borrowe *inke* and *penne*!"

"ROMAUNT OF YE SPOONE."

QUOT HOMINES TOT SENTENTIÆ. "So many men, so many minds." Everybody will, however, agree with me in the opinion that young lovers are terribly addicted to scribbling the names of their dearests, and occasionally in most inappropriate places. Gentle friends! I had just laid aside a nice rough sheet of paper for this chapter, and left the room for an instant to light a cigar. Enter my dear friend, Leonard, takes up a pen, and absent-mindedly writes "*Eloïse*" over it, in as many varieties of *cacography*. I enter—discover the *Eloïses*—and wish him forty times an *Abelard* for their sakes!

Young ladies, however, as well as gentleman, are, and have been in every age, addicted to meddling with other people's pens and ink.

At my right hand lies a dusky black-letter folio—a theological affair: *Moralisationum Reductorium super totam Bibliam*," printed A. Dni. 1515. On the fly-leaf is written in faded ink the following sentence:

"f. Byrherd you may be glade that yo pennes and ynkorne ys gone for the fayrest woman yn thys worlde haue them wptups that to f. abros mschall and meny mo, the wpych woma ys called elsabyth passune that gabe them."——*

I often muse over this old fly-leaf, and, sooth to say, have discovered, either in it or in my own mind, many little romantic passages, all inspired with sweet sunny-melancholy, with quaint old conceits; with smiles and tears. How did the mysterious "f. Byrherd" look, when he returned and found his "pennes" and "ynkorne" vanished, "among the missing," and naught to console him for their loss, save the comforting assurance of that arch-villain Ambrose, that the fairest woman in this world had hooked them? Who were the "many more," the mysterious cloud of witnesses to this nefarious transaction, or where are they? Passed away like dim clouds into the evening red; like music heard in dreams; like phantoms into night! And the beautiful, roguish, mischievous Elizabeth?—comes there through the dusty halls of long centuries no echo of the fame of one who was in her day the "*fayrest*?"

"Fadeth sweete flower, and beauty pales away."

It may be further remarked that some one, with the same ink, and apparently the same "penne," has scrawled, with no clerkly hand, lines all over the sentence, as if to render it illegible. But as the said scrawling is done in a very light, careless manner, as if merely to keep up appearances, without any serious intention of spoiling the affair, the reader will agree with me that it was probably executed by the fair hand of Miss Elizabeth herself, who wished, of course, to sport a little modesty, and yet was not at heart very seriously vexed at Monsieur Ambrose's compliment. O girls! girls! you have always been the same in every age!

Yes, indeed, have you. By Jove! since I wrote that last sentence, I went out of the room, and, on returning, found that Miss Anna had entered, and feloniously abstracted my writing-gear. I "put" after the young lady and reclaimed the property, despite the

* "FRIEND BYRHERD, you may be glad that your pennes and inkhorne is gone, for the fairest woman in this world hath them, witness thereto friend AMBROSE MITCHELL, and many more, the which woman is called ELIZABETH PASSUNE that gave them."——

mollifying excuse "that she had just taken pen and ink to write a few lines to Cousin Becky!" This was an illustration of my remark which I little anticipated. Was there ever a gentleman whose scribbling plunder has not been walked off with, from time to time, by the feminine part of the household? Was there ever a gentleman who did not grind out "*Anathema!*" etc. etc. etc. (or something like it) from between his teeth, on such joyful occasions? And, finally, is there a gentleman who will not agree with me that this was probably the true reason why ladies have always been prohibited from entering Roman Catholic monasteries, and other retreats of literary clergymen.

"Nec te, nec ullam *aliam*
Admittamus in insulam."

Which signifieth: "It's all very well, Miss Ferguson; you're a good-looking young lady, *but you can't come in!*" The holy brother, after this speech, probably added, in a low tone, "More's the pity!"

But the legend says nothing about *that*.

I declare I have conjured up quite a little picture from that old fly-leaf. I fancy that I see pretty Elsabyth bearing off in triumph poor Byrherd's pens and ink; an arch smile on her coquettish face, while gallant Master Ambrose detains her for an instant, to scrawl in Gothic hand the annunciation. Anon she becomes interested, and peers over his shoulder, with all the merrie "wytnesses;" and when fully aware of the meaning, grasps a pen, and makes as if she would fain obliterate the saucy compliment. Then the whole gay party bound away, leaving in everlasting doubt and mystery the question as to *whom* she gave the writing apparatus—for the sentence is unfinished.

"And they are gone; ay, ages long ago,
These lovers fled away into the storm"—

And the eyes of the fair Elsabyth have grown dim, and merry master Andrew laugheth no longer amid his gibes, his gambols, his songs; and the grave Byrherd hath passed silently away with his books and his inkhorn into eternity and night, and that faded fly-leaf is the sole fragile record of those who were once beautiful and gay.—*Oh diàmiri! Orgia!*

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

DEDICATED TO THE LADIES.

"Early and late the sex I praise,
 And fain their praises would deserve;
 The man who mocks at woman's grace,
 And from *my* course would make me swerve,
 I'd straight attack with bitterest song—
 I praise the worthy, lovely dames
 Who turn our minds from wrong."

HEINRICH FRAUENLOB, A. D. 1270.

EHRET DIE FRAUEN! And in good faith, most excellent friends, it is high time that a little devotion, a little exclusive attention, some courtesy and politeness, or at least a few compliments, be paid to those excellent ladies, who have so kindly, so generously, put themselves under my charge, and travelled without flinching through the previous chapter.

But as I believe it impossible for a gentleman to compliment the gentler sex with as much zeal, tact, earnestness, and ingenuity as they themselves have already employed in this noble pursuit, I shall simply translate from the Italian a little golden book, or tractatus, on the nobility and superiority of the female sex—not, however, by Cornelius Agrippa, but by a Venetian lady, who, oddly enough, masquerades in her title-page as a French-woman.

THE VINDICATION!

A CURIOUS AND INTERESTING WORK OF THE NINE
 THOUSAND, NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-
 NINE EXCELLENCIES AND
 BEAUTIES OF

The Ladies.

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT, FOR MANY REASONS, WOMAN
 IS NOBLER AND MORE EXCELLENT THAN MAN!

PUBLISHED BY MADAME ADRIANELLA OF PARIS.

PRAISED be the ETERNAL ARCHITECT and CREATOR of all Things, that I was born a Woman, and not a Man, and I am always thankful for the noble Title of Woman, which hath been

granted unto me; albeit that Men have often asserted their Superiority, and with false reasoning blasphemed the Female Sex. And such do I compare to Vipers, who immediately after Birth seek with poisonous Teeth to slay their Mother. For even so doth that Man, who, after being conceived and nourished by his Mother, shows his Gratitude by speaking lightly of the Female Sex.

Now will I prove that Woman is *far nobler* than Man, and put to silence, *perhaps* the Blush, those who have dared to find Fault with so noble a Creature as Woman.

“Or vedi se tu sei Pazzo insensato
Se partorito Donna non t’avesse
Dimmi, saresti tu al mondo nato?”

And see what an insensate fool thou art!
For had not Woman borne thee in her womb,
Wouldst thou have ever entered in the world?

Aristotle, in his seventh Book on Animals, having philosophized on the internal Structure of Man and of Woman, finds that the latter is more inclined to Pity and Compassion, and therefore more merciful than Man. Now Compassion and Mercy being the highest attributes of our Nature, we may well say that Woman is far nobler than Man.

Solomon hath said (7 Prov.) that Man should receive Consolation from Woman. Now the Consoler is greater than the Consolated; therefore is Woman superior to Man.

Nature itself hath established the superiority of the Female Sex, by giving them smooth Faces, free from Hair, by which they are distinguished from the BRUTE CREATION. But Man hath not this distinction, and I therefore assert that Woman is nobler than Man!

We may not deny that the Thing moved is inferior to the Mover. The Sun is superior to the Vapours which it attracts, the Magnet to the Iron, the Amber to the Straws. But far more excellent is Woman than the Hearts which she draws unto her, even from distant Lands. Be silent, therefore, *O Man!* thou that art, most justly, the Servant and Slave of Woman.

If we speak of Names, it cannot be denied that feminine Appellations are nobler than masculine; and if any one should assert that there is no nobler Name than that of Heaven, which in our

Italian Tongue is masculine, I reply that the Intelligence by which the Heaven is governed hath the true Superiority, and the word Intelligence (*La Intelligenza*) is feminine.

This Excellence extends even unto the Names of Birds, for the Phoenix, (*La Fenice*,) of which, as the Egyptians have written, but One exists, and the Eagle, (*l'Aquila*,) which is *Queen* of all, are both feminine in their Appellation. But all ferocious and poisonous Animals have naturally masculine Names, such as the Basilisk, which slays us with his Glance alone, not to mention the Wolf, Bear, Dragon, Serpent, and Lion, which are all masculine. Be silent, therefore, O Man! for even the brute Beasts do accuse thee, and not Woman, of having a vile Nature.

But if we look to feminine Names, we find that they are all good. For Brevity's sake I will only mention a few, such as Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, Chastity, Charity, Honesty, Holiness, Health, Religion, Reputation, Life, Peace, Glory, Mercy, Beauty, Wealth, Humility, Fortune, Reason, Concord—enough to prove that Man is far inferior to Woman. Or look to the Names of Cities, if we would establish yet another point in our Favour. For we find:

L'antica Roma,	.	.	Rome the ancient.
La ricca Venezia,	.	.	Venice the wealthy.
La gentil Partenope,	.	.	Naples the agreeable.
La Superba Genova,	.	.	Genoa the proud.
La dotta Perugia,	.	.	Perugia the learned.
La nobile Ferrara,	.	.	Ferrara the noble.
LA LOQUACE SIENA,	.	.	SIENNA THE TALKATIVE!
La grassa Bologna,	.	.	Bologna the fertile.
La forte Padova,	.	.	Padua
La forte Mantua,	.	.	Mantua
La forte Verona,	.	.	Veroná
La forte Malta,	.	.	Malta
La bella Fiorenza,	.	.	Florence the beautiful.

All the Countries in the World have feminine Names: Italia, Spagna, Francia, Turchia, Fiandra, (Flanders,) Grecia, Alemagna, (Germany,) Africa, India, Morca, Terra Santa, (Palestine,) Lombardia, La Toscana, La Marca, Puglia, and Calabria.*

Also all Islands and Fortresses.

* "And America."—WOLF SHORT.

Learning and wisdom also declare for the *Nome donneschi*, or feminine Names, as *La Filosofia*, *La Geometria*, *La Strologia*, *La Matimatica*, *La Fisica*, *La Chirurgia*, (Surgery,) and *La nobilissima Musica*, the most noble Art of Music.

Dost thou assert that Woman is deprived of Liberty, and not Man? I reply that precious Stones and rich Treasures are justly locked up, and kept safe; sweet fruit Trees are surrounded by lofty Walls, and of course Woman should be thus guarded, since she is truly the richest Gem, the most inestimable of Treasures, and delicious of Plants.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

OF MY TRAVELLING COMPANION WOLF SHORT, AND WHERE
AND HOW I FIRST BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH HIM.

“EIN Genie ist überall,
In Lapland und Amerika;
Sogar in Portugal,
In China und Siberien
Von jedem Menschen gern geseh'n.”

GERMAN COURIER'S SONG.

“EL SENOR SHORT has been for the last week here at the hotel, but left this morning for the Havana.”

“The devil he did!”

Was there ever any thing so confoundedly vexatious? To be in Gibraltar alone was bad enough; but to know that a man of sense, talent, and information had been within an ace of becoming my companion; and to know that if he *had* fraternized, all *ennui* would have vanished like uncorked ether; and finally to know that he had fairly escaped me, was enough to make a saint swear.

And being no saint

I HAD heard of WOLF SHORT once before. While in New York, I had been referred to him, as the only person who could supply my elderly friend, Miss —, with certain authentic materials for her “GRAND COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY OF THE

AFRICAN RACE, AS IT NOW EXISTS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD." At her urgent entreaty, and supplied with a letter of introduction, obtained.—HEAVEN knows from whom—I called at his hotel. He had departed—no one knew whither. Our proceeding had been conducted with all imaginary secrecy, but Short was too old a bird to be thus caught. He had taken the alarm, and fled. On his table lay a card, on which was written in round, deliberate-looking letters, the following shockingly unphilanthropic message:

"Devil take the African Race.

"Yours truly,

"WOLF SHORT."

The men who remain at a *table d'hôte* after the dessert are not unfrequently of an original and decided cast of mind. The ladies, being lightest, (I mean most ærial,) are naturally blown away by the first puff of a cigar. Then the *young gentlemen* depart, on their evening visits, and are speedily followed by the sober married men, leaving the field in possession of the old bachelors and philosophers.

I was thus seated after dinner in the long *salle-à-manger* of the *Hôtel de l'Europe* in Venice. The broad windows admitted the cool evening breeze, and at the same time afforded a magnificent view of the city, which, in the rays of the setting sun, seemed steeped in a golden-crimson bath. Beneath lay the Grand Canal, already crowded with gondolas, whose occupants were hastening to the opera. Caring nothing for the new piece of Verdi's announced for that evening, I had remained quietly smoking in my chair. As this is a favorite conversation-hour, I began to scan the faces of my fellow-boarders, seeking for one in which information and urbanity were combined.

At the head of the table were half a dozen of those "jolly dogs," who in every hotel seem to draw together by intuitive attraction; men who dice with the landlord for champagne, talk, swear, and sing in many languages, and make more noise than all the rest of the company together. At my right hand sat a fat old Austrian colonel, conversing earnestly with an unfortunate-looking young gentleman from Vienna, who had made himself conspicuous during dinner by describing, in a loud tone, the pro-

cess of picking and packing oranges, as performed in Sicily. None of these individuals (save indeed the jolly dogs) seemed worth knowing.

Directly opposite sat a quiet, unobtrusive-looking man, in brown moustaches. So remarkably silent had he been, that I had during dinner hardly noticed his presence. He might have been any thing—a diplomatist or a *chef de police*—an author or a bag-man. But one could readily perceive by the expression of his dark eyes that he was no fool.

Master Euphues Lyly, in his *Anatomie of Witte*, expressly cautions travellers in Italy against chance-acquaintances. “Beware!” saith he. “It is nature of that country to sifte strangers; every one that shaketh thee by the hand is not joyed to see thee in heart.”

Had I followed the advice of sweet Master Lyly on this occasion, the world would have been a loser. All the wit, poetry, and philosophy latent in the soul and writings of that transcendent genius Wolf, (to be published immediately after the next great revolution in Timbuctoo, caused by the rise in pearl-powder,) would have remained to the present day *sub rosa*—under a tea-kettle; I myself would have missed making a friend, and the evening would have gone to the——

For the short gentleman in brown moustaches was no other than WOLF SHORT himself!

“Ich thät mich zu ihm setzen—ich sah ihm in’s Gesicht,
Das schien mir gar befreundet—und dennoch kannt’ ich’s nicht.

“Da sah auch mir in’s Auge der fremde Wandersmann,
Und füllte meinen Becher, und sah mich freundlich an.

“Hei! was die Becher klangen, wie brannte Hand in Hand.
‘Es lebe die Liebste, deine—Herzbrüder, im Vaterland.’”

W. MUELLER.

I AM indebted to Wieland’s *Abderites* for the idea developed in the following sentence:

There are certain men in this world, who have the happy faculty of knowing and understanding each other, and of becoming friends, as soon as they meet. Let the one be of Anglo-Saxon and the other of Chinese blood, the chances are ten to one that, in five minutes’ conversation, they will have remembered to have

heard of each other—at least have found out twenty acquaintances in common. There is more true warmth in their *first* meeting than many men show to their best friends; and yet, if they meet again at intervals of years, the reunion is like that of friends who have but recently parted.

A man of this description is termed by Rabelais, "*Bon Gaultier et bon compagnon*." In German-student slang he is known as a "*kreutz fidele Kerl, und wackerer Kumpan*." I should call him, myself, a *Jolly Good Fellow*, which expression, correctly rendered, means a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of the world.

JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS form the only true republicans in existence. For they know and recognise at a glance each other's peculiarities and excellences, whatever be their rank in this world. I have met with two or three who were princes; several, police agents; six or eight, commercial travellers; many more, military men; a sprinkling of students; one pirate; and any quantity of Catholic priests, more particularly Jesuits.

Of course I admit modifications and variations from the rule. Many are obliged, in the way of business, to deviate very considerably from those principles of courtesy and gentleness which form the mainspring of good fellowship. But I need not preach. Until a man becomes *Bon Gaultier* himself, he will never understand the term, and when he does, there will be no need of explaining it to him. For a poetical example, the reader of Byron may recall Don Juan's companion in slavery:

"Who wept upon his first wife's dying day,
And also when the second ran away."

"BIBAMUS, FRATERCULE!" cried the Wolf, as the cork from the third bottle of champagne shot upward like a meteor against the under lip of the fresco Venus on the ceiling above, leaving thereon a fashionable imperial—"Bibamus, fratercule!" The bright stars are flashing through the dark midnight, like the eyes of a Signora through her Carnival-mask; the evening breeze comes cool and pleasant from the Lido, yet bears on its wings no sound save the ripple of the waters, and the faint cry of the distant gondolier. Lo, we sit above all, alone with the night; and therefore—drink! Is not this hour sacred to Bacchus?

The cold foam-wine leaped from its flask, like a brook bursting from the icy bonds of Winter.

"He was right," cried the Wolf, "who found in the Ionic, the Corinthian, and the Doric, symbols of the girl, the matron, and the man. With as much reason do I find in drinking-glasses a similar typification. The mighty German *Pokal*, which has kept its form unchanged from the Middle Ages, is a giant knight, who looks down on all. The Hock glass is a quaint and most venerable matron, of the same period. But thou, O Champagne!" he continued, apostrophizing his brimming *beaker*—"in thy glass do I clearly discern the form of a slim and graceful maiden. And like the Elixir of Love in thy human archetype, dost thou foam in thy crystal prison!"

"Villanous Wolf!" I cried, "wilt thou linger splashing and puddling on the margin of the stream of poesie? Spring boldly in, and give a song!"

"Am I a wolf," he replied; "and do I not therefore remember the fate of a classical *lupus* who once attempted to sing? I have not forgotten *Æsop*!"

"Howl, then, O *Bisclaveret*! Garwal, Wehr Wulf, Man Wolf, or Loup Garou—but let the song be forthcoming!"

Thus adjured, the Wolf seated himself at the piano, and sang, to an inspiring, row-dowdy, Low Dutch air, the following verses:

THE SONG OF GOOD FELLOWS.

I SING of Good Fellows

Of every degree:

By land or by water,

On shore or at sea;

In dress-coats or petticoats,

Bonnets or hats,

In häicks, or in sheep-skins,

In blankets or mats:

Who ever in all things

Right bravely agree;

For *such* are good fellows,

Wherever they be.

I sing of good fellows,

Whatever their lives,

As monks or as milliners,

Captains or wives;

Of the good and true-hearted

Who laugh at the world,

Yet are happy, wherever

By destiny hurled;

Who enjoy all its folly,

Yet from it are free;

And such are good fellows,

Wherever they be.

I sing of good fellows,

And this is their sign;

They rail not at laughter,

Love, music, or wine;

And fear not lest pleasure

Should swamp them below,

Or that those who are merry

Must overboard go;

Yet who moderate in all things

And temperate we see;

And such are good fellows

Wherever they be.

I sing of good fellows

Who hold to their word,

Who are true as the sabre,

And fast as the cord;

Who think what they speak,
 Speak not all that they think,
 And will stare at the Devil
 Or Death, till he wink;
 Who from lying or trembling
 Or shifting are free;
 And such are good fellows,
 Wherever they be.

I sing of good fellows:
 Kind-hearted are they;
 Not spiteful or cruel,
 Or wounding "in play;"
 But, regarding the feelings
 Of all as their own,
 Ne'er draw from the soul-chords
 A dissonant tone;
 Who are gentle and courteous,
 While gallant and free;
 And such are good fellows,
 Wherever they be.

I sing of good fellows:
 God send us some more!

The Earth hath not many,
 Though Heaven hath store;
 Stout-hearted companions,
 Well buckled in pride,
 Who flinch at no trifles,
 Whatever betide;
 Who 'twixt honour and goodness
 No difference can see;
 And such are good fellows,
 Wherever they be.

I sing of good fellows:
 Oh, could there be found
 A land of delight,
 Where good fellows abound;
 A gentleman's heaven
 Below or above,
 And governed by Courtesy,
 Honour and Love;
 To Elysium or Eden
 I never would flee,
 But the Land of Good Fellows,
 Wherever it be.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR DISCOURSES WILDLY OF LIKES, DISLIKES, LADIES, ALLEGORIES, METAPHYSICS, AND OLD GENTLEMEN; IN WHICH, LAYING ASIDE THE PEN, HE MOUNTETH THE TABLE AND LECTURETH.

ALLAH! IL ALLAH! Bismillah, Caftan, Kibob al Squibob, Salaam Aleikoom!—Go it, in the name of the Prophet! Hassan Oglou is on, Hassan Oglou is on, the infidel dies in the breath of his nostrils. My steam is up, and I am down upon the Giaours and children of Satanai like a thousand of brick. Terror spreads majestically around me, like the roar of a lion over the darkening desert!

ALLAH! IL ALLAH!—In the name of the Prophet!—figs! For once I have sharpened up my sabre, poisoned its edge, and put rusty copper slugs in my pistols. Hurrah! *en avant!* Brimstone, aquafortis, and red pepper! The Berserker fit is on me.

I am more spiteful than an old wild-cat, and a tan-yard grin shall be the mildest glance I'll wear. *Hoo-oo-oui!* Clear the track! *Fu na balla!*

My Friends: I have determined to lecture you to-day on the persons that I *hate*. The thermometer is at 103° Fahrenheit in the shade, with indications of a speedy rise. Flocks of flies and myriads of mosquitos are dancing lovingly around. My gold pen has just spun out of the window into a crowd! The one I am using is VILE. Yes—"things are working!"

I HATE, I HATE—my friends, I hate essentially a man of that kind known in French as a "*fat*." A pudding-brained piece of humanity living only for his own sweet self, utterly unconscious of the fact that other hearts, better and gentler than his own, are beating around, yet whose vanity is not without a certain *nâiveté* which would be amusing or half-attractive, were it not for his utter impregnability to the *true spirit* of noble thoughts and deeds of high emprise. Such a man gets comfortably through life, though all the higher sources of pleasure are closed to him. He is fortunate with the women, for, as La Bruyère remarks, women like men of this description, *because they take care of themselves!* He is not *vain* of his conquests, because he considers them as naturally his due as his salary or rents. He thinks *over* them, without thinking much *about* them, and without the slightest spark of gratitude to any woman for giving him her heart. For verily, I tell you, friends, that Pity may be allied to Love, but Gratitude is an essential part thereof. A man may have had his scores or hundreds of *bonnes fortunes*; he may have quarrelled with, or run away from, or jilted, or have been jilted by them all; but if he has one single spark of high-toned gentleness or cavalier feeling in him, he will never recall a single lady-love without a sincere thrill of *gratitude* for the early gift of her heart.

I HATE, I HATE—yes, my friends, I hate with a crimson-plush hatred of twenty-four carats and fifth-proof, those persons who, without a tinge of education or accomplishment, and lacking in refinement, obstinately revile the *noblesse* of society for not giving them a place in their ranks; and, blindly ignoring or stupidly making but very little account of these all-important attributes, resolve at every risk to push onward and upward; supposing, forsooth, with a second-rate fool's knowledge of the world, that in

every *salon* the staple of conversation consists of trivialities, personalities, and scandal! On they go, ever mumbling to themselves, "Are we not as good as anybody?" "Free and equal by birth!" and similar platitudes. They stop before a statue to talk of Mrs. Grundy, and, having *seen* it, think that they know as much thereof as the artist who created it. They presume well-educated persons to be exceptions to the general rule—to be merely occasional moral curiosities, more wonderful than useful. Children of Eblis! may the black wind of the desert blow ye all from before my path into Vampyre-Land; and may the burning belt of an envenomed malediction pin you by the skirts to the red gate of the House of Wrath, there to remain till a week after never, when dinner has been forgotten, and consequently no crumb left! Be ye *Anathema Maranatha in secula seculorum!*!

I HATE, I HATE—worse than salt in my coffee do I hate a lady who sustains the reputation of being *sarcastic*, less by wit than by rudeness. Still more do I hate her, when, having *at last* met with a vigorous and unexpected *repulse*—

Pretty talk this, I must say! Pretty goings-on these! Pretty language this, to my fellow-beings! What, *I*—Karl—railing at, abusing, and reviling people with all the villainous vituperation of an old polemic or a furious cabman! *I hate*, do I? And pray, worthy Meister, who, in the name of Herr Urian, gave *thee* leave to hate? Show your ticket! Pasquin and Marforio, what a man! And to make confusion worse confounded, thou—Karl—wert—beginning—to—hate—a *lady*!!!!

Now during the interval above noted there sprung up a cool breeze, and John brought me *something with a straw in it*. And the imperial cramoisi vengeance of the downward-careering and madly-murdering Grand Turk Tchassan Oglou, Esquire, sweetly and mellifluously melted into the gentle Norman Folko de Montfaucon vein, in which may I live and die! *Now*, I feel as amiable as Longfellow's prose—as trim as Willis's Letters.

Enough of *thyself*—*Basta*—proceed!

I LIKE—(ah, here we have it!)—I *like* to recall a pleasant lady acquaintance; *par exemple*, such a one as I made yesterday evening. *Made*, I say, for though we have known each other for a long time, it was but yesterday that I understood her. *Amigos*

—friends! How often it happens that in this world of disguises we walk among angels and know them not, till some chance word or sign throws open the whole spiritual Freemasonry of our souls. Oh, blessings on those looks and tones

———“which dart
An instant sunshine through the heart!”

Blessings on the dimly-glowing twilight hours when they took place! Blessings on the perfumed memories of the time and place! Blessings on all things and everybody, from the hyssop which groweth on the wall to the cedar which shingleth the top-most roof of lofty palaces! Blessings on you and yours!

———“And thus spake he:
It was an hundred years ago,
I tell the tale as it was told to me,
Many are going and many will go,
But they for evermore passed on:
An hundred years ago.
Many are going—many will go;
But whither, oh whither, who shall know?”

Crede experto Roberto! And the ladye saide to the graye Friar,
“*Dieu vous garde!*”

Reader, are you giddy? Does your head swim? Do you know where you are? Go gently over the stones! In the last few sentences, owing to the etherealizing nature of the souvenir of *that* young lady, we have been lifted or elevated from the land of *Thought* into that of pure Feeling, or ABSTRACT SENTIMENT. We have risen from Ideas to the Ideal, and have altogether quitted Common Sense for Inspiration, and Roast Beef for Ambrosia. We are in the third sphere of heat and *dryness*, whose Lord is Arael of the Sephiroth! Of course it is now immaterial whether I write English or Russian; of but little importance whether you comprehend me, and not the slightest consequence whether I comprehend myself. Let me therefore, while in the vein, shoot for a while like a fiery rocket transcendently upward, never heeding though I should in time dart descendently downward, like unto the stick! And now, while thus inspired, permit me to mention to those who, like myself, have been unable to fathom the drift, meaning, or object of this lecture or chapter, that it is in reality *an allegory!*

Yes, an Allegory. *O Regnaut!* reader my friend, if thou art not a dweller in that land of spirits known to theosophical

Demiurgists as Fiddler's Green, to little purpose have I matabolized this chapter, if thou hast not therein detected divers mirifical mysteries, quintuply titillating thy psychological auricular!—mysteries which smack more richly than strawberry juleps or old Mocha!—mysteries equal to ripe kisses at the conclusion of a break-down Polka, a tearing Schottisch, or a *diable* of a *deux temps* embalmed in Bouquet de Caroline, and consecrated by white kids and camellias;—mysteries elaborated from all the combined and collectively-conglutinated wisdom of Hermes Trismegistus, Jacob Behmen, Basilides, Bardesanes, Valentinus, and George Sand, not forgetting the venerable chief of this school, known in Germany as Sir Urian, or *Der Teufel*!—mysteries dimly touched upon in Campanella, Thomas Morus, Telesius, Fourier, Cabet, Lady Agnes Bury, and the girl in the red cap.

Also—who smoked in the omnibus? Who struck Billy Patterson? Who wore the white hat, or the claret-coloured coat? Who throw dat last brick? Who was the Man in the Iron Mask, or the unknown Student of Bohemia? Who first ate an oyster? Who wrote the Book *De Tribus Impostoribus*, if Bernhardus Ochinus did not? Or did anybody ever write it at all?

Yet all of these questions, including much more important matters, are answered in this chapter, albeit as through a glass darkly, and in a manner which is but *very* little more difficult to comprehend than the "*Mysterium Magnum*." They are *here*.

Lanner's *Ankunft*, the Concert Polka, and Yosef Yung'l's "*Sounds from Home*." Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, "The Celestial Vision," and LA BELLE DES BELLES. Ulpian, Fearne on Remains, and Fleta. St. Rosalie and Moss-roses. Mlle. Augusta and St. Augustine. The moral of all which is, that man is to pursue his own true and substantial happiness, or strive not after mere simulaera, eidolæ, or phantoms; *ergo*, fear GOD and honour thy lady-love, putting the greater first, and the last, not least, as the French Troubadour and gallant gentleman did, when he inscribed on his shield, "*Notre Dame et ma Dame*!"

I LIKE—By-the-way, reader, talking of *likes*, did you ever meet before with a person with a disposition so much *like* your own? It has been evident from the beginning, "*There are two of us*," as THE LITTLE MASTER said to his horns. Nevertheless, it is barely possible that we may not agree.

There be two varieties of discriminating readers !

First—Those who would fain distinguish between the good and the bad.

Secondly—Those who would willingly distinguish between the *real* and the *sham*, or between what they like, and what they think had better have been left unwritten.

If there be any who *pretend* to belong to the first class, and also to find fault with me, I shall liken their piety unto the wings of the ostrich, which serve, not to exalt him to heaven, but to skim more readily along the surface of the earth.

And I intend taking such measures, that those of the second class who condemn me, shall find—like a tiger inveigled into a trap by his reflection in a mirror—that they are not only caught themselves, but have *cut their paws* into the bargain!

Great words, if thou canst only make them good!

I LIKE, *par exemple*, my friends, that bold and beautiful theory of a German geologist, who, in a "*grete boke*," attempted to prove that the pyramids of Egypt were enormous crystals or natural excrescences of the earth. Not so absurd after all, if we start with Goethe's Time-spirit speech as the secret of Nature!

"In Being's flood—in Action's storm,
I work and weave—above—beneath!

Work and weave
In endless motion,
Birth and Death,
And infinite ocean,
A seizing and giving
The Fire of the Living:

'Tis thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest him by!"

For the spirit, moving in curves and infinitely varied tones among the many-hued elements, brought forth in time and place crystals, winds, trees, fishes, clouds, paving-stones, and raisins. And the spirit took up one new element—that of humanity—and moved in the brains and arms of MAN as Thought and Force, and behold, new crystals, winds, clouds, fishes, and paving-stones were developed or generated. *Ha, Beau Sire! Ha, Belle Gorge!* Lovest thou Oken and Schelling, and a *Natur-Philosophie*?

Hence, thou accursed phantom—or rather thou Hell-Hebe with a poisoned opium-chalice of Pantheistic philosophy and Teutonic metaphysics! Away to thine infernal Nifelheim or Cloud-Goblin-Land! Sink who may in its be-devilled swamps, I

at least will be clean! There is blood on thy hand, and a Death-in-Hell behind thy mask. I *fear* and *hate* thee! "*Abi a me mala bestia quæ me perdidisti!*" as Agrippa said to his devil-dog—
—APAGE!

Has she passed away—*gone*? No! the fascinatress is still there by me—white, witch-like, and beautiful in the moon-rays. *Ai—ai!* O loveliness unutterable! O agony and despair!

"Bright, beautiful Devil,
Pass—pass from me now!
For the damp dew of Death
Gathers thick on my brow!
And bind up thy bosom,
Nor beauties disclose,
More dazzlingly white
Than the wreath-drifted snows.
And away with thy kisses;
My heart waxes sick,
As thy red lips like worms
Travel over my cheek!

"*Ha!* press me no more with
That passionless hand!
'Tis whiter than milk, or
The foam on the strand;
'Tis softer than down, or
The silken-leaved flower;
But colder than ice thrills
Each touch at this hour;
Like the finger of DEATH,
From cerements unrolled,
Thy hand on my heart falls
Dull, clammy, and cold.

"Now mountain and valley,
Frith, forest, and river,
Are mingling with shadows—
Are lost to me ever!
The sunlight is fading,
Small birds seek their nest,
And happy souls, flower-like,
Sink sinless to rest.
But *I*—'tis no matter;
Kiss, kiss cheek and chin,
Kiss—kiss—thou hast won me,
Bright, beautiful Sin!"

RABELAIS AND DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER! what a nightmare I've had! What a fearful dream! I thought—pah! it

sickens me!—that I was turning Transcendentalist, and that the fiend of German metaphysics, disguised as a black-eyed Sophia, had grabbed my soul! *Ergo bibamus!* and oh, gentlemen, if you love me, give me a cigar, (*au diable* with the meerschaum now!) and talk about the Opera.

(SINGS CHEERILY.)

“ Oh, Life, my dear, at best or worst,
Is but a fancy-ball;
Its greatest joy a wild *galop*,
Where madness governs all!
And should they turn its gas-light off,
And never leave a spark,
Still I'd find my way to Heaven—or
Thy lips, love, in the dark!

“ Tol de rol—tol de rol!—demme rol de rido!

“ Hast thou ever been in Paris?
Dost thou know the Upper Ten?
Canst thou flirt it with the ladies,
And champagne it with the men?
Art thou posted up on Polkas?
Wilt thou”——

All right now, my friends: pardon the digression!

I LIKE—that is to say, I like to travel about the world and see, feel, and experience all that there is therein most quiet or strange, usual or marvellous, bizarre or beautiful. Chiefly do I like the hum of new cities, and the constant intercourse with every variety of human nature; the commercial traveller and the diplomatist, the officer and the artist, the noble and the peasant, the delicate countess, the fat old dowager, and the beautiful, sparkling grisette. Chiefly do I like the society of the stout, solid, grave, respectable, middle-aged citizens, who hold their own, and have in their time known the world, with its manifold changes and troubles; men who have had losses. My friends, there is an infinite vein of rich, glorious romance in the stout old *bourgeoisie* and retired citizens, of which I will venture to say you have not the faintest inkling. Many a man among them has in his foaming, rushing youth experienced emotions, seen adventures, of which no one now dreams, and which, closely bottled up in the demijohn of memory, now influence him in sober, profitable reflections, such as you, *mes gaillards*—my merry blades—will not have the privilege of enjoying for many a long year to come.

The spiritual majority—take my word and that of the Suabians for it—is at forty! But two nights since I spoke with such an one, with beard of formal cut, and fair round belly with good capon lined, and said unto myself, “That man has in his time written poetry, and since done *better things*.” To you, young ladies and gentlemen, who are still incapable of comprehending the *romance* of respectability latent in your worthy papas and uncles—be they merchant-princes, merchant-packers, or merchant-pedlars—I would say, that a faint gleam thereof may be discovered in attentively studying the paintings of Rembrandt: who, by far the most romantic and dreamy of artists, consequently comprehended better than any man the true aristocracy and glory of the *bourgeoisie*. Those things, O dearly beloved, *I like*—and shall like, now and ever, till death do us part! ADIEU!

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE OLD BOOK, OR THE LITTLE PROPHET OF BOEMISCHBRODA.

ONE morning, while rambling with some friends on the Pont Neuf, the attention of Meister Karl was drawn to a curious pile of ancient works on one of the numerous second-hand bookstands which there abound, and which were favourably mentioned by Voltaire. The proprietor was an old friend of the Wolf, and smilingly assured him in a torrent of broken English that he had just received a *terrible* number of interesting works of great antiquity. “Ah sare, Meestare Short, I ’ave got one such collection of bookes, zat you will be fri-ten-ed! Every sing ees new, and zey air all ve-ry old! Ah, messieurs—soche dam bookes you nevare did see. Zere is politique, theologie, facetiæ, and all ze ees. Zere is one bundil which was stolen from the *Enfer* of the Bibliothèque Roy—Nat—I mean Imperiale, ze oder day, and which you shall buy—by Gar, you *shall* buy whethare you will or not—for almost not-ting!”

There was no resisting such an appeal, and we accordingly proceeded to examine the praised assortment. Suddenly the Count d’Egerlyn exclaimed—

“Here is an eccentric little work which I read some twenty

years ago, and, strangely enough, in this very copy. As it is really curious, I will read it aloud to you this afternoon. But how odd that I should find it here!"

"There is something," replied Von Schwartz, "very grateful in thus meeting with relics of our by-gone days. It is like unexpectedly finding an old friend in some distant country, and seems a special admonition to cherish the memory of scenes and times which we should never forget."

The work was of course purchased, and not only read, but also translated, as appears by the following chapters. Some one once told me the name of its author, but I have forgotten it, and it does not occur in Brunét or Kaisar. All that I know of it is that it was written in 1757.

THE LITTLE PROPHET OF BOEHMISCHBRODA.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

HERE are written the thirteen chapters of the prophecy of GABRIEL JOHANNES NEPOMUCENUS FRANCISCUS DE PAULA WALDSTORCH, known as WALDSTÖRCHEL, native of Boehmischbroda, in Bohemia, Philosoph. et Theolog. Moral. Studio in Colleg. Mai. R. R., P. P., Societ. Jes., son of a discreet and honourable person, EUSTACHIUS JOSEPHUS WOLFGANGUS WALDSTORCH, master-maker of musical instruments, and dealer in violins, dwelling in the Judengasse of the Alt Stadt in Prague, near the Carmes, at the sign of the red violin; and he hath written them with his hand, and he hath called them his vision.

CANTICUM CYGNI BOHEMICI.

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE THREE MINUETS.

AND I was in my garret, which I call my chamber, and it was cold, and I had no fire in my stove, for wood was dear.

And I was wrapped in my cloak, which was once blue, and is now become white, since it hath been much worn.

And I practised on my violin to warm my fingers, and I foresaw that the carnival of the coming year would be long.

And the Demon of Ambition whispered in my soul, and I said to myself—

"Come, let us compose minuets for the Redoubt of Prague; let my glory fly from mouth to mouth, and let it be known throughout the world and all over Bohemia.

“And let the world point me out, terming me the Composer of Minuets, *κατ’ ἐξοχην*, which is to say, *par excellence*.

“And let the beauty of my minuets be everywhere spoken of, both by those who shall dance and those who shall play them, and let them be performed during the fair of the *Jubilate* at Leipsic, in all the taverns, and let the world exclaim—

“Behold the beautiful minuets of the Carnival of Prague; behold the minuets of Gabriel Johannes Nepomucenus Franciscus de Paula Waldstorch, student of philosophy; behold the minuets of the GREAT COMPOSER! Behold them!”

And I abandoned myself to all the chimeras of pride, and I intoxicated myself with the vapour of vanity, and cocked my hat.

And I folded my arms and marched with dignity up and down the garret, which I call my chamber, and said in the drunkenness of my ambitious projects—

“How happy will my father be to have an illustrious son! My mother will bless the belly which hath borne me, and the breasts which gave me suck!”

And I continued to delight myself in the bewilderment of my ideas, and held up my head, which by nature is not remarkably high.

And I was heated by ambition, although there was no wood in the stove, and I said—

“How admirable is it to have an elevated soul, and what great things are developed by the love of glory!”

And I put on my cloak, which was once blue, and is now white, since it hath been much worn, and I took my violin, and I composed on the spot three minuets in succession, and the second was in minor.

And I played them upon the violin, and they pleased me much; and I played them again, and they pleased me more; and I said—
“But it’s a fine thing to be an author!”

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE VOICE.

AND suddenly my chamber (which is only a garret) was illuminated with a great light, although there was only a farthing candle upon the table.

(For I burn a candle when I study music, for then I am gay;

And I burn cheap oil when I study philosophy, for then I am sad.)

And I heard a voice as of one roaring with laughter, and the laugh was louder than the sound of my violin.

And I was irritated at being mocked, (for I am naturally averse to mockery.)

And the voice, which I did not see, said to me—

“Be angry no longer, for I laugh at and mock thy rage; and thou art naturally averse to mockery.

“Lay aside thy wrath immediately, and renounce thy glorious projects, for I have annihilated them, because they are contrary to mine.

“And another shall compose minuets for the Carnival of Prague, and thine will not be played at the Fair of Leipsic, for thou wilt not have written them!

“For I have chosen and elected thee from among thy companions to announce hard truths to a frivolous and stiff-necked people, who will mock thee, (although thou art naturally averse to mockery,) because they are indocile and trifling, and they will not believe in thee, because thou wilt have spoken the truth.

“And I have chosen thee for that, because I do what seems good to me, and give no account of it to anybody.

“And thou wilt not have composed the minuets, for it is *I* who tell thee so.”

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE PUPPETS.

AND a hand seized me by the queue of my hair, and I felt myself transported through the air, and I was thus carried from Thursday to Friday, wrapped all the while in my cloak, which was once blue, and is now white, since it is much worn.

And I arrived in a city of which I had never before heard speak even to that day; and its name was PARIS; and I saw that it was very great and *very* dirty.

And it was in the evening, about the fifth hour of the day, that I found myself in an exhibition-room, where crowds were entering.

And my heart throbbed with joy, for I love fine shows, and, although not rich, do not mind the expense when I go to see them.

And I said to myself, (for I love to talk to myself when I have time—)

“Without doubt they will in this place play Tamerlane and Bajazet, with great puppets;” for I found the hall too splendid for a mere Punchinello show.

And I heard the tuning of violins, and I said—“Doubtless they will have the serenade, and make the little puppets dance, when the great ones have said their say.”

For I found the theatre quite large enough for that; and also that there would be some difficulty in making the puppets go in and out between the scenes, which were very close together; and also that there was plenty of room on the stage to dance at least six puppets, which would be a very fine sight.

And although I had seen many puppet-shows in my life, never had I beheld one like this, for the decorations were superb, and the boxes richly gilt; every thing in great taste and remarkably clean.

And in all the travelling theatres of the German comedy I had never seen any thing which could approach it, although they have men to act in them, and not puppets.

But, although the decorations which *we* have are brighter than these, (for they are varnished with varnish and without regard to expense,) I found that these would have been much finer than ours, had they been varnished in the same manner.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE WOOD-CUTTER.

AND while I thus spoke to myself, (for I love to speak to myself when I have time,) I found that the orchestra had begun playing, before I was aware, and that they played something which they called an *overture*.

And I saw a man who held a stick, and I supposed that it was to chastise the bad violinists, many of whom I heard among the good players, (the latter being few in number.)

And he made a noise as if he were splitting wood, and I was astonished that he did not dislocate his shoulder, and the strength of his arm terrified me.

And I reflected, (for I love to reflect when I have time,) and I said to myself—

“Oh, how talents are misplaced in this world! and yet how genius will still show itself, put it where you will!”

And I said—"Had this man been born in the house of my father, which is a quarter of a league distant from the forest of Boehmischbroda in Bohemia, he would earn as much as thirty pence a day; his family would be wealthy and honoured, and his children would live in abundance.

"And the world would say—'Behold the wood-cutter of Boehmischbroda! behold him!' But his talent, I dare say, avails him very little in this shop, where he can hardly earn bread to eat and water to drink."

And I heard that this was called beating time; but although it was very powerfully beaten, the musicians did not play together.

And I began to sigh for the serenades which we, the students of the Jesuits, used to perform at night in the streets of Prague, for we kept time, although we had no stick.

And the curtain rose, and I saw cords at the bottom of the theatre which were cast out.

And I said to myself—"Certainly they will be attached to the head of Tamerlane, and there will be a great procession of puppets after him, (for there were many cords,) and they will open the scene in this manner, and the sight will be magnificent."

And I thought it stupid that they had not tied the cords to the heads of the puppets before raising the curtain, as we do, for I have a good judgment.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE BLACK EYES.

NOT at all! And I saw a shepherd arrive, and the people cried—"Behold the God of Song! behold him!" And then I knew that I was in the French Opera.

And his voice flattered my ears, and his complaints touched me, and he expressed with art all that he would; and although he sang slowly he did not weary me, for he had soul and taste.

And I saw his shepherdess arrive, and she had great black eyes, to which she gave a gentle expression to console him, as was necessary, (for he told her so.)

And she had a light and brilliant voice which rang like silver, and it was pure as the gold which runs from the furnace, and she sang well songs which were *not* well, and her windpipe gave shape and form to things which were flat.

And although the music was vile and poor, it did not seem so when she sang; and I said—"Ah, thou deceitful one!" for she was full of *art*, and her skill deluded me.

And I said to myself, (for I love to speak to myself when I have time—)

"No doubt this shepherd and shepherdess have enemies, who compel them to sing in puppet-show shops, in order to spoil their voices and injure their lungs."

For I smelt a smell of oil and tallow which almost poisoned me, born though I be in the forests of Boehmischbroda in Bohemia, where the air is thick; although I have made all my studies with the aid of a lamp whose oil is not good, for it is only eight-penny oil; and I have studied to advantage, (for I am learned.)

And in the sincerity of my heart I began to curse the enemies of the shepherd and shepherdess, for their voice and song pleased me, although the music troubled me; and I began to pity their unhappy lot, and to grow sentimental, and continued to curse, (for I am wicked when angry.)

CHAPTER SIXTH.

LA MAGICIENNE.

AND when my shepherdess, whom I call mine because she pleased me, had consoled my shepherd, whom I call mine because he gave me pleasure, and when they had mutually caressed each other to their hearts' content, and had nothing more to say, they went away.

And I saw a woman come, and she took great steps, and came to the edge of the stage and frowned, and I inferred that she was in a bad humour.

And she seemed to threaten, which irritated me, for I am of a quick disposition, and dislike menaces; and one who sat by me said—"She means *me*;" and his neighbour said—"No, she means *me*!"

And I tried to imagine what reason she could have for being angry, for her entire part was a sad one, and I perceived that it was impossible to guess!

And she held in her hand a wand, which was mysterious, (for so the poet had said,) and by means of this wand she knew every

thing, and could do every thing, except *sing*, which she could not do, although she thought she could.

And I heard her give horrible cries, and her veins swelled, and her face became red as Tyrian purple, and her eyes stuck out of her head, and she frightened me.

And I thought that those who sing at the Eagle of Saint Apollonia von Wischerade, even when well foddered and soaked, could never strive with their lungs against the lungs of the sorceress; and I said—

“Oh that they were only here to listen to her, that they might have their pride lowered! and when we students touch the hat to them, they would salute us more politely in return.”

And she raised the dead by the sound of her voice, although she made the living flee for their lives. And I said to myself—“No doubt that those who are dead and buried in this shop have all naturally a false ear for music.”

And an old man came on the stage, whom the woman with the wand called young, (for so the poet had made him,) although he was more than sixty years old. And he gargled in his throat before all the audience, while pretending to sing.

And I found *that* very disrespectful; and his gargling continued, and his part was finished; and I said—“Does this man then require so much preparation in order to sing? One would do well to say to him—‘Speak thy part without singing, for thou wouldst speak it well,’” (for I have good judgment, and can advise well.)

And his gargling made me laugh; but when I was about to ridicule him, he affected me by his action, and I saw that he was a venerable man, for he was dignified and noble, and gesticulated as never man gesticulated.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

LA CHACONNE.

AND I saw a man who did better than he, and the audience cried: “LA CHACONNE! LA CHACONNE!” And he did not speak, and I admired him, for he showed his body, and his arms, and his legs, on every side, and he was fine-looking; and when he turned round he was still fine-looking, and his name was Dupré.

And I saw a peasant arrive with his company, and I supposed that these were musicians in disguise, as they evidently were, for

they wrote upon the stage the air which they played; and by their steps I counted the notes of every measure, and the reckoning was just; and I admired their dance, for I understand music; and their name was Lany.

And I saw dancers and leapers without number and without end; and they called it a festival, although it was none, for there was no joy there; and they would not cease; and I inferred that these people were never weary of jumping, although they had an air of weariness, and wearied me and the rest.

And their dances troubled the actors at every instant; and when they were in the best part of the dialogue, on came the jumpers, and the actors were obliged to hurry into a corner and make room for them, although the festival had been gotten up expressly on account of the actors, (for so the poet had said;) and when they had any thing to say, they were permitted to advance and say it, but always under the condition of being sent back again into their corner when they had concluded.

And I thought that we do the thing better, for our actors have nothing in common with the dancing-girls, and always conclude before the latter arrive. (I say what I think.)

And I determined that the poet had sufficient reason for being angry with the dancing-girls, who came to interrupt the conversation of his actors, without assigning any reason for said interruption.

And I thought it very good-natured of him to make the actors call the dancing-girls, when they had nothing to do with them; and although he said that they had something to do, I believed not a word of it, for they actually had nothing to do.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

LE RECUEIL.

AND I wearied myself for two hours and a half listening to a collection of minuets and airs which they called javottes, and others which they termed rigadoons, and tambourins, and contredanses, the whole intermingled with fragments of song such as we hear in our vespers, even unto this day, with several songs, the tunes of which I have heard played in the different quarters of Prague, and particularly at the sign of the White Cross, and at that of the Archduke Joseph.

And I remarked that this was what in France they called an opera, and I noted it down in my tablets in order to remember it.

CHAPTER NINTH.

LA HAUTE CONTRE.

AND I was glad to see the curtain fall, and said in my heart—"Let me never see thee raised again!"

And the voice which was my guide began to laugh, and I felt that it was laughing at me, which irritated me, for I am naturally averse to mockery.

And it said—"Thou shalt not yet return to the Redoubt of Prague, and thou shalt not yet return, for I do not will it.

"And thou shalt pass the night here in writing what I will dictate to thee, that which is to be announced to this race which I once loved, and which is now become odious to me on account of its numerous weaknesses.

"And thou shalt publish them, if thou canst find a publisher who will undertake it; for the spirit of falsehood hath seized upon the printing-offices, and truth is no longer printed with approbation and privilege."

And I obeyed the voice, because my mother has often said to me—"Be docile." And I said to the voice which addressed me—"I submit to thy will; but if thou hast pity on me, and if thou dost not desire to punish me in the excess of thy rigour,

"Only hinder them from singing while I write, and deliver me from the fear of seeing that thing which they call an opera begin again: for their songs have afflicted me; their sports have troubled my spirit; their sadness is mawkishness, and when they are gay, they weary me."

And the voice said in its kindness—"Calm thyself, for thou art my son, and I cherished thee before thou hadst composed the three minuets for the carnival of Prague, of which the second is in minor.

"And they will sing no more, and thine ear shall be in peace, for they are very weary; and the actors, and the wood-cutter, and the violinists of the orchestra have need of repose, for the next representation is at hand."

And I judged that for the benefit of the lungs it were better to blow a horn in the forest of Boehmischbroda, from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, than to sing the *haute contre* three times a week in the opera-shop.

CHAPTER TENTH.

THE CORNER.

AND the voice quieted me, and ordered me to sit in a corner which is called the corner of the queen's side, since it is under the box of the queen, even unto this day :

And although very dark, was yet occupied by very enlightened men, for there the philosophers, and wits, and the elect of the nation assemble even unto this day; and the reprov'd shall not enter there, for they are excluded.

And good and bad is spoken there; the word and the thing. And there the word is heard which breaks the heart of the bad poet, and the thing which terrifies the bad musician.

And it is never dull there, for they listen but little and speak much, although the sentinel frequently says—" *Messieurs, ayez la bonté de baisser la voix!*" "Silence, gentlemen, if you please!"

And they pay no attention to the sentinel, for they love better to speak than listen to the stuff called singing.

And when everybody had left the theatre, and many bad things had been said of that which they termed an opera, I drew my tablets from my pocket and said to the voice—

"Speak, that I may write thy will, and that I may announce it to the people whom thou callest light and fanciful, although their songs are heavy and stupid; and whom thou callest gay and lively, although their opera is sad and dreary."

And the voice which had spoken to me, became powerful, vehement, and pathetic; and I wrote :

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

HERE THE REVELATION BEGINS.

"O WALLS, which I have raised with my hand as a monument of my glory! O walls, formerly inhabited by a people whom I called mine, since I had elected them from the beginning to make them the first nation in Europe, and to bear their glory and renown beyond the limits which I have laid down to the universe :

"O city! thou that callest thyself great because thou art large,

and glorious because I have covered thee with my wings! listen to me, for I am about to speak.

“O frivolous and trifling race! O people inclined to defects, delivered to the madness of thy pride and vanity!

“Draw nigh, that I may square accounts with thee—I, that can, if I will, count thee as nothing; draw nigh, that I may confound thee in thine own eyes, that I may write thy contemptible folly upon thine arrogant forehead in every European language.”

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

THE TRANSMIGRATION.

“THOU didst stick in the mire of ignorance and barbarism; thou didst fumble round in the darkness of superstition and stupidity; thy philosophers wanted sense, and thy professors were idiots. In thy schools they spoke a barbarous jargon, and Gothic mysteries were played in thy theatres.

“And I pitied thee from my heart, and I said to myself—‘This is an agreeable race; I love its fanciful spirit and gentle manners, and will make it my people, because I choose to do so; and it shall be the first, neither shall there be another nation so nice as it.

““And its neighbours shall see its glory, and shall not be able to approach it. And it will amuse me when I shall have formed it according to my will, for it is naturally pleasant and agreeable, and I love to be amused.’

“So I drew forth thy fathers from the abyss where they were, and I dissipated the darkness which covered thee, and I bade the day draw near to enlighten thee; and I have placed in thy bosom the torch of science, literature, and art.

“And I opened the gates of thine understanding, that thou mightest comprehend that which was hidden; and I formed and filled thy soul, and gifted thee with all gifts, and gave thee taste, and sentiment, and finesse for thy inheritance.

“And when I might have enlightened with my torch the Briton, and the Spaniard, and the German, and the native of the North, (since nothing is impossible to me,) I nevertheless did not do it.

“And when I might have left the arts and letters in their

own country, where I had caused them to be revived, I nevertheless did not so:

“For I said unto them, Arise, and go forth out of Italy unto the people whom I have chosen in the abundance of my kindness, and into the country where I shall in future dwell, and to whom in my mercy I have said—‘Thou shalt be the land of all talent.’”

“And I have given thee all the crowd of philosophers, from Descartes and the philosophers of the *Encyclopædia* down to him to whom I have said—‘Create Natural History!’

“And the numberless multitude of poets, wits, and artists.

“And I assembled them all into an age, and they call it the Age of Louis the Fourteenth, even to this day, in remembrance of all the great men whom I have given thee, from Molière and Corneille, who are called Great, to Fare and Chaulieu, who are called Neglected.

“And although the age be passed, I pretended not to perceive it, and have perpetuated in thy midst a race of great men and extraordinary talents.

“And I have given thee poets, and wits, and painters, and sculptors of great ability, and numberless artists, and men excelling in every thing, from the great even unto the small.

“And I have given thee celebrated philosophers, and opened their eyes that they might see that which thou couldst not see; and they saw well, for they explained those things which were not clear, even unto themselves.

“And I have created a man expressly for thee, in whom I have assembled all talents and all gifts, for he was endowed as man had never been before.

“And I created yet another man of profound understanding and sublime conception, and said to him, ‘See;’ and he saw; and I inspired him, and gave him the Spirit of Laws, (*Esprit des Lois*,) and he gave them to thee, and made thee see that which thou wouldst never have seen in the littleness of thy sight and the weakness of thine eye.

“And his glory is remembered by thy neighbours even unto this day.”

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

LE SOUFFLET.

"BUT since my benefits have caused in thee defection and disobedience; since they have made thee proud, and thy vanity and presumption have risen to their height;

"And since thou hast abandoned common sense and sound judgment; and since thou hast cast thyself into frivolity and into the dissipation of ideas, which are void of sense;

"And since thou dost every day decide about things on which thou hast never reflected;

"Although in my mercy I have hitherto laughed at thy insolence, and have seen thy impertinences with the eye of patience;

"And I have hidden thy shame and thy decay from thy neighbours, and have inspired them with respect and admiration for thee—as if, forsooth, thou hadst not lost all taste for the great and the beautiful;

"And have hindered them from seeing thee rampant in the littleness of thy ideas;

"Yet mind what I say: I will revenge myself of thy strange blindness, and thy measure shall be full.

"And I will harden thine ear until it shall be like unto the horn of the buffalo; and in thy quarrels thou shalt be like the wild ass of the desert.

"And the Italian Farce shall inspire the spirit of thy politics, thine art, and thy literature. Thou shalt witness gross farces hundreds of nights in succession, and the worse things become, the more delight wilt thou find therein, for thou wilt be stupid.

"And indecency and blackguardism will not choke thee, and manners will be openly outraged in thee, (for thou wilt have none,) and thou wilt not know good from evil.

"Philosophers shall no longer enlighten thee, and thou shalt be in all good things, generally speaking, below par.

"And no respectable man will dwell in thee, for I will desert thee."

And the voice was silent, and I, Gabriel Johannes Nepomucenus Franciscus de Paula Waldstorch, called Waldstörchel, Philosoph. et Theolog. Moral. in Coll. Mai. RR, PP, Soc. Jes Studios, native of Boehmischbroda in Bohemia—I wept over the lot of this people, for I have naturally a tender heart.

And I would fain have interceded for them, because I am good and was tired of writing, for I had written a long time.

And I was wrong, for the voice was angry, and I received a box on the ear, and my head bumped against the pillar of the corner, which is, for aught I know, called the queen's corner even unto this day.

And I awoke turning a summerset, and found myself in my garret, which I call my chamber, and found my three minuets, of which the second is in minor.

And I took my violin, and I played them, and they pleased me; and I played them again, and they pleased me more; and I said—"Let me be quick with the rest, for two dozen are necessary!" But I no longer felt in me the force of genius, for the thing which they called an opera, with its damnable humming and seraping, kept running in my head; and I made many notes, but no minuets; and I cried in the bitterness of my heart—" *Oh that I had finished the two dozen before the vision!*"*

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE GAST-HAUS IN FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

"Or de reyse moet men doen als de bien, en niet als de spinne-coppen."

FLEMISH PROVERB.

["Travellers should act like bees, and not like spiders."]

"To what hotel, sir?"

"To the first."

Midnight—in Frankfort—at the beginning of the annual fair! I knew that all the hotels would be crowded, and application to at least a dozen would be necessary ere a room could be secured; as it indeed proved, for the "*Roman Emperor*" was full; the "*English*" and "*Russian Courts*" fuller; and the "*Schwan*" and "*Weidenbusch*" fairly overflowing. The landlords were in high feather, charging double prices, and happy as angels; while the waiters and police ran around busy as devils. Dim visions of hiring the *Lohnkutscher's* vehicle as a temporary

* Since translating "The Little Prophet," I have ascertained that it was written by Grimm.—NOTE BY MEISTER KARL.

residence, and eating wherever it might please Destiny, flitted past the gate of my soul; but the coachman drove them away with the remark, "If the Herr would not mind roughing it for the night, I could take him to a quiet little tavern near by: to-morrow may bring better things."

On we went, up one street and down another, through court, lane, and alley, until I thought that the Cretan Labyrinth had come again. After *chasséing* all over the city, we stopped at the low door of a house whose overhanging stories and old-fashioned carvings indicated, if not respectability, at least age; while the double tin triangles which swung and creaked over the door, gave the usual German intimation of beer and schnapps.

"*Du lieber Gott!*" swore the stout little landlord, bustling to the door, casting a wink of recognition to my driver. "I have but one room left. Lieschen, see to the gentleman's trunk."

A good-looking, black-eyed girl appeared, and shouldering my baggage, led me through a long, low-arched passage, across a court-yard, into the most singular-looking apartment I had seen for many a day. On three sides of the room boxes of cigars were evenly piled, so that not an inch of wall, and but one window was visible. On the fourth or door-side stood a heavy little table, with two intensely-polished, black-brown oaken chairs, as supporters. Their high backs were formed like shields, in whose midst was the inscription, I. V B. ANNO RDMPT. 1540; an immensely high Flemish beer-tankard, its top surmounted by two affectionate angels, and its sides incrustated with all manner of Low-Country ornaments and hieroglyphs, stood upon the table, with three coffee-cups and as many gilt liqueur-glasses kneeling in adoration at its feet. Add to this a very German bed, with an ordinary mirror, and some highly-coloured devotional prints hung against the wall, and you have my long-sought room.

With some little difficulty I found my way into the large *speise saale*, or eating-room of the establishment, in which at a long table sat a party of solid-looking Bürgers, with their glasses and pipes. I assumed a chair among them, and began, as the Germans say, to "*orientiren*," or conjecture the character of my new neighbours. They were all men of nearly the same caste—Frankforters and citizens. A fresh-looking, elderly gentleman, with purple cap and long gray locks, who was frequently addressed

as "*Herr Professor*," seemed to be the don of the party. But my researches were quickly stopped by a lively, "What would the gentleman be pleased to have?" from the landlord.

"Beef-steak, potato-salad, a bottle of Forster-Traminer, and—hold—a cigar. Don't say you haven't any, for I know the contrary."

This allusion to my room called forth roars of laughter from the company, and a thousand apologies from the landlord, with a promise of speedy removal to a better.

"*Ei, was!*" cried my vis-à-vis. "The landlord, it seems to me, most honourable sir, has paid you a high compliment in thus embalming you, like a noble and costly vanilla-bean, in his tobacco-box, as we call the room."

This was evidently an old joke of the establishment, but I had been a Turk not to laugh.

"Permit me to wish you a very good appetite," said my neighbours, bowing politely, as the supper and wine appeared.

The steak was good; the wine superb.

"Permit me to wish you a very good digestion," exclaimed my friends, bowing as before, when Lieschen disappeared with the fragments.

This intensity of politeness served as oil to the wheels of conversation, which now revolved with wonderful celerity. The assembly was too gloriously and genially German to render a cigar advisable. Ordering another flask of Traminer, I hauled forth a mighty meerschaum, and in a few minutes was running high tides with the rest. *Gluck, gurgle, and puff*. New supplies of beer, wine, and tobacco continually made their appearance, while the increasing rattle of conversation, and an occasional couplet sung in no sober tones, clearly indicated their influence. "*Hurra! hurra! juchei! juvivallelala!*" shouted one who seemed to have attained the very acme of excitement of which a German is capable. "*Meine Herren, ich bin—bin—besoffen!*" Gentlemen, I confess intoxication; but let Herr Johann take his guitar, and strike up!" The landlord bowed, and taking down an old instrument from the wall, burst into a Low-Dutch camp-song, with which, however, the whole party seemed familiar, roaring out the refrain, and banging and clattering upon the table with their pipes and glasses, as if breakage was of no consequence. The song was as follows:

WEL, ANNE MARIEKEN, waer gaet gy naer toe—toe?

Wel, ANNE MARIEKEN, waer gaet gy naer toe?

—Ik gane naer buiten al by de soldaten.

Hopsasa, falhala—ANNE MARIE.

Wel, ANNE MARIEKEN, wat gaet gy daer doen—doen?

Wel, ANNE MARIEKEN, wat gaet gy daer doen?

—Haspen en spinnen soldatjes beminnen.

Hopsasa, falhala—ANNIE MARIE!

Wel, ANNE MARIEKEN, hebt gy er geen man—man?

Wel, ANNE MARIEKEN, hebt gy er geen man?

—Heb ik geen man! ik kryge geen slagen.

Hopsasa, falhala—ANNE MARIE!

Wel, ANNE MARIEKEN, hebt gy er geen kind—kind?

Wel, ANNE MARIEKEN, hebt gy er geen kind?

—Heb ik geen kind! ik moete niet zorgen.

Hopsasa, falhala—ANNE MARIE!

ENGLISH.

AND where are you going to, ANNE MARIE—RIE?

And where are you going to, ANNE MARIE?

—I'm off on the tramp to where soldiers encamp.

Hopsasa, falhala—ANNE MARIE.

And what will you do there, my ANNE MARIE—RIE?

And what will you do there, my ANNE MARIE?

—I'll knit and I'll spin, a lover I'll win!

Hopsasa, falhala—ANNE MARIE!

And seek you a husband, my ANNE MARIE—RIE?

And seek you a husband, my ANNE MARIE?

Husband! oh, no! he might give me a blow.

Hopsasa, falhala—ANNE MARIE!

Well, have you an infant, sweet ANNE MARIE—RIE?

Well, have you an infant, my ANNE MARIE?

—Infant I've none—I'm better alone.

Hopsasa, falhala—ANNE MARIE!*

Ending the song with a loud *hei hurrah*, the worshipful company clasped hands and danced madly around the landlord, who continued to beat his guitar and roar out the *hopsasa falhala* chorus. Staggering to their chairs, they resumed their places, calling loudly on a certain Herr Becker for the soldier's funeral oration!

Herr Becker, a quizzical-looking genius of forty, with his broad-brimmed hat cocked keenly down over his left eye, intimated his acquiescence by taking the head of the table; a pro-

* Arthur O'Leary very correctly points out the incorrectness of Sir Walter Scott's putting a *German* song into the mouth of the Dutch smuggler—Dirk Hatteraick. But I am describing—not composing.

ceeding greeted by such a thunder-storm of approval, that I feared lest my ears might give way. Nor was it until the ceremonies had fairly begun, that I ascertained their reason. On a distant settee lay one of the reverend signors, very decidedly dead—drunk, and the survivors were now about to honour his memory with a funeral.

Captain Becker—for the funeral was to be done *en militaire*—with the largest carving-knife the house afforded, held sword-wise in his hand, now gave the word of march. *Rat-tat-too, rat-tat-too*, the feet of the companions beat a death-march under the table, rapping meanwhile upon it with their fists. The Herr Professor trumpeted through his closed hand, while the Wirth performed something like military music upon his guitar. Not a smile was to be seen; all was done with an earnest and most German gravity.

“*Halt!*” roared the captain. “Make ready! present! fire!” With the first word the company were silent; with the second, all their chairs were tilted back on the hind-legs; and with *fire*, all came smacking together on the floor with a crash which afforded no bad imitation of a discharge of musketry.

“*Alle Teufel!* Who’s that firing out of time?” roared the captain, as one of the privates toppled heavily backward, and went down, chair and all, with a thump which shook the house to its foundations.

“*Potz donner wetter und sapperment!*” roared the recumbent; ‘out of time! why, my gun’s burst, and I’m maimed for life. Help, all good Christians—help!’

For the worthy man, wishing to produce an extra report, had indeed overloaded his piece by leaning too far backward. But he was speedily righted, and his wounds healed with a fearful draught of beer.

Then the captain, who had in his time made two sessions at Heidelberg as a student of *economie*, arose, and with great dignity harangued his company:

“Silence there, gentlemen and fellow-sinners! *In dulci Jubilo*, I cry aloud: let the sight of yonder corpse stimulate you, if not to decency, at least to silence.”

Here the worthy man made a false step, and had nearly fallen; recovering himself, he cried—

“*Gressus meos dirige*—oh, direct my foot-steps! Let us not go astray, as yonder sinner went. *Parce servo tuo*. But a few hours since, and he sat here sound as a sausage! *Ach, du lieber*

Gott, der war aber ein kreutz fideleer Kerl! (Oh Lord! but he was a glorious fellow!) and now—*er ist nicht mehr*, (he is or eats no more,) and drinks no more!"

Here the captain evidently became bewildered, and lost himself in a perfect chaos of slang and blasphemy, bursting at last into scraps of song, in the vain hope of starting a new train of ideas—

"*Vinum bonum et suave,
Bonis bonum, pravis prave,
Cunctis dulcis sapor, ave,
Mundana lætitia.*"

"*Wohl auf ihr gesellen in die tavern!
Aurora luce rutilat,
Ach lieben gesellen, ich trink so gern
Sicut cervus desiderat.*"

Understood by no one in the room save myself and the professor, who continually hammered the most frantic approbation on the table

"*Deus in adjutorium meum intende—e,
Spoke a pretty little nun—oh, she was fair to see:
Inclinate capita vestra!
It happened in the carnival—flectamus genua!"*

With these words he dashed a quart of beer over the face of the defunct, who thereupon sprung to his feet in a tremendous rage. A terrible confusion ensued, and the climax of all noise seemed to be attained. Not caring to see more, and in truth slightly apprehensive that the same obsequies might, if I remained, be ere long performed over me, I seized a candle and departed to my cigar-walled room.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

A MASKED BALL IN HEIDELBERG.

"THUS run the giddy hours away,
 Till morning's light is beaming,
 And we awake to dream by day
 What we to-night are dreaming.

"To smile, to sigh, to love, to change:
 Oh! in our heart's recesses,
 We dress in fancies quite as strange
 As these, our fancy dresses!"—HORACE SMITH.

"IN VINO VERITAS." Truth in wine. The more a man *disguises* himself, so much the more does he appear in his true colours; which maxim is even better illustrated in masquerades than by the influence of wine. Strange that a fancy dress should have the power to open the gates of the soul and let out its prisoned fancies! "I am ambitious for a motley coat," said the melancholy Jacques, when desirous of speaking freely and truly to the "infected world." Perhaps the hour at which masked balls are held has something to do with the matter. Before breakfast, people are prone to tell what they would *like* to be. In the retrospective twilight hour, they review the past and think of what they were. Only after dinner, or more accurately after supper, do they show what they *are*.

I was startled one pleasant afternoon in Heidelberg by the apparition of a friend, with the announcement that a grand masked ball would that evening "*go los*;" or come off, and further, that if I designed taking part in the fun, not an instant was to be lost in making due preparation. Not caring to go disguised, I resolved to enter simply "*en pékin*," as the French term the dressing in citizen's clothes. To be sure, the ball regulations insisted that every one in the room should wear a fancy dress; but this was allowed such a latitude of interpretation, that a false nose or a feather could be received as the fullest sort of full dress. The usual method, however, of evading this rule, was to attach to the left lappel of the coat a little fancy mask or masks, the size of a

half-dollar, which were to be found in great variety at the different shops. We immediately went for this purpose to the *maga-sin des modes*, kept by two pretty young Jewesses in the Hauptstrasse.

We found the establishment full of upper-class Burschen, busy in hiring dresses, pulling over fancy wares, and *poussiring* or talking soft nonsense to the two amiable proprietors. Fraulein H—— received us graciously; conversed trimly and prettily in German-English, to the great astonishment of all bystanders ignorant of her philological attainments; and concluded by exhibiting several dozens of the articles we were in quest of. Our selections made, and the *knöpfe* or buttons (as the students term money) delivered, we wended our way to the scene of action, and obtained tickets.

The thoroughness of German genius is admirably manifested in the interminable length of their balls. Before eight o'clock, Herr Ludwig Zimmer, Professor of Dancing at the University of Heidelberg, (his name is enrolled on its catalogue as one of the faculty,) was leading off the Polonaise, or grand commencing march, in all its glory. Up the middle and down the sides; in, out, and about, went Herr Zimmer, leading his grotesquely-attired army at will where they least expected to turn. At last the music ceased, the maskers scattered, and a clatter of tongues like the discharge of musketry ensued.

"And where do you come from, my little dear?"

"From the Land of Fools, sir, to inform you that your family are all well!"

"Pretty girl with the black mask, will you marry me?"

"Yes, if you'll quit drinking."

"Oh, the devil! you know me, do you?"

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty! I know you."

"Then you are acquainted with your betters."

"Are you the Grand Duke of *Thunder and Lightning*?" whispered a musical young-lady voice.

"Are you the Countess *Sweetcake*?" replied a gentleman bandit.

This was evidently a preconcerted signal, for the pair glided off affectionately, arm-in-arm.

"I know you, sir! I know you!" squealed a disguised voice to my friend Wolf Short.

"Every fool knows me," replied that amiable gentleman, unconsciously adopting the celebrated *mot* of Professor M.*

"Are you my true love?" asks Brown-coat.

"No; I just left her kissing the coachman," replies Queen Mary.

And so the jargon and chatter continue. Old friends treat each other like strangers, and strangers are accosted as old friends. Every one speaks freely and saucily to his neighbour, constantly employing the familiar "thou," instead of the more reserved "you." The ladies are all provided with little fancy boxes, containing a great variety of sugar-plums made in the form of divers implements, each of which symbolizes a sentiment, a wish, an accusation, or intimation. These are freely bestowed upon the gentlemen, who are thus not unfrequently startled and mystified. A graceful female figure, in black mask and domino, approached my friend "the Wolf." He anxiously inquired if her grandmother were dead, that she had donned mourning? No answer being made, my friend intimated that her ill-natured silence implied a heart as black as her face. Her finger was now held warningly up; and producing something from her box, she pressed it into his hand, whispered a few words in his ear, and vanished in the crowd.

"THE devil!" growled my friend, gazing alternately at her retiring figure and the parting gift, which was a tolerably fair imitation of a dark lantern. "Well, I could have sworn that nobody knew *that*."

"What said the mask?"

"She said—confound her impudence!—that since I had taken to coming home at four in the morning, I might find a lantern convenient!"

Leaving him to his lantern, I strolled through the crowd. A trim little Swiss peasant-girl bustled up and presented me with a boat from her stores.

"When you return to America and cross the ocean," she said, "this will carry you."

Another presented me with a little sugar knapsack, to use

* "*Jede Dirne kennt mich*," was the vulgar and biting reply of a celebrated professor at Heidelberg to a party of ladies, who having at a masquerade penetrated his incognito, were loudly declaring it.

during my return tour, evidently supposing in her ignorance that the journey would be by land. A pocket-book and card from other incognitas quickly followed, while a roguish belle, with powdered hair and half-mask, in whom I at once recognised a pretty Strasbourg demoiselle of my acquaintance, gravely presented me with a butterfly, to the immense delight of a bevy of young girls, who happened unfortunately to be gathered around.

A waltz now struck up, and clasping the waist of my pretty tormentor, I was quickly whirling away through the mysteries of the *deux temps*. At its conclusion I again rejoined "the Wolf," who, with a highly-contented air, was escorting a young lady in a crimson and orange silk domino, whom I at once recognised.

"Confound it!" exclaimed my friend; "you don't know what I've suffered since you saw me. Only think of that stupid Clara making a captive of me and dragging me all over the room, screaming out her broken English, till I fairly wished her, with her black domino, to the devil! But luck has smiled upon me at last. Permit me to introduce to you my new friend, who speaks better English, is a hundred times more agreeable, and I dare say a thousand times prettier than Clara!"

With these words he presented his new *flame*, who, however, seemed any thing but gratified by the compliments paid her; and no wonder, for it was no other than Miss Clara herself, who had during the waltz simply retired, and changing her domino, succeeded in passing herself off on the Wolf as an entirely new and different article. As the gentleman still continued his maledictions, she began to evince unmistakable symptoms of chagrin and vexation.

"*You most not talk so! Oh, how fery varm eet is!*"

We were standing in an icy draught from the door, but I bowed an assent to her remark.

"I don't feel it," answered Wolf; "but I suppose Clara struck a chill to my soul."

The young lady thus referred to now cried, in a tone of real distress—

"Oh, it is so *fery varm*; come, let oos *valk!*"

Struck by the voice, Wolf glanced at her, and in an instant divined the mystery. As if seized with sorrow for his remarks,

he at once folded his arm in hers, while she ejaculated in grievous tones, to which her foreign pronunciation gave a tinge of the ludicrous—

“Oh, sir, *you* should not apuse me so!”

Leaving the Wolf to arrange matters with Clara, I again plunged into the crowd. More than one little mystery, more than one queer adventure, developed itself ere I had completed the tour of the room. Suddenly the music struck up a polka, and at the same instant a cry of astonishment from those near the door heralded the approach of a singular spectacle. A party of maskers, oddly arrayed as *nine-pins*, entered the hall, commanded by a centre pin, or king, and followed by two harlequins, each bearing a bowling ball at least three feet in diameter, made of canvas, painted, and stretched on a frame. Amid the shouts of the assembly, a long space was cleared; the pins arranged themselves, and the two harlequins began their game. As the music pealed up, on went a ball, and down went the foremost pin. Then his adversary rolled in turn, with still better success. Every one touched by the ball was obliged, by a preconcerted arrangement, to fall. Finally, one harlequin made an “*alle neune*,” or nine-stroke; so down went all the pins, *en masse*, forming a remarkable assortment of dead-wood—I should say, *tableau vivant*!

The nine-pins speedily recovered and walked off, the harlequins rolling their balls after them. A lively Schottisch was now played, and the maskers pairing off, were soon jiggling round the hall in double-quick time. At this, as at most balls, small ball-books, in the shape of a card, with a lead-pencil, were supplied to all entering. On these were engraved the name of the association, with the words, “*Tanz-Folge*,” or order of dancing, and “*Ouverture*.” The dances as noted, with a blank space left opposite each for the ladies and gentlemen to record the names of their partners, were, first, one Polonaise, one waltz, one “Galopade,” one “Schottisch,” one “Française,” (quadrille,) two waltzes, and then a long pause, succeeded by two “Galopades,” two “Françaises,” two “Schottische,” three “Galopades,” and a cotillon; the latter resembling any thing in the world but the dance known by the same name in America.

The two following rules were printed on the back:—

1. "All previous engagements for free dances are strictly forbidden."

(A free dance, or "*free turn*," let me remark, is one called out impromptu, by the master of ceremonies, during the pause ensuing between all the regular dances.)

2. "*Hospitiren* is allowed to no one, except the regular ball-directors."

(NOTE.—To *hospitiren*, is to borrow from a gentleman his partner, for a single *tour* around the room. This term, as well as *schieszen*, to shoot, is also applied by German students to unpaid attendance on the University lectures.)

Another pause was now heralded by a grand blast of trumpets, and, tramping slowly along, in marched another procession, consisting of characters taken from German history. There was Arminius, or Herrman, with his eagle-winged helmet and long-haired attendants, with Heaven knows how many other partners in his toils. But this procession, though earnestly gazed at, evidently failed to excite the same interest as the nine-pins. As these maskers in their turn disappeared, a great number of the audience, ascertaining that the "grand pause" had at length arrived, deemed it wise to follow, for a time, their example.

I speedily found myself, with a select party of friends, seated in the eating-room of the "*Court of Baden*," as the neighbouring hotel is termed. The reader who has witnessed a battle or an earthquake may form some faint idea of the confusion which the hall presented on this grand occasion. Overloaded servants were tearing frantically about, confused by an infinite variety of orders, distributing every thing in the wrong place, giving Rhine wine to those who had ordered potato-salad, and hastily pitching down roast-geese to some one demanding lemonade.

"We shall get our supper some time after breakfast," growled the Wolf, who had secured a seat opposite me.

Scarcely had he spoken, when a waiter, bearing three plates of venison and one of beef-steak, with potatoes and Rhine wine, (evidently intended for other persons,) stopped and delivered them, exclaiming hurriedly—

"Venison, three portions: here it is, gentlemen; fried potatoes: Rhine wine, three bottles;" and holding out the remaining plate to Wolf, said, "You want a beef-steak, don't you, sir?"

"Faith, I've wanted it this two hours and a quarter," said

Wolf, sticking his fork into the article. "A very good guess, waiter! I wonder what party has been *done* by this blunder?"

In an instant the *kellner* came rushing back, declaring that he had made a mistake. Fixing his eye sternly upon him, as he poured out his first glass, the Wolf theatrically exclaimed—

"My friend, it is *too late*!"

A glorious, good-natured *kreutz-fideler*, German student, known as Herr Otto, now joined us, and assumed a seat by me. From the merry twinkle of his eye, the unsteadiness of his step, and the determined twist which our friend occasionally gave to the long beard sticking out from the point of his chin, I inferred that he had by no means deferred taking refreshments until supper-time. Scarcely was he seated, ere he cried to the Wolf—

"Herr Short, *there comes to you a whole one!*" (*id est*, I drink you full measure.)

To this the Wolf, in the formula prescribed by German-student custom, replied—

"*Es ist recht—sauf!*" (It is right—drink.)

"But I go you a whole bottle!" exclaimed Herr Otto, who was evidently bent on doing the extensive.

"A whole dozen—a whole vintage—the whole Rhine crop, including the Moselle and Neckar—all the brandy in France, and all the beer in Bavaria, and devil take the hindmost!" cried Wolf, rising in all his glory, and stretching out his arms as if about to swim into imaginary seas of drink.

With one bottle, Herr Otto was done for. Rising, he found his way to the door, and vanished. All the next day his friends searched for him in vain. Inquiries were made in every beer-house, coffee-house, club, hotel, and billiard-room. That he had not found his way into one of the University prisons, we were well assured. One or two enterprising individuals even went so far as to look for him around the University itself, deeming that he might, in an absent moment, have found his way into a lecture-room. At last, two students, remembering that liquor was sold in the castle, and perhaps stimulated by the reflection, resolved to clamber up and ascertain. But the quest was useless. Near the castle is a high terrace commanding a view of the whole town, with the valley of the Neckar. By this stood a summer-house, filled with a vast quantity of dry leaves, used in

Germany as litter for cattle. As the two friends passed by, it seemed as if they heard a peculiar grunt, with an indistinct reference to "more beer."

"*Das ist Otto,*" said the first.

"*Nein,*" said his friend, peering in on the leaves, "there is no Otto here!"

"*Mein Gott!*" exclaimed the first, pointing to two shiny black objects sticking up out of the leaves, and glittering in the dusk like the eyes of a fiend; "*Mein Gott!* what is that?"

Advancing cautiously, the pair set up a hurrah of joy. It was, indeed, the tips of Otto's patent-leathers manifesting themselves. By dint of hauling, a pair of black pantaloons and a white Marseilles vest became visible. Otto had slept nearly fourteen hours in the leaves, and was, even then, with great difficulty, induced to rise and travel homeward.

As for the ball, it passed off—for Heidelberg—quietly and pleasantly. Not more than fifty love-affairs ensued; and the number of challenges given on the occasion, and subsequently fought out at Neunheim, over the river, was estimated at the remarkably low figure of twenty-three. On taking, with my three friends, account of the presents received at the ball, we found the following:

- 3 sugar hearts.
- 2 " babies in wrappings.
- 1 " baby in cradle.
- 5 " storks.
- 7 " kreutzer orders of nobility.
- 2 " old women.
- 2 " candles.
- 1 " lantern.
- 1 " boat.
- 2 " knapsacks.
- 3 " pocket-books.
- 1 " butterfly.
- 4 " baskets, (equivalent, in German, to *mittens*.)
- 17 " Cupids.
- 4 " Hymens.

Not to mention two bows, a red ribbon, a white glove, a silken *honi soit* bracelet, and an empty purse.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE SADNESS OF ROME AND OF OTHER CITIES.

(WRITTEN IN THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA BORGHESE.)

"Most musical, most melancholy."

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
Das ich so traurig bin."—HEINE.

AND now, by Sanct Benoist, and on the faith of a traveller, I would fain know whence comes this most delicious melancholy—this development of all the harmonies and dissolution of all the discords of the soul, which hath so bewitched me here in Rome?

The Spirit of the Dragon, say the Adepts, must be changed ere we attain the Great Secret; and verily it seemeth that some potent sorcerer is changing soul and spirit into a golden aura and refining life into a mystical elixir of delight.

Whence comes it, oh Regnault, *mon amy*, whence comes it? I have met with many who have resided long in Rome, but never with one who, enjoying a single spark of soul, did not speak with the deepest feeling of its strange, sad attraction. We know not what it meaneth, that our souls incline to tears, while legends of the olden time seem ringing in our ears.

My best one!—the business of thy life here, is simply to seek the Beautiful in Art and to admire. And what is there which so elevates, tranquillizes, and refines the soul as this contemplation of the Infinite made Finite? In other lands—in other cities—these impressions are worn away by counter-currents of thought and event; but *here* every influence of society, scene, or occupation tends solely to one great end—the cultivation and appreciation of ART.

The Chevalier entered Rome thinking of Cæsar, and Juvenal, and Horace, and Petronius, and left it dreaming of Raphael and Renaissance, palaces and endless galleries, and picturesque ruins, which appeal *far* more powerfully to the artistic sense than to antique erudition. In a month after his arrival, it was no longer

Rome B.C. that he inhabited, but Rome of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Seen through the purple mist of the Middle Ages and the golden light of the Revival of Art and Letters, even Classic associations were for him idealized and transfigured into romantic dreams.

As for Wolf Short, the Invincible, he turned from Niebhühr to Winckelmann, and made himself humble before Kugler and Vasari, that he might walk in great glory and renown before the illiterati. In which he succeeded, as do many, by eventually and greatly astonishing even himself.

"ITALIA! ITALIA!" quoth Mr. Henri Blaze. "This was formerly a cry of the German Emperors; to-day it is the cry of poets. Strange inspiration! Singular pilgrimage, where we are astonished to see poets follow unweariedly statuaries and painters!"

Si—Monsieur Blaze—true for you! In "this Nineteenth Century," the true Poet recognises in the true Artist a brother poet, and not unfrequently a superior.

But how I wander! There is an herb in Brittany named *l'Egare*, and when the foot of the traveller hath once touched it, he returneth not home again, but wandereth off into Night and Darkness, among fairies, hobgoblins, will-o'-the-wisps, elves, willies, ghosts, hop-and-go-fetch-its, moss-men, grim Jemmies, and similar beings. And there are certain subjects, O benevolent reader, on which when the pen of the writer touches, it goeth off whizzling and twizzling into more fancy curves and dots and flourishes than are to be found in a Turkey carpet; and never would it find its way home again to the subject, were it not for a fierce magic influence, which a salutary fear of the reading public exerts.

A fear from which (St. Scribilia of the Blessed Ink-Pot be watchful over us!) Meister Karl seems to be this morning singularly exempt.

I began this paper with remarking that Rome was blessed with a sad, sweet melancholy. I went on to say that it came from the study—the feeling of the Artistically Beautiful—which, like a magic essence, doth permeate the soul.

And I was going on to say — — — — that every city hath for me its peculiar attractive sadness. There is the Neapolitan, which is that of the *dolce far niente*, or soft and silky idleness, extracted from fine weather, mellowed with the musical murmur

of the Mediterranean, and perfumed with orange-blossoms—the bride who walks on the castle of Indolence by the sea. Fairest daughter of Parthenope, mayst thou live forever!

There is the *Venetian*, which is historico-romantic, blended with mystery, and is creamily aristocratic. I see it in the semi-oriental portraits of senators and doges, and in the proud, voluptuous beauty of their exquisite women. In Venice, more than in Rome, do we live in the *social* past; its beauty is less abstract, and consequently more palpably melancholy. We *know* that the scenes around us have witnessed lordly festivals, glorious processions, and kingly merry-makings. We *know* that in these gondolas, in the olden time, gallant cavaliers serenaded fair ladies, who cast flowers to them from the windows of those palaces. We *know* that there were once in Venice brave times, which will never come again, and we are sad, for the memory of sunny hours which return no more is among the delicatest and daintiest of melancholies. *O Venezia, Venezia!* is there no sorcerer who can call once more from the graves of buried centuries those days of mad mirth and sweet melancholy?

“Sadness and mirth! ye were mingled there,
With the sound of the lute in the scented air;
As the cloud and the sunlight are blent on high,
Ye mixed in the gorgeous revelry.”

And there is the Munich sadness, which is not unlike the Roman, with a flavour of metaphysics and the addition of beer and pipes. But the melancholy of Munich is a cheerful disorder, bearing by no means heavily on the soul, and readily yielding, under the influence of its soft-hearted maidens, to a sort of solemn jollity and dignified deviltry.

There is the Berlin sadness, which is philosophico-soirée-aesthetic, mingled with occasional faint misgivings as to whether the capital of Prussia is really and immeasurably superior in every imaginable respect to all other cities, past, present, and future. And also tinged with doubts whether the Prussians, despite their endless and boundless vanity, might not acquire a few valuable ideas, were they so minded, from the French, English, and Yankees!

There is the Heidelberg sadness, which is composed of seven parts of German renaissance-in-ruins to two of Gothic ditto, intermingled with wavering souvenirs of Walks by Moonlight, Many

Drinking Bouts, Duels at Neunheim, Literary and Legal Lectures with Note-Books, Balls, and Billiards at the Museum, Pleasant Ladies and Ascents to the Castle, the "dem'd total" being covered with a flood of Rhine wine.

There is the Florentine, which is a compound of the Roman and Venetian, strongly scented with violets. And it is one of the sweetest.

There is the Hamburg sadness, which is that of jerked beef; and that of Bologna, which arises from walking through endless arcades and from lunching on great sausages.

There is the Ferrarese, which is the very darkness of desolation—where if you called on the last man, he would certainly be out. Also the Parisian sadness, which is that of satiety and reaction; and the Viennese, which is that of Strauss.

There is the Bostonian, which is commercio-literary; and the New Yorkian, which is faro-commercial, inspired with or "Sass and Brass," and steamed up with enterprise, deviltry, fun, humbug, and go-aheaditiveness; and the Philadelphian, which advanceth also, but with a more measured tread—which is peculiar in being without a peculiarity, which moveth silently, divineth unutterable things within itself, and behaveth decently—a very *comme-il-faut* sort of sadness, which presenteth many solid points of social comfort.

These are the varieties of sadness pertaining to each city. I say nothing against any of them, for I have felt them all, and read Burton's *Anatomie*, when I was a Freshman. I am not the one to decry the least of them—for I upset no man's apple-cart—

Je ne vueil pas ressembler ceus,
Qui sont garçon por tout destruire.*

Au contraire, I say that he who has inhabited a city, always in excitement and pleasure, but never in silence and reverie—always pitching and staving about, but never silent and sombre—in short, who has never had a touch of sweet, sunny melancholy, may know the town inwardly and outwardly, even as Panurge knew Paris, unto the lanes, alleys, houses, rooms, closets, and corners—but the Grand Idea, the poetic sentiment of the place, will be forever veiled from him. He may have seen the fleece,

* I am not one resembling those
Who are the boys to destroy every thing.

but he has not eaten the mutton; he may have gazed upon the flower, but has not scented the perfume; and have seen the golden lyre, but has remained deaf, stone deaf, to its ineffable harmonies and celestial chords.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

FERRARA: VENICE.

“FERRARA! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
 Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
 There seems, as ’twere, a curse upon the seats
 Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
 Of Este.”

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV. XXXV.

I SAY it, not because Byron said it before me, but out of my own bitter experience, that the city of Ferrara is the most intensely dull place ever inhabited.

Dulness in other localities is merely apathetic, negatively bad; but in Ferrara the blue devils assail you with a spite, a virulence, a malignity which *might* perhaps be appreciated by those who have suffered solitary durance-vile on a rainy Sabbath, but which certainly has not its parallel in the ordinary course of human events.

I pity the man who, in any other city, cannot drum up agreeable companions, pretty faces, or something to pass time on. But Ferrara! — — — —

My excellent friend, as I now write alone, and as the recollection of the sickening solitude of that town comes over me, I feel half disposed to rush out and join the first human being I meet. Ah, thank Heaven, there is somebody walking by!

It strikes me, that according to my own and others' experience, it would be absolutely profane, improper, incorrect, a sin, in fact, against the genius of the place, (if there be one,) to even attempt to be merry in such a God-and-man-forsaken hole.

What do you think, reader, of such jolly, comfortable, soul-inspiring sentiments as the following, taken from a journal dated April the first, on which day my young C——, the author of said diary, had most appropriately entered Ferrara?—

“FERRARA is a silent, mournful city. An inhabited solitude

sounds strangely,* but such it is. Sad and desolate, the stranger feels as if he had, by some mistake, been thrown out of time. How I long for the busy, bustling world! How gladly would I welcome *any* face that I have ever seen before! But no, here I am alone. A-a-a-h me! how forlorn and dull!

“As I sit in my room this evening, at dusk, I feel as wretchedly alone as any human being can. I am in the first hotel of the town, and the only soul in it, except the landlord and servants. Oh, dreariness!

“Ah me! I am weary, weary,
I would I were abed!”

Reader, I will give you one or two of my own observations in Ferrara. I was tramping along one morning through the town, with a villainous old valet-de-place for a guide, when my attention was arrested by seeing an important-looking personage in uniform blowing a trumpet. On concluding his music, he cried, in a loud voice, a sentence, the only word of which I could catch was “IL GONFALONIERE.”

I asked the *valet-de-place* what the trumpeter had said; but the old rascal, despite his dishonesty, was intensely proud of his native city, and evaded the question. Being closely pressed, he at length gave it: “*I summon you all, in the name of the Gonfaloniere, to come forth and weed the streets!*” It is well known that many of the streets of Ferrara are overgrown with grass. This has become such a reproach (or inconvenience) to the inhabitants, that means have been taken to remove it. Accordingly, as we went along, I saw numbers of old women and children come forth with baskets and knives for that purpose.

Those curious in such items may refer to John Murray for a description of Ariosto's house and ink-stand, or his manuscripts, with those of Tasso, in the library. But one souvenir of the past touched my soul on the raw. The *custode*, who showed me the ancient Palace d'Este, finally found his way to a room, which he called *Parisina's*.

“*Very good; nothing more likely!*” thought I, with an expression of intense gratification, looking around, meanwhile, at the walls with that vividly curious air with which we generally

* Not at all, friend C——. “Enter the KING *solus*, with two fiddlers,” is an old precedent.

NOTE BY THE MEISTER.

regard the masonry of any place where a remarkably interesting event has occurred. But I was right in *this* instance; for, on second thoughts, I took a squint at the ceiling!

"And HERE," continued the guide, pointing to a very common, tawdry-looking, gilt *Chinese* secretary, full of looking-glasses, "*here* is Parisina's secretary; and," sinking his voice to an awful whisper, while glancing darkly and mysteriously around, "*and here, in these very secret drawers, her correspondence with Ugo was concealed!*"

Shade of Byron!

With which I recur to my diary:

"APRIL 3—Retired early; rose ditto; got my coffee; paid a scandalously exorbitant bill; and found my way to the *diligence*.

"Company consisted of a lively Italian lady, rather *passée*, whose entire information on the subject of America was contained in a knowledge of the fact that FANNY ELLSLER (or Lesler, as they call her here in Italy) had been there. She had with her a remarkably stupid husband. Before long we reached the Po, and, while crossing it in a ferry-boat, our passports were examined. In walking about, I soon became aware that I was an object of great curiosity. All my movements were scanned with that 'I-wonder-what-he'll-do-next' sort of air, which was to me quite incomprehensible. To dissipate any nervous perplexities which might arise, I took out my pipe. Immediately the eyes of all present were fixed upon it, as though the calumet of the great Nantucket fog-giant himself had appeared. I wanted a light: immediately half a dozen matches were tendered me by as many men. My choice made, I could at once observe that the fortunate individual thus honoured at once became himself a lion, of lesser magnitude, and had a knot collected around him, to whom he seemed to be confidentially narrating something, ever and anon mysteriously exhibiting his match-case, which was turned over and examined by all with intense interest.

"When I walked along the boat, every one respectfully made way for me, and kept silence until I had passed. But what it all meant I could not guess. When I approached the horse, (for it was a wheel-boat, worked by a one-horse power,) the engineer (I mean the man who fed and whipped the animal) looked as if he would have given all he knew to have me speak a word to him. Only one man on board seemed to put on a *nil-admirari*

air, and affect to care nothing for the stranger. For this man I at once naturally conceived a deep antipathy, which immediately subsided into intense contempt. I had no doubt, that if he would only uncover his head, instead of a bump of veneration, I should behold a cavity in which a hen might hide herself. Soon a keen-eyed, gentlemanly, man-of-the-world-looking officer in mufti came up, and, addressing me in French, said—

“‘Excuse me; but you may not be aware that you are quite a lion at present.’

“‘Indeed!’ quoth I, innocently, and attempting to come the air generally assigned on the stage to emperors in disguise; ‘indeed! and why?’

“‘Because they have found out, by the passport, that you are an American; and one may well believe that *they* all see an American now for the first time.’

“My new friend did not belie his appearance. In five minutes we had slidden into an intimacy, the good effects of which were manifested immediately after at the office of the ‘*Dogana*,’ on the other side, where, amid all the searching of trunks and boxes, he imperatively laid his hand on my baggage, and signified to the officials that they need not trouble me.

“‘But,’ said I, ‘my pockets are loaded with tobacco; what if they should take a look at them?’

“‘*Parbleu!*’ quoth he, laughing, ‘so are mine!’

“With these words, he took out a bag full of the article, and shook it laughingly at the *douanier*, who grinned wistfully at the prohibited commodity.

“We breakfasted at Rovigo, and arrived in Padua that afternoon. My officer went directly on to Venice in the railroad cars, while I, who, owing to the joint lies of the head-waiter and landlord, had unwittingly taken a *diligence* ticket through, had to wait an hour for the vehicle which was to convey me, which hour I spent in the *Café Pedrocchi*.

“‘THE CAFE PEDROCCHI,’ says the Guide Book, ‘is really a species of national monument, from its splendour. The exterior is of marble; the style, Italian-Gothic, and remarkably good. It is curious to see the pattern of an ancient palazzo revived for such a purpose. While the building was in progress, Pedrocchi was present every evening, and paid all the workmen ready money, and always in old Venetian gold. He had been left in poor

circumstances, and lived in a ruinous little old house upon the site of the present Fairy Palace, which, falling into decay, he was compelled to pull down. Suddenly he abounded in riches—as many stories are now afloat concerning hidden treasures, and yet more awful things, as would furnish materials for a legend—and thus was the present magnificent structure raised. During the building, portions of an ancient Roman edifice were discovered, and the marbles so found have been employed in the slabs and pavements of the salone.’

“At last the diligence started, with me for the only passenger; and such a glorious, stout, silent, gruff old Hungarian giant for *conducteur*. Wishing to enjoy the scenery, I sat with him on the box outside. He smoked his straw cigar for some time, and then came out with—

“‘*Kommen sie von weitem her?*’ (Do you come from a distance?)

“‘*Ja,*’ quoth I; ‘from America.’

“‘And America is in England, is it not?’ he asked, in a tone indicating some little complacency at the extent of his own information.

“‘*Nein,*’ I replied; ‘three thousand miles distant.’

“This was a poser for the old fellow, and he smoked over it at least ten minutes.

“‘And of what religion are the people in your country?’

“I was (*mea culpa*) strongly tempted to reply, ‘Oh, heathens, of course!’ but contented myself with explaining that we had a great variety.

“We had crossed the *Po* and the *Adige* that morning, and now rode along ‘the banks of the Brenta,’ stopping at Dolo.

“At last I went inside. How glorious! A diligence all to myself! Why, it was a high-pressure luxury! No fat old gentleman punching his elbows into you; nobody opposite to cross legs with, or beg pardon of for treading on his corns. No soul to keep you from smoking. Oh, lordly! I lay out, *à la American*, so as to take up as much room as possible; shut the windows, lighted my meerschaum, and smoked till the interior was like an opal or cairngorm. I amused myself by imagining the vehicle full of travellers of the most tobacco-hating description conceivable. Then I opened the window; puff went the smoke!—and self, and ease, and all was forgotten in the calm scenery of the banks of the Brenta.

"Night came, and at last our diligence stopped. I paid the postilions, and was conducted to a long, covered boat. The Hungarian, who had constituted himself my guide, guardian, uncle, and protector for the time being, saw to every thing for me; packed me away comfortably on a seat, with one of his big shaggy coats; scolded me, got me a cigar, jumped in himself, and we started.

"On, on, on, for an hour, and not a sight save the twinkling of many lights far in the distance, and few sounds save the plashing of our oars. I could understand nothing of what the boatmen said; it was a new dialect, *Venetian*; nor my Hungarian, who conversed earnestly for a long time with another conducteur in the same *patois*. He seemed, as far as I could make out, to be angry at having had the charge of '*ma'tratti i forestieri*'—*id est*, abusing foreigners—put forward as an accusation against him. We stopped at the *dogana*, where I gave up my passport, and then rowed on.

"'And now we are entering the city,' said the Hungarian.

"I looked out. Yes; there it was. Star-ray and moon-beam shone over spire and palace, over bridge and gondola. City of mystery and beauty, for which my soul had longed since early childhood, thou wert before me! ay, even as I had seen thee in my dreams. Yes, it was a reality *now*; the dreams were fulfilled; I saw *thee*, Queen of the Adriatic, fair city of waters. With what a throbbing earnestness I drew within myself, and said, 'Now thou art really in Venice; this can no one take from thee, that thou hast seen thy dream-city!' And the Hungarian still growled on in his *patois*; the boatmen sang loudly and merrily; our boat darted like a swallow into the Grand Canal, and, with a glad heart, I entered that great city, though no friend or acquaintance awaited my arrival, and no soul save the hotel-keepers cared for my coming.

"'Now the Rialto-bridge is at hand,' quoth the Hungarian. I looked out. There it was, right before me! the *Rialto*! 'Dear Lord!' quoth I. The boat darted on; another second, and the bridge was arching darkly over our heads. Shade of Shylock, it was a fact! And Shakspeare must be true, every word!

"And on, on, on! This was Venice. Palace and spire faded by, one after the other. We stopped at the Post.

“‘Will you take a *gondola* to go to your hotel?’ said the Hungarian.

“‘WON’T I?’ quoth I. ‘*Only try me!*’

“The Hungarian smiled grimly. He had been young once, and stepping out, ordered a two-oared gondola, at two zwanzigers.

“*There* it floated in all its glory, filling the air around with beauty: a real black gondola—jet-black, ink-black, lamp-black, looking for all the world like a hearse afloat. So in I tumbled. ‘Sink or swim, live or die,’ thought I, ‘I will at least have one glide.’ ‘Look you, sir traveller, wear strange suits, or people will scarcely think that you have swum in a gondola.’ ‘That doesn’t apply to me *now*,’ thought I, solemnly; ‘*I’ve been and done it.*’

“‘Oh pescator dell’ onda—*Fidolin.*

Oh pescator dell’ onda—*Fidolin.*

Vieni pescar in qua—

—Colla bella sua barcha,

Colla barcha se ne va—*Fidolin!*”

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

VENICE.

“VIDERAT Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in Undis

Stare urbem et toto ponere jura mari:

Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis Jupiter arceis

Objice, et illa tui moenia Martis, ait:

Si pelago Tybrim praeferas, urbem aspice utramque,

Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse DEOS.”

JAC. SANNAZAR, EPIGR. LIB. I.

“Venus and Venise are of like degree,

Venus is Queen of Love—Venise of policie.”

HOWELL’S LETTERS.

WHETHER all the friends whom I there met experienced the same rapturous emotions as myself, in first beholding Venice, swimming in gondolas or *flâneing* about St. Mark’s and the Rialto, I know not; nor whether they were equally delighted

with myself in reaching a land of good cigars, prime coffee, superb *Kirschwasser*, and an admirable opera. But, to judge from appearances, I should say that they were fully disposed to do average justice to all such items, particularly the latter.

Venice is not a city to live and die by; though one can pass weeks or even months in it without experiencing *ennui* or dissatisfaction. I could never yet rid myself of the feeling which is said to have haunted an old sea-captain while there: *id est*, an irrepressible longing *to go on shore*. True, there is a vague report or theory that every house in the city may be approached by land; but we all soon experienced such difficulty in our attempts at practical solutions of portions of this puzzle, that we generally, at the first perplexity, cut the Gordian by ordering the best gondola within hail. This perpetual intermixture and interference of aquatics with the ordinary interests of life, naturally produces on new-comers a singular effect. Miss —— was almost afraid to go from one apartment to another, for fear of stepping into the Grand Canal; and opened every door with as much caution as if she expected, like the sorceress in the Arabian Nights, to behold a river flowing across the room. Nearly all our party declared that their dreams turned upon flowing water, plashing wavelets, and walls with iron rings, ever wet by the restless flood. The Wolf inquired of the company one day, at dessert, whether a Venetian had, as things exist, more than half a right to boast of his *Father-land*; while a fat old gentleman in the corner (a stranger to us) suggested as postscript that he could imagine nothing of which a regular native could have a *firmer terror* than *terra firma*. Which outrageous *squawk* at once brought down on his head the wrath of the entire assembly, who unanimously declared that the perpetrator of such villainy deserved to be thrown at once into the canal. To which the old gentleman declared that “he’d like to see them try it.” To which young C. retorted, in an under-tone, that he would do it directly, were he not afraid of spoiling the fish. At which the venerable man cried, “*Hold!*” acknowledged the corn, and begged leave to stand half a dozen of Montebello.

“I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,

With MURRAY’S red-bound guide-book in my hand;

When lo! an Englishman before me, cries,

‘That ’ere’s the Bridge of SIZE—well! I’ll be d—d!’”

Well, reader, I know not whether it be as strictly forbidden at present to go upon the Bridge of Sighs as it was when I was there; but if such *should* be the case, I would advise you to present an Austrian officer, as I did, with a *zwanziger*, which will obtain for you instant admission—*i.e.* if you care to go; which I certainly should have neglected to do, had not a gentleman, invested with some little diplomatic authority, assured me that as *he* had never been able to effect an entrance, *ergo*, I need not try. Great is the folly of this world! nor was mine the least.

From the Bridge of Sighs we pass naturally to the Galleries of the Doge's Palace. And there, near what was once a "Lion's mouth," (the lion is gone, and only the aperture remains,) the traveller may observe fixed in the wall several tablets, bearing inscriptions. It was usual, in ancient Venice, when a state-officer had been guilty of any great offence against the commonwealth, to expose to public view a short statement of his crime, for the edification of other functionaries, and the particular gratification, we may presume, of his family and friends. Of such a nature are these tablets. The reader may observe that the two following commemorate the *faux pas* of a couple of "defaulters:"

"MDCCXVIII.

"GIO. GIACOMO CAPRA FU CONTADOR NELLA CASA GRANDE DEL MAGISTRATO ALLE CIAVE CANDITO DALL ECCSO; CONS: DII XCC: LI: 6: SETTEMBRE COME MINISTRO INFEDELE E REO DI GRAVE INTACEO FATTO NELLA CASSA MEDEMA."

"VETTUNA MAFETTI DEI BRAZO QU GIACOMO GIA' NODARA IN QUESTO MAGISTRATO DELLE CIAVE FU' CAPITA LAMENTE CANDITO A' XXX' MAGGIO MDCCXXX MI DALL ECCELSO CONSIGLIO DI DIECI PER ENORME INTACCO DI PEGNI ASCENDENTE A RIGUARDE VOLE SUMMA EI DENARO A' GRAVE PREGUDIZIO DELLE PUBBLICA CASSA."

But of all rich inscriptions, gentle reader, the one posted up in the Chamber of the Council of the Ten was probably the richest. Whether it was placed there as an intensely spicy joke by some Pantagrueistic statesman, I could never learn. But that it was fearfully inappropriate, considering the general course of Venetian diplomacy, no one will deny:

"PRIMUM SEMPER ANTE OMNIA DILIGENTE INQUIRE: UT CUM JUSTITIA ET CHARITATE DIFFINIATIS: NEMINEM CONDEMNETIS ANTE VERUM ET JUSTUM JUDICIUM; NULLUM JUDICETIS SUSPITIONIS ARBITRIO SED PRIMUM PROBATE ET POSTEA

CHARITATIVAM SENTENTIAM PROFERTE ET QUOD VOBIS NO VULTIS FIERI ALTERI FACERE NOLITE."

"BEFORE all things, search diligently into every matter, that ye may discern justly and charitably; that ye may condemn none except by a true and righteous judgment; that ye may judge none by arbitrary suspicion; but first thoroughly examine, and then render a charitable opinion, and what you would not do to yourself, be unwilling to do to another."

I originally intended that this chapter should be something better than a mere collection of odds and ends, snippings and snappings, slippings and sloppings, chippings and choppings. But he is a fortunate man who knows how his wife will turn out; or rather she is a doubly fortunate woman who finds in her husband all that she expected; and three or four times blessed is that writer who can form an accurate idea as to the manner in which a chapter must inevitably conclude. But since I am fairly in for the desultory, here goes for a few more items, pepper-boxically distributed.

In Venice, as in other European cities, every shop has its peculiar name, like the hotels and restaurants in our own country. And this is indicated either by a picture or an inscription. Among the latter I observed a cheese-monger's establishment, whose sign was, "*Alla Divina Provvidenza*," TO DIVINE PROVIDENCE; a brandy-shop dedicated to the MOST HOLY TRINITY; a café, to the HOLY REDEEMER; and a tallow-chandler's, simply to the REDEEMER, without an adjective.

There are in Venice large gondolas, termed Omnibuses, which take up and let down passengers at any points on the Grand Canal which they may designate, for a trifling fare. I took a ride in Number XIII., and found it infinitely the best 'bus in a vehicular sense that I ever tried. Vehicular!—even yet I may be misunderstood; for are we not *transported* by busses, be they of what description they may?

The CA' D' ORO, or Golden House, though not the largest, is undoubtedly, to a romantic taste, by far the most striking and beautiful among the Venetian palaces. It had begun to decay, but has been purchased, I am told, and completely restored, by Taglioni, *la Danseuse*. A more appropriate tenant for such a building would be difficult to conceive. For who, I ask, *ought* to live in palaces, if not great artists, the teachers of the beautiful? And I pity that man who confounds the bright particular

stars of the *ballet* with chorus-dancers and performers in *Les Poses Plastiques*, as much as I do the spiteful ignoramus who condemned the painter for his impiety in painting CHRIST and JUDAS with pigments "all out of the same pot." Those who affect to condemn the ballet, yet pretend to appreciate the beautiful in art and nature, will do well to look at the compliment paid by the grave Professor Thiersch, in his *Aesthetik*, to the talent of Ellsler and Taglioni.

Italian wit, or even *insolence*, is sometimes over-matched. An Austrian having business with some Venetian officials, and being unacquainted with their language, addressed the principal in his native tongue; "*I am not a wild ass, to bray in German*," politely replied, in French, the individual addressed. "Strange," answered the Austrian, looking contemptuously round at the assembly, "that the *slaves* have not yet learned the language which their master speaks." An interpreter was at once offered.

I have not unfrequently remarked in Venice small placards on the walls, bearing the name of one or the other clergyman, accompanied by a highly commendatory sentence, the formula being as follows: "*In segno d'esultazione pel nostro Vicario Sebastian Valier*;" "In sign of exultation for our vicar Sebastian Valier." Of the nature of the services rendered by the worthy gentleman which entitled him to this extraordinary eulogium, I am not informed.

I was sailing along the Grand Canal one fine morning in a gondola with a New York friend, when we espied, for the first time, the black porter of the Leone Bianco Hotel, basking in the sun. Up rose my friend, and cried out, "*I say, Buck*, how did you get there?" Great was the darkey's joy, as he replied, on the broad grin, "Lord bless me, mas', *is you American*?" "Well, I am," was the reply; "what do *you* do herè?" With a still intenser grin; shutting up both eyes and chuckling, Ebony replied, "Dey puts me out here in front for a bait to 'trap' de Americans wid!"

I have always been a reader of "flying leaves," popular songs, and ha'penny literature generally. Nor do the "last dying speeches and confessions" of England; the "Marseillaise," "Bon roi Dagobert," and "Chant du Départ" of France, or the *Volksbücher* of Germany, afford a more certain indication of the

respective national temperaments and tendencies of the people of those countries, than the corresponding class of compositions in Italy of that which interests its own multitude. In Rome and Naples, with the exception of many popular songs, the vulgar literature is exclusively religious. With that of Florence I am not acquainted. In Venice, a new element develops itself; at least one-half of such leaves or pamphlets consisting of accounts of noted criminals, or historical, supernatural, or humorous sketches and legends. In Bologna and Milan, a coarse, vulgar humour predominates. The titles of my own bundles would form a chapter interesting enough to the D'Israelis of literature.

I design these remarks as an introduction to the translation of a little pamphlet of six pages, which I bought in the Piazza di San Marco, and which may be taken as a characteristic specimen of those old-time legends which even yet exert such an influence in the Catholic Church.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

HISTORICAL RECORD OF THE MIRACULOUS IMAGE OF SANCTISSIMA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE, WHICH MAY BE SEEN IN THE PAROCHIAL CHURCH OF SAN MARZIALE, IN VENICE.

MANY have been the instances of love, of partiality, and protection, which the city of Venice has experienced from the most holy MARY; among which is particularly distinguished that which happened in the year 1186, as an ancient and authentic tradition relates. During the pontificate of Nicolas IV., in the territory of Rimini lived a simple shepherd, named RUSTICO, devoted to the VIRGIN MARY, who, having one day conducted his sheep to pasture, while resting in the shade of a wood, noticed the trunk of a tree in which nature had, as it were jestingly, roughly expressed a feminine configuration. Thinking that this might easily be made to represent the holy image of MARY, he began to carve, and in a few days had brought the work nearly to perfection, when sud-

denly he found the whole spoiled; and the good man, not knowing how this could have happened, stood in grief and trouble, almost on the point of desisting from the undertaking, when there suddenly appeared before him two youths, who at once showed him a method by which he might still complete the work designed. Rustico, not recognising them at first, smiled at their words, but finally, out of good nature, permitted them to work upon it, which they accordingly did, and, in a short time, perfected the majestic and much-to-be-venerated image. Then he well knew that they could not be other than two angels sent from heaven, who at once enjoined upon him that he should carry the image to the bishop of the city and the governor, and tell them the will of the VIRGIN in this matter, which was, that it be placed in a boat without rudder, and left to swim at the disposition of PROVIDENCE. Of which the bishop being informed, he ordered a solemn procession, but strove to evade the command, being desirous of retaining the holy image and placing it in the cathedral of his city; when—O wonderful prodigy!—the statue became so heavy and immovable that they were obliged to desist from the resolution taken, and, placing it in a little boat, left it alone far out at sea, on which, with a prosperous gale, and accompanied by many vessels from Rimini filled with those desirous of witnessing the result, it floated to the borders of our lagune; passing which, through the canal called *Sacca della Misericordia*, it bent its course to the bank of the church of San Marziale, where it stopped. Upon which stood a poor blind man, with his son, who was dumb from his birth; and the pair begged alms from those passing by. But, as the bark drew near which held the miraculous image, the tongue of the son was loosened, and he bade his father prostrate himself before the adorable MARY, from whom he would receive sight. At which miracle those present were greatly astonished; and the parish priest (*il Paroco*) being informed thereof, communicated the news to Bartolomeo Querini, the then bishop, who ordered them to bear the holy image in the boat to the cathedral, which the Paroco and several priests essayed to do, but were hindered by a renewal of the same miracle which had taken place in Rimini. Of which the prelate being informed, and the will of MARY recognised, the sacred image was raised by the united efforts of Giovanni Dandolo, then doge, and many other noblemen, and placed in the church of

San Marziale, to receive great honour. Many were the acclamations and the thanks rendered up by all the people for the benefits received by them, every day on which they assembled to honour the sacred image, which dispensed benefits and favours to such a degree as to become celebrated throughout Venice; and whoever desired a blessing of MARY, sought this church to obtain it. And the high pontiffs, moved by the extraordinary prodigies effected by GOD, at the intercession of the MOST HOLY MARY, enriched the said church with various indulgences; among which, Clement XIV. granted plenary indulgence in the year 1773, beginning on the day of the twenty-fifth of June, until the ninth of July, applicable also to the defunct.

Nor would the partiality or the beneficence of MARY have diminished since those times, had the eagerness of the faithful to honour her, and celebrate her name, been greater than it now is.

The clergyman of said church, therefore, desired to make known the history of that miraculous image, and thus inspire the Venetian people to reverence it. Do not cease, devotees of MARY, to show yourselves such to her; honouring her with your devotion, obtaining with your offerings the greater worship of her altar; thus exhibiting by your piety that devotion which has so much distinguished you from other people.

N.B. All our ancient chroniclers speak of the said image, and the celebrated Flaminio Corner, in his learned Illustrations of the Venetian Churches, narrates its history. There are, also, yet in our church authentic pictures of the Roman school of the sixteenth century, which represent the event as narrated; and there is, also, a picture of the same age of the Venetian school, which records its arrival.

As late as the year 1839, several persons, moved by tender devotion for the Most Holy VIRGIN, whose undoubted patronage they had experienced, had recourse to that holy image; and also an entire typographical institute has, under the glorious title of S'a Maria delle Grazie, selected her as protectress.

PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN MARIA DELLE GRAZIE.

“HOLY MARY, Mother of God, and always Virgin, who, in visiting ELISABETH, didst sanctify the Baptist by the blessed fruit of thy womb, JESUS; grant that, despising earthly things, I may be enabled to choose thee for my protectress and advocate, and may my mind be thus sanctified by thy presence. I intend faithfully to serve thee, and through thy protection to love and honour

thee, as thou dost love and honour thy divine Sox. I pray thee to receive me into the number of thy servants, to aid me in all my actions to do the will of God, and not to abandon me in the hour of my death. May it thus be!"

I HAD hoped to finish the sheet and the evening with the above prayer, but, being disappointed, will briefly inform you, Reader, on the bit remaining, that the gondoliers of Venice are divided into two factions, termed *Castelli* and *Nicoletti*; that they are still the confidants of half the love intrigues, and consequently of nearly all the rascality of the place; that Venice, instead of rotting into its canals, is a bright, lively city, doing a good business, with as many inhabitants as it ever had; that Saint Mark's Place is infinitely more romantic and picturesque by gas-light than during the day; and that in the City of Doges I saw *fewer* pretty women than in any other town in Italy. In confirmation of all which, permit me to sing you the following ditty, which I find accidentally scribbled on the last page of this sheet, and which was doubtless interpolated by Destiny for some good purpose, as it exactly fills the leaf.

"Come over the bourne, BESSY, to me!

Her boat hath a leak,

And she may not speak;

Oh, she dare not come over to thee!"

Rip-hurrah, and slopsasa!

Through mud and water, thick and thin,

Go roll a full-grown hogshead in.

One, two, three, for luck I rap it:

Who will be the first to tap it?

He was glorious—down went he!

Thou art glorious, that I see;

I am not, but soon shall be.

And as he knocked around the bung,

They found, alack! a stave was sprung.

O Sacramento!—DOMINE!

Now who will save my wine and me?

Out came the liquor with a run,

And drowned the brethren every one,

Who, floating light as any feather,

Went bobbing round, like corks, together.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

ALTERNATIONS.

I CANNOT tear myself loose from Venice. My head still wavers with its waters. Time and tide permitting, I should in this chapter, after lying among the pots of the world, have silvered up a little; like a duck, have taken unto myself the wings of the morning, and flown to the outside-edge of the Impossible. Already my soul hovered, like a golden star, between the glowing morning-land of the Past and the dim evening-land of the Future. From afar rung the voices of the rosy hours. I was within an ace of the beatified vision—

“Fully justified, I
 Did ride through the sky,
 Nor envied ELIJAH his seat;
 Then my soul mounted higher
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the moon it was under my feet!”

(“*Can you look me in the face—and say—the sa-ame, Jean-not?*”) In fact, I was about, in a Plotinian ecstasy, to lose myself in the mystery of unintelligibility, and what George Sand calls the divinity of madness. (“*Moonlit hours were made for love.*”) But fortunately, hearing from this super-terrestrial elevation the voice of the printer’s messenger demanding “copy,” my soul at once drew together like a collapsed bladder, (“*I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee,*”) folded her wings about her, and slode down to earth as sheepishly (*Carlotta Grisi Polka*) as if her mistress had caught her coquetting with a chimney-sweep. (“*Thou, thou reignst in this bosom.*”)

False love, and hast thou played me thus,
 In summer among the flowers?
 I will repay thee back again
 In winter, among the showers:
 Unless again—again, my love,
 Unless you turn again:
 As you with other maidens rove,
 I’ll rove with other men.

"Ala eggamr lou yslyny
Borzouh ana ma aslah."

Sae wantonlie, sae dantonlie,
Sae rantonly gaed he,
He played a spring and danced a round
Beneath the gallows-tree;
Io te voglio bene assai,
E tu non pienz' à mè:
Last nighte the queene had four MARIES,
To-nighte she'll have but three:
There was MARY SETOUN, MARY BEATOUN,
MARIE CAR-MICHAEL, and *me*.
And three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men were we."

"*In te speravi*
Vous la voyez-vous l'entendez,
Vous vous croyez bien avec elle;
Mais pas de tout—parceque tout à coup,
Elle vous fait la rebelle."—C'EST MA NINI.

Deuce take that fellow with his Organ! You comprehend, do you, that since I have, this morning, held pen in hand, there has been a beggarly Savoyard beneath the window, grinding out all manner of popular airs, and inspiring me, associatively, with all manner of scrap verses, until I hardly know what my paper speaks. Even as a merrie maiden, borne down and conquered by sleep, ever essayeth to talk intelligibly, and still uttereth the holy sleep-inspired mystery, profanely termed *nonsense*, so have I striven, but all in vain, against the benumbing influence of this organic fiend. The mischief take him, with his brethren! In France they call them *Orgues de Barbarie*, from the barbarous manner in which they torment gentlemen trying to write. Well, as I was saying, ("*Allons, enfans de la Patrie!*") things will turn out in this chapter, probably better than I expected.

"The LORD be praised!
I'm much amazed
To see how things have mended;
Short-cakes and tea
For supper you'll see,
Where froth and gas were intended."

How one train of thought alternates with another!

One evening, after a glorious pic-nic to the Armenian convent, and a glance at the old monk who had been Byron's preceptor in Oriental tongues, our party in gondolas were gliding silently among the canals, and past the churches and palaces of the city,

and, as the moon shone, the oars plashed, the water surged, while cloudlets went floating by in the blue heavens, we were all very happy and sentimental. The Wolf had just narrated his favourite and terrific Venetian legend of Professor Nordenholm and the enchanted elephant. Young C. was giving Miss Coralie a brief abstract of Schiller's Ghost-seer, while the Russian gentleman and his *cousine* conversed in a low tone, rapidly and earnestly, in their native tongue; the subject of their communications being, undoubtedly, either that of early scenes of love, night, and beauty in their own distant land, or the last card-party at Marchesa C.'s. At last, pretty Miss L., fairly melting with romance, let her small, white hand, sparkling with diamonds, trail in the water, while, sinking back, she sighed forth from Moore—

“On such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel and gaze with bliss
Upon the moonlight scenery here.”

At this the fat old gentleman became evidently deeply affected; I could see a tear of sentiment steal down his cheek, as, gazing at the moon, he quoted from Dr. Johnson—

—“The Queen of Night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.”

“*Vogue la Galere*,” whispered C., as the Chevalier replied, from the Siege of Corinth—

“’Tis midnight: o’er the distant town,
The cold, round moon shines deeply down:
Blue roll the waters; blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright.”

We are all *moon-struck*, thought I, as Mrs. C.’s gentle, beautiful voice came in from Leigh Hunt, with—

“And the clear moon, with meek o’erlifted face,
Seems come to look into the silvering place!”

“*Ha!* have we all taken lodgings in the *Rue de la Lune!*” cried Coralie, laughing, and then carolling—

“*Au clair de la Lune!*”

Just then our gondolas swept past the house inhabited by our banker. Extending his hands, the Wolf exclaimed, with touching pathos, from Shakspeare—

“How sweet the moonlight rests upon the BANK!”

“*Chut!*” cried Coralie. “*Zanetta cara mia,*” she continued, addressing her beautiful and silent Venetian friend, “can you not give us a song of the Lagunes?” Without coughing or apologizing, the *Siora* took the guitar (every pic-nic has a guitar) and sang with a sweet, expressive voice, in Venetian—

“Amor si xe un putelo,
Ma siestu maledeto;
Un gran birbon ti xe:
Mi povero grammaza,
Tropo mi son fidada:
E ti ma la ficada,
Come che va a la fé.

“Ma questo xe un castigo,
Lo vedo schieto é neto,
Equesto xe un efeto,
De la mia crudelta;

“Caveme de sto intrigo,
Caro el mio caro orbeto;
Faro mi te prometo,
Quelo che ti vorà.”

As her voice died away into the rustling wavelets, it seemed to me that life had never before seemed so bright and gentle—love, music, and flowers!

Suddenly two gondolas shot round the corner, and from the one pealed forth, with hip-hurrah, yells, and cries—

“G-g-go it while you ’re young.
F-f-for when you get old you ca-can’t;
Let Scandal hold her t-tongue,
And bid dull Care avaunt!

“Last night I was out late,
The truth I m-must declare;
This morn’n, I don’t know how,
I was up before the Mayor;
Says he, ‘Sir, you’ve had your fun,
And now you must pay for ’t!’
Says I, ‘Very well, Mister Mayor,
But then you know you ought
To’”—

Chorus by the entire company as Mayor, *in basso*—

“ ‘Orter wot !’ ”

“ ‘Ought to—*go it*—while you’re young,
For when yer git old ye can’t;
Let Scandal hold her tongue,
And bid dull Care avaunt !’ ”

While from the other came a mixed accompaniment of “*Row gently here, my Gondolier,*” and the venerable if not respectable air of

“ We won’t go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear ! ”

“ This is infamous, perfectly *infamous*, ” cried our fat little old gentleman, thus rudely awakened from his sweet reverie, and poking out his head at them.

“ *Got a cigar, old fellow ?* ” screamed one of the convivialists.

“ You deserve to be hung, ” retorted the little man, in a great fury. To which the party in full chorus replied by continuing their song—

“ Old men couldn’t go it,
Were they to be swung;
Their looks and actions show it:
So—*go it*—while you’re young ! ”

“ What *are* those animals ? ” inquired the Chevalier, eyeing the departing gondolas through his *lorgnon*.

“ A mixed party of Gaiters and Universals from the two hotels, ” replied C.

“ Of what ? ”

“ Of second-rate English and Americans, ” answered the Wolf. “ Yes—let them abuse each other when at home as much as they will, *abroad* they flourish in merry fraternity and most cordially unite against the enemy—be he French, Dutch, or Italian. Bless your hearts, children ! you may fight and scratch occasionally, but ye are brothers after all, and a malediction on him who would estrange your *hearts* ! But it’s a pity that yonder ‘ rowdy ’ party should be the representatives of such a number of the youthful travellers of both nations ! ”

“ They appear to be very merry, ” exclaimed Coralie, with French thoughtlessness. “ *Je n’aime pas moi, la tristesse !* And if I were a gentleman, I would be among them. ”

“ If *they* were gentlemen, they would be in company with Mademoiselle Coralie, ” gallantly replied the Chevalier.

“ *Dieu ! que vous êtes gentil,* ” replied the Parisienne. “ What

an ornament you are to a gondola! Is it necessary to embroider a smoking-cap, knit you a purse, work you slippers, or paint you a brigand?"

"I will accept the first full of cigars, the second of bank-bills, the third with your feet in them, and have the fourth painted as myself—stealing a heart."

"What a delightful creature it is!" replied Coralie, as in a soliloquy; "always merry, playful, innocent, and light-hearted. Oh, monsieur, were you educated in the *salons* of Paris, or brought up in a nursery with your younger sisters, that you are at the same time so *naïf* and so *rusée*? Don't you know that with the second alone you can always obtain"—

"What? *the other three*?" asked the Chevalier.

"Oh no! their equivalents."

"Any thing equal to Miss Coralie does not exist," was the reply.

And he turned within himself (like an early Quaker) and found bitterness and despair. For though but little had been spoken, much had been meant—and understood.

"Is it possible?—nothing equal to poor, small *me*! *Farceur va!*"

And muffling her neck and chin in her velvet cloak, she drew back on her seat. But just at this critical instant her eye glanced upward at the Chevalier.

It was but a little glance—a mere fractional glimpse—a snap—a gleam. But in its arch deviltry, its merry spiciness, its ultra intensity of smothered laughter, and lastly, not leastly, in its friendliness and sympathy, the Chevalier saw whole floods of radiant light—an endless apocalypse of golden love. Like a true French girl, Coralie had vexed him with persiflage and indifference until he was fairly desperate, and then—*then* came the delicious revulsion!

Cowering and shrinking up in her cloak like a frightened pigeon—glancing out at him over its upper hem like an eagle, yet so lovingly, so confidently, so gently withal, and convincing him, even in the instant in which she yielded, of her ability to wield and sway the heart, and to soar at will over all the little ordinary emotions of life, or dash boldly away from such influences at the very instant in which she seemed to yield to their power.

Reader—did you ever see such a glance? or such a French girl, curiously compounded of beauty, dress, tact, good heart, and finesse?—NO?

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

NUREMBERG.

NORINBERGA—Orbi regna.

STUDIOSUS JOVIALIS, 1751.

“Oh Nürnberg du edler Fleck!

Deiner Ehren Bolz steckt am zweck.

Den hat die Weisheit daran geschlossen,

Die Wahrheit ist in dir entsprossen!”

PATER ROSENBLUTH.

Nürnberg's Hand,

Geht durch jeden Land.

Nuremberg's hand

Goes through every land.

OLD GERMAN PROVERB.

“THERE is much to be done, my friends,” said I to my travelling companions, as we approached that “Pompeii of the Middle Ages,” Nuremberg.

“And little enough time to do it in,” replied THE WOLF, snapping the lid of his meerscham like a pistol lock, “even if we pass a year in yonder colossal old curiosity-shop. By the ghost of Albert Dürer! I begin, even from this distance, to feel as the Spanish adventurer did, when he landed on the ancient Atlantis Land of Saint Brandon, where every thing was exactly five centuries behind time, clocks included. They say that all the sourcrout in Nuremberg was made three hundred years ago!”

The reader who remembers the feelings of Contarini Fleming when he approached Venice, may form some idea of my own sensations on arriving at the quaint old Gothic city of Nuremberg; *Gothic*, I say, though that learned antiquarian, Hippolyte Fortoul, has written a formidable chapter to prove that it has nothing Ogival about it, but is, on the contrary, altogether Romanesque. For to all who have studied the history and philosophy of plastic and literary art in the galleries, libraries, and lecture-rooms of

the continent, until Dürer becomes elevated in their eyes to a German Raphael, and till the honourable names of Hans Sachs, Veit Stoss, Peter Vischer, Pancras Labenwolf, and Willibald Pirkheimer are familiar to their ears as household words, Nuremberg will always be romantic—pointed-arched—and very reverend.

I had recently qualified myself for this visit by a tolerably thorough course of Hoffman, Tieck, Scheffer, and other romance writers, who have done their best to set forth the intense queerity and remarkable romanticism of this city. So that in the first strokes of a hammer which met my ears, I at once naturally recognised the blows of the giant apprentice of MEISTER MARTIN; the first notes of a song resounding from a beer-house were in the sword-cut measure of that sweet poet, OLD HÖLLENFEUER; and the first jeweller's shop which I beheld at once occurred to me as the veritable establishment of that far-renowned worker in "orfeverie," WENZEL JAMNISTER.

I expected *much* and found *more*. Of a verity, I was *not* disappointed. My geese and ugly ducks all turned out to be swans, my swans, birds of Paradise, and my birds of Paradise, phoenixes. But I regret and shame myself to say, that the first lion visited was neither the exquisite Gothic church of Saint Sebaldus, nor the fairy-like *Schoenbrunnen*, or "beautiful fountain," but simply a venerable and highly respectable ale-house. For that incorrigible beer-hen, my friend and ally, WOLF SHORT, having learned on the road, from a travelling student, that there was in Nuremberg a remarkably curious Malt Institute, which no true member of the ancient and honourable Order of Good Fellows could neglect without risking loss of reputation, at once determined on looking it up, after we had found a hotel and taken dinner. Nor was the place, indeed, without interest, it having been, according to our informant's account, the rendezvous for innumerable centuries, if not æons, of all jovial *studios* and artists, in passing through the city. In which it corresponded to

The Café del Greco, in Rome,
 The Wagner Brei, in Munich,
 The Cafés, Rotonde and Procope, in Paris,
 Auerbach's Cellar, in Leipzig,
 Gast Haus zum Ritter, in Heidelberg,
 Oestreichische Brauerei, in the same city,

Trattorie dei Capelli, in Venice,

The Café Doney, in Florence,

And many more, which, as Panurge said, when he spoke high German, would weary me to repeat, and yourself to listen to. But this beer-house, to which the Wolf insisted on taking me, was called the JAMMER-THAL, or Vale of Misery,—a highly promising and cheerfully encouraging title or sign for any house of entertainment whatever. But it derives its name from the fact that the original public room of the establishment, in which the guests were wont to make merry, is so remarkably small, that it is with difficulty that more than four persons can find room around the little table in its centre. Of late years, owing to a greatly increased run of custom, attracted by the superior quality of his brew, the proprietor has enlarged his ideas, and now receives guests in an adjoining room, capable of holding about two hundred. A similar establishment, differing, however, in the size of its rooms, and which, for some unknown reason, must also be visited, bears the name of HIMMELS-LEITER, or Jacob's Ladder.

Having performed these important duties, I had time to cast my eyes about me and learn something of the town. I know not how often I have had occasion during my life, when speaking of Romanesque or Gothic objects, to employ such adjectives as "odd," "quaint," "weird," "strange," "wild," "freakish," "antique," and "irregular;" but I am very certain that if they could, according to my good old friend JUSTINUS KERNER's idea of experiences, be concentrated or monogrammatized into a single word, it would be exactly the one needed to describe the rare old town of Nuremberg. There is a picturesque disorder—a lyrical confusion—about the entire place, which is perfectly irresistible. Turrets shoot up in all sorts of ways, on all sorts of occasions, upon all sorts of houses; and little boxes, with delicate Gothic windows, cling to their sides and to one another like barnacles to a ship; while the houses themselves are turned around and about in so many positions, that you wonder that a few are not upside down, or lying on their sides, by way of completing the original arrangement of no arrangement at all. It always seemed to me as if the buildings in Nuremberg had, like the furniture in Irving's tale, been indulging over night in a very irregular dance, and suddenly stopped in the most complicated part of a confusion

worse confounded. Galleries, quaint staircases, and towers, with projecting upper stories, as well as eccentric chimneys, demented doorways, insane weather-vanes, and highly original steeples, form the most commonplace materials in building; and it has more than once occurred to me, that the architects of this city, even at the present day, must have imbibed their principles, not from the lecture-room, or the works of Vitruvius, Hope, Whewell, Berty, Hübseh, or Baumgartner, but from the most remarkable inspirations of some romantic scene-painter. During the last two centuries, men appear to have striven, with a most uncommendable zeal, all over Christendom, to root out and extirpate every trace of the Gothic. In Nuremberg alone, they have religiously preserved what little they originally had in *domestic architecture*, and added to it (of late years especially) with so much earnestness, that Monsieur Fortoul, after declaring that the private houses of this city exhibit few or no traces of *ancient* Gothicism, adds—"But, recently, they scatter pointed arches in their *façades*, and put them even into dormer windows, to such an extent that, if you should chance to visit Nuremberg ten years hence, you will find the Gothic everywhere, and perhaps feel inclined to accuse me of indulging in false assertions."

One of the most exquisite artistic features which greets the eye of the stranger in Nuremberg is the profusion of statues, and, indeed, of sculptured ornament of every description, which is lavished with unsparing hand, often in the oddest and most unexpected situations. Among the former, we must cite many beautiful Madonnas of the Middle Ages. Throughout Southern Germany and Italy, there is indeed no work of Art which more frequently attracts our attention, but there are few places where we so frequently behold it developed in such grace and purity as in Nuremberg. "The superior workmanship of these figures," says Mrs. Jameson, in an article on "The Nuremberg Madonnas," "show the influence of that excellent school of Art which flourished at Nuremberg during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and down to the middle of the sixteenth century;—the period in which Schonhofer, Peter Vischer, Beham, Burgmaier, Adam Kraft, Albert Dürer, and many admirable artists with less celebrated names, lived and worked, and gave to this particular school that strong impress of individuality, truthfulness, and deep feeling, which make amends for the want

of knowledge in some instances, and the want of grace in others."

But I leave to Mrs. Jameson the task of setting forth the artistic merits of these exquisite productions. What *I* propose to narrate regarding one of them savours rather of legendary Art. I will preach criticism and æsthetics, friend reader, with any one; but let me once get scent of a legend or an old ballad, and I bolt at once from the track, and, until the game is fairly run down, can only be found careering over the cloudy fields of Fantasie.

"Long, long ago, it was proposed by the Council of the goodly city of Nuremberg to erect a statue to Our Lady, which, by its superior beauty, should bring great honour to them, and raise in all hearts great wonder and love. Thereto, they bade it be proclaimed that, on a certain day, inspection would be held of such images or carved effigies of OUR LADY, the Mother of God, as might be brought before them,—the artist, in every case, to receive from the public treasury befitting reward and aidance. The said effigies to be made, at the carver's good-will, from stone, ivory, metal, or woods reliquary and consecrated, (*ex lignis mirabilibus.*)

"Now there was lately deceased in sleep, in the city of Nuremberg, a maiden of rarest beauty, named LIDA VON VELDENSTEIN, well known for her great love to all things holy, and especially for her constant and loving service to the Sweet Mother of God, ever affirming that the only wish of her heart, and the only thought of her life, was in some degree to resemble that Most Serene Soul and Pure Sea of Sanctity, OUR LADY, deeming all time lost not spent in her gentle service, and desiring only by her death to promote her glory on earth, having often affirmed to her friends that it had been revealed to her that, even after her departure from life, she would on earth effect pious works among men.

"And on the day appointed there appeared, among other competitors, a stranger of noble bearing, who submitted to the Council a stone image of the HOLY MOTHER of such rare and exquisite beauty that no question was held of its superiority. Thereon they, the Councillors, thanking God, bade the artist receive his reward; which he did there refuse, bidding them bestow it, for the honour of OUR LADY, on the poor. And then forthwith departed.

"Nor had he been long gone, ere it was strangely reported that the statue in all its features was identical with the lately-departed maiden, Lida von Veldenstein; differing in no wise either in face or figure, save that indeed a beauty of sanctity now rested on all, which no earthly form hath ever retained. And search being made in the tomb, the body of Lida von Veldenstein was indeed wanting, there remaining only the death-garment in which it had been enfolded. But around the statue was a mantle in no wise the same.

"From that day forth it hath been commonly reported that this image of THE MOTHER OF GOD was of a truth none other than the body of the maiden LIDA, who, for her great goodness, had been indeed transformed to the likeness of HER whom she so loved to imitate, and whom by her beauty, given of God, she now honoured even after death. And this statue is the same which now stands upon the house of that upright man, JOHANNES VON ROHRBACH, who dwelleth in the Binder-Gasse of the ancient and notable city of Nuremberg."

NUREMBERG, like Avignon, is one of the very few cities which have retained in an almost perfect state the feudal walls and turrets with which they were invested by the Middle Ages. At regular intervals along these walls occur little towers, for their defence, reminding one of beads strung on a rosary; the great watch-tower at the gate, with its projecting machicolation, forming the pendant cross, the whole serving to guard the town within from the dangers of war, even as the rosary protects the city of Mansoul from the attacks and strategies of Sin and Death—though, sooth to say, since the invention of gunpowder and the Reformation, both the one and the other appear to have lost much of their former efficacy. Directly through the centre of the town runs a small stream, called the Pegnitz, "dividing the town into two nearly equal halves, named after the two great churches situated within them; the northern being termed Saint Sebald's, and the southern, St. Laurence's side."

In the northern part of the division of Saint Sebaldus rises a high hill, formed at the summit of vast rocks, on which is situated the ancient Reichsveste, or Imperial Castle, whose origin is fairly lost in the dark old days of Heathenesse. From it the traveller can obtain an admirable view of the romantic town be-

low. In regarding it, I was irresistibly reminded of the remarkable resemblance existing between most of its buildings and the children's toys manufactured by the ingenious artisans of Nuremberg and its vicinity. In one squab little mansion, capped with peaked tower and eye-like windows, I distinctly recognised the original model of a fascinating little vermilion-coloured edifice which had, long years ago, well-nigh thrown me into a convulsion of delight when first extracted one Christmas morning from the Krisskingle stocking; while a circular building of modern date, with a primrose roof, had evidently been formed after the same model as a certain "round tower of other days" with which I had whilom delighted my juvenile optics. Well do I remember that "jolly round house," whose door on opening displayed to the astonished vision a wooden young lady with a very short waist, holding over her bonnetless head, with commendable perpendicularity, an opened parasol; while by her side an aged, but (to judge from a red feather which grew from the centre of her head) apparently respectable female, was busily engaged in roasting a goose at a fire, consisting of three glowing strips of tinsel. It was a mooted question with Lady Bulwer, as to whether Shakspeare was born to write for Charles Kean, or Charles Kean to act Shakspeare; and I for my part am unable to decide whether the Dutch toy-makers of Nuremberg obtain their designs from its architects, or whether the architects copy after their toys.

One of the most striking portions of the Imperial Castle is the *Heidenthurm*, or Heathen Tower, so called from several very singular carved figures upon it, which served as idols previous to the introduction of Christianity.* This tower contains two remarkably interesting old chapels, in the Romanesque or transition style of architecture, one of which, called the Chapel of Saint Margaret, dates from the ninth or tenth century. Its massy columns, short and bulky, readily bring us back to the time when the heavy force of the Dark Ages was not as yet lost in the more romantic grace of a subsequent era. There is something incredible, mysterious, and Cyclopean in every part of this castle. They may tell us, if they will, that Conrad the First, the last emperor of the blood of Charlemagne, founded the pile; but

* For a more accurate description of these "idols," vide Heideloff's "Ornaments of the Middle Ages."

there is a fearful, giant-like air in the immense stones of which it is formed, "seeming to rival the rocks upon which they are placed," which gives the lie to history when it asserts them to be the erections of ordinary mortals. Like the fearful caves of the antique Cimmerians, which the traveller beholds about Naples, they whisper of far-off busy races long since passed away in the early morning-time, when there were giants in the world. The images of the grim old idols on the Heathen Tower contribute not a little to the feeling of antiquity and mystery which the place inspires. Relics of a long-forgotten and wild religion, what deities or demons do ye represent?—Are ye TSCHERNOBOG, the God of Death and Sin, or BJELBOG, the Divinity of Light and Joy? Or Zslofababa, the Golden Wife, or Makosch or Woless—"*Bog chranitel skota u drevnih slavyan*"—"the protector of domestic animals among the antique Selavi?"* Or Daschba, the God of Wealth, or the sweetly named Dshidshislado; the gentle Goddess of Love! Or Gonda, or Korscha, or Gordoaitis, or Ligitschios, or Goniglidewos, or Koljada, or Rodomuessl, or Rugewith, or *Swantewid*, the highest of all? Perhaps, old Idol, I aim too high. Wert thou *Simer gla*, the mild Goddess of Spring, or *Krodo*, the Slavonic Saturn? What, *lower* still! Confound you, then, were you *Kremara*, the Lithuanian God of Swine? No answer—the oracles are dumb, and Baal refuseth to answer. Interrogate the past, O traveller, and see what you'll get by it! As much as nothing. "I walked through the gloomy halls of my ancestors—they were shabby and desolate. I cried aloud, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and echo answered and said—'*Really, I don't know!*'"

The chapel of the castle is highly interesting, being probably one of the earliest specimens of Romanesque Art in Germany. It has the square form of the first churches which the Greeks constructed on the model of the Pagan temples. Four columns, of great height, placed in the centre of the hall, divide it into three parts, and support the bases of nine arches, without mouldings; while the choir, placed at the extremity of the plan of the chapel, forms *out of it* a square projection equal to the space

* The reader learned in Mythology will excuse the liberties I have taken. The influence of the Slavio Mythology was, however, very great in this region (par ex. Tschernobog, or Zerneboch)—though not to the extent here imagined.

comprised between the four columns; and a very irregular tribune, supported by two enormous pillars, opens in the face of the choir to the interior apartments. For many of the ornaments in these chapels, as well as in other parts of Nuremberg, the reader may consult Heideloff's *Architectural Ornaments of the Middle Ages*—one of the most exquisite works in existence. A church, precisely similar in every respect to this chapel, is said to exist on the Bohemian frontier, in the little town of *Egra*, where Charles the Fifth, and subsequently Wallenstein, once encamped.

But, reader mine, ere we leave this Castle Chapel, let me first narrate a gossiping old legend of the Middle Ages, which has floated and hummed around it for many a century. There are many strange old stories extant in Nuremberg, and this is one of them. But ere I tell my legend, let me first beg of you to glance at those four slender pillars, and observe on one of them an iron ring. Good!—you see it? And now, over the arch before the altar you see carved in the stone a human head. And thereby hangs a tale.

When the castle was building,—far back in the days of King Conrad, says my chronicler,—there came the Devil to inspect the work, and do what harm he could. And he nosed and poked around (*sit verbo venia!*) until he saw the fat and jolly priest who was, for the time, Castle Chaplain. And with the sight came a vehement and inexpressible longing for the soul of that clergyman. It was a case of incurable love at first sight.

“Have thee I must,” thought SIR URIAN. Now Sir Urian is The Old Scratch; and The Old Scratch, as you all know, is the Devil. So, without more ado, he went at once to the chaplain, and, with an irresistible leer, smoothing his hand over his chin, declared, with a pleasing *naïveté*, that he would fain have his soul—or, at least, the refusal of it.

Now the chaplain was a man of singular piety—very singular, indeed, if we may believe the legend; for, instead of fleeing the Evil One, he at once resolved, if possible, to flay him—or, at least, “draw the wool over his eyes.” So, without fear, he replied—

“*Salve, Sathanas!* Nothing for nothing is goodly wisdom. Give thee my soul I may not, sell it I will not. But, behold, there are yet wanting four columns to this most admirable chapel;

and if thou canst hew, cut, shape, and duly set in place those four columns ere I have finished reading a mass, then I am thine, even to the soles of my last year's sandals."

The one who rejoiced at hearing this speech was the Devil. "*Monsieur est bien bon*," quoth he. "Let us begin. Midnight is at hand."

"Quickly stood the first column in its place," says the chronicle. "At the *Credo*, lo! there was the second, and, at the *Evangelium*, the third. But while the Enemy was coming up, bringing the fourth under his arm, the priest roared out, giving the desk a most orthodox thump—

"*ITE MISSA EST!*"

These are the concluding words of the Roman mass, and signify, "*Get along with you!*" And Satan did get along. Out he thundered, amid smoke and yells, white fire, the rattling of copper sheets, and the roar of Chinese gongs, the clanking of trace-chains, and the shouts of supernumeraries, as he has been accustomed to do from time immemorial. And while departing, in his rage he dashed down the pillar, which broke in twain with a mighty and solemn clang. But the priest had it mended.

That jovial head, carved on the arch, is an excellent likeness of the fearless chaplain; and the iron ring indicates the spot where the broken pillar was joined together.

In another part of the castle there is a suite of rooms, employed as a picture-gallery. Here, in place of the original, the visitor may see the copy of the portrait of ALBERT DURER, so singularly stolen, not many years ago, by an artist-thief. While in Munich, I had frequently admired, in its Royal Gallery, the beautiful, Christ-like portrait of Dürer, painted by himself on panel. This picture was originally in the Castle of Nuremberg; but a certain scamp (though a first-rate artist withal) named KUFFER (or Cooper) having obtained permission to copy it, did the thing so neatly, that the most practised eye could scarcely have detected any difference "between his portrait or th' original." Which done, Herr Küffer, acting on the principle of exchange being no robbery, sawed out, on the sly, the "genuine Albert," and, neatly inserting his own copy, went off with the original to Munich, and sold it to King Louis (the Lola Montez

monarch) for five hundred and fifty florins, or two hundred and twenty dollars—a cheap enough price, even for stolen goods.

In this gallery are many curious old German paintings, flip-pantly described by that most treacherous of all guide-books for the true scholar, John Murray, as “a heap of rubbish;” but which the learned and keen-witted KUGLER finds remarkably curious, as illustrating in many instances the sharp and formal design of the early Norimbergian school, and wonders “that these *documents*, which are of such importance in the history of the development of Art, (*Entwicklungsgeschichte der Kunst*,) should have attracted so little attention among the learned in Nuremberg.” Among others we may notice an exquisite Crucifixion, by ALBRECHT ALTDÖRFER, an artist of whom it has been truly said, that “he blended the wild and fantastic element of his own time with the richest and loveliest spirit of Poesy, developing both in a bloom of Romance, the like of which can be found in no other artist.” Those who are acquainted with the genius of this artist, though only from his copper-plate engravings, will bear witness that this tribute to his genius is not exaggerated.

The stiff and harsh, but at times fantastic paintings of HANS BURKMAYER—the friend, and, it is said, pupil of Dürer—which abound in this gallery, are also not without interest. A certain solemn dignity in his countenances not unfrequently elevates us, in contemplating them, to a lofty and romantic state of mind. I also noted works by Hans Holbein, Wohlgemuth, and Joachim von Sandrart, which well repaid attention and study.

In the courtyard of the castle are two curiosities worth notice, the one being a lime-tree, said to be planted by Queen Kune-gonda, and which, at four feet from the ground, measures fifteen feet in circumference; and the other, an ancient well, three hundred and eighteen feet in depth.

In descending from the *Burg* or Castle, “where the Art of the Middle Ages is mingled with ancient Greek and Roman forms,” the traveller should stop at St. Sebaldus. This church has been keenly abused by more than one architectural critic; yet, notwithstanding their antiquarian fury, the traveller, whose eye is trained rather to picturesque effect than architectural purism, will, with his guide-book, be quite willing to pronounce it “an extremely beautiful Gothic edifice, exhibiting great ele-

gance, externally and internally, especially in the choir." Reader mine, how little would there be to enjoy in this world, if we limited our admiration solely to that which is perfectly and absolutely correct. But whatever defects there may be in the building of this church, they are all amply atoned for by the exquisite ornaments with which it is profusely decorated,—its principal attraction being the celebrated, I might say world-renowned, Tabernacle or Shrine of Saint Sebaldus, which stands in the centre of the church—albeit, the congregation is now no longer Catholic but Lutheran. "It is the masterpiece of the distinguished artist, PETER VISCHER, (b. 1460, d. 1529,) who was assisted in its construction by his five sons; he employed upon it thirteen years of labour, and finished it in 1519."

But the traveller who would behold a crowning glory of this variety of Gothic art should repair to the Church of Saint Laurence, and, after admiring its exquisite many-hued windows, said to be among the finest in the world, study its chief attraction, also a shrine, but of stone instead of bronze, by the world-renowned ADAM KRAFT. A similar work by the same artist had long since delighted me in the Cathedral of Ulm, but this far transcends it in purity of style and incredible fertility of ornament. For the Shrine of St. Sebaldus, Peter Vischer, we are told, was "miserably paid;" and the maker of this wonderful triumph of Art died in his native town—in a hospital!

Throughout Europe there are but few monuments of Gothic Art which can be compared to this wonderful *Sacraments-Hauslein*, or repository for the Sacred Wafer. In all the boldness of beauty, it soars before us to a height of sixty-four feet—

"Like the foamy sheaf of fountains rising through the painted air."

So wonderful is the skill displayed in this "sanctuary," and so elaborate its finish, that it has been said to be executed with a minuteness more commonly bestowed on ivory than on stone. And so lithely and gracefully do its joints and little buttresses bend and wind, and so light and plastic are all its ornaments, "that many have doubted whether it really is stone, supposing it to be formed of *plaster* moulded; which, however, is clearly ascertained not to be the case."

"This Tabernacle," says a French tourist, "less resembles a work of Art than a wild, luxuriant, climbing plant, which,

taking root in the pavement, and accidentally meeting a support, rises to the roof; casting out in its flight the most capricious and beautifully-fantastic forms. The entire monument, in its elaborate beauty, is like an immense piece of splendid Old-German jewelry."

"But oh, my fancie, whither wilt thou goe?" Reader, where shall we next wander in Nuremberg, among its wealth of Gothic imagery? Wouldst see the *SCHOENER BRUNNEN*, or Beautiful Fountain?

"Everywhere thou seest around thee rise the wondrous world of Art—
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart!"

There are many statues around this fountain, all of rare beauty; but of chiefest perfectness is that of Alexander. The exquisite beauty of his countenance transcends all style, whether Gothic or Classic; nor could the keenest critic assign to it an age or school.

Thou mayest remember, reader, that we begun our observations in Nuremberg in a beer-house. For this let the country and its manners be our excuse! The city, with its Gothic buildings, has preserved a vast number of very Gothic customs, odd sayings, quaint proverbs, antique rhymes, venerable jokes, ancient puns, and other curious capabilities not herein recorded, but which are daily developed in the dim atmosphere of the *Kneipe*, or ale-houses, of this merry, old, hard-drinking town. "The Heaven's Ladder and the Vale of Misery!" exclaims that narrator of Nuremberg marvels, DR. FRIEDERICH MAYER; "what man ever came as a stranger to Nuremberg, and asked not after both these beer-purses? in the courts of which, during the hot days of summer, he can enjoy, beneath the cool shadow of green acacias, many an exquisite beaker of that foaming brew invented by King Cambrinus for the refreshment of all thirsty souls."

Therefore, reader, I make no further excuse for concluding this my Nuremberg magic-lantern series; with another hostellerie slide. See you yon open square with a bronze fountain in the midst?—a peasant bearing two geese spouting water from their mouths. An exquisitely quaint work of Art, cast long ago by ancient Master *PANCRAZ LABENWOLF*. That is the *GOOSE-MARKET*. Now cast your eyes to the near corner. You see an

old tavern. That tavern, gentle reader, was whilom the house where HANS SACHS sung and laughed "in huge folios."

"For his home is now an ale-house, with a nicely-sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;

"Painted by some humble artist, as in ADAM PUSCHMANN's song,
As *the old man gray and dovelike*, with his great beard white and long.*

"And at night the swart mechanic comes down to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the Master's antique chair."

I have sat long, reader mine, alone in that old house, with my meerschaum and a glass of "*Bayerisches*" before me, poring over the quaint plays and poetic fables of the antique Master of Song. And yet not all alone. For far back in the early morning of the Soul, and against the blue heaven of Memory and Thought, rose the crimson and golden cloud-forms of the beautiful in spirit, long passed away. *There* came, in brave array, the noble, gentle ghosts of all who have left to earth as a heritage new forms of loveliness in pöesy or Art. And among them wert *thou*, old master, "gray and dove-like," with a smile for all who have learned to love thee. And this I saw of silent mornings in the house of Hans Sachs, and in the quiet old town of NUREMBERG.

"Am selben sass
Ein alt Mann, was
Grau und weiss, wie ein 'Taub 'dermass,
Der hätt 'ein'n grossen Bart fürbass,
In ein'm schönen grossen Buch lass,
Mit Gold beschlagen schön."

ADAM PUSCHMANN.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

OF UNCLE BILL DUMBLE.

"I HAVE another dear friend, who is a sexagenary bachelor. The heyday of life is over with him, but his old age is still sunny and chirping. He is a professed squire of dames; the rustle of a silk gown is music in his ears. . . . In his devotions to the fair sex—the muslin, as he calls it—he is the gentle flower of chivalry. He loves to bask in the sunshine of a smile; when he can breathe the sweet atmosphere of kid gloves and cambric handkerchiefs, his soul is in its element; and his supreme delight is to pass the morning, to use his own quaint language, 'in making dodging calls, and wiggling round among the ladies.'"

HYPERION.

ONE glorious autumnal afternoon, our entire party had the luck to find themselves comfortably quartered in a handsome old-fashioned suite of apartments in Vienna. Dropping into the Wolf's room, I found it tenanted for the nonce by nearly all the gentlemen of our company, who certainly appeared quite as much at home as if all right and title to its occupancy had devolved upon them. An intense atmosphere of fragrant tobacco-smoke, mingled with the fumes of coffee and liqueurs, and the *dégagée* air of the visitors at once evinced that Wolf was *the* man (and there is always one such in every establishment) in whose room every one felt perfectly at liberty to "loaf," drop in, or stay a week, without the slightest fear of causing annoyance.

Extended on a sofa lay fast asleep the fat, testy, sentimental little old gentleman already introduced to the reader at Venice. A most unlikely person he seemed, at first sight, to ever win his way to the affections of our company; but he had done it—irrevocably—and was now fixed, fast as a nail, in the hearts of every one, more particularly in those of the ladies, who would all, to a man, have rather burnt their fans than send him adrift.

In good faith, Mr. *William Dumble*, (or Uncle Bill, as young C. insisted on calling him,) though what the French call a "*FAT*," *id est*, a man of impenetrable self-conceit and obstinacy, was bristled all over with as many good points as a candy pyramid or

the Confession of Faith. Irritable as an old mud-wasp, he still continually showed himself brave as a lion, and that far oftener for his friends than himself. But though so chivalric, peppery, and fiery, the little old gentleman had a soft heart—*very* soft—softer than Charlotte Russe—and could be melted almost to tears by any moving tale of love, distress, or sentiment. He was in fact not a little credulous, but it was that creditable variety of credulity which originates not so much in a want of knowledge of the world, as from a continued association with that better class of mortals who give us but little reason for distrust. And that there are many such—far more than we at first ever suspected—is generally the last and truest lesson of life learned by the citizen of the world or *roué*. But Uncle Bill's *forte* was the ladies, to whom he devoted himself with that honourable assiduity manifested by an industrious hen toward a brood of remarkably promising chickens. And as there were, fortunately for him, none among the latter at all disposed to ridicule his weak points, or overtask for the sake of jest his ever-ready services, it may be imagined with what zeal this gallant squire gave himself up in all honour and respect to the dames and demoiselles.

But I must return to the Wolf's room. There lay Uncle Bill, fast asleep, still holding in his hand Moore's Loves of the Angels. On the bed, one up, the other with his head toward the feet, were young C. and Adrian the artist, each puffing away for dear life at a mighty meerschaum, and varying its uniformity by a pull at their coffee or the Mareschino; while at the table, encumbered by guide-books, maps, cigar-cases, whips, weapons, and foils, sat the Chevalier, deep in dominoes with Count de Egerlyn. Von Schwartz was mildly strumming a guitar and humming airs from "Lucia;" while in one corner were picturesquely grouped several gentlemen seated on chairs, trunks, and the window-sill, earnestly occupied in debating the relative advantages which would accrue from a visit that evening either to Sperl's Garden or the Opera.

"Is this a *café* or *estaminet*?" said I, struck with delight at the after-dinner paradise of tobacco and liqueurs so unexpectedly revealed to me.

"No, old fellow, it wasn't born one, but it's a devilish good substitute," cried C., thinking of New York. "Come in, take a cigar, and don't be proud, but help yourself to coffee and fixins."

I was just about to comply with the invitation, when a burst of laughter—lady laughter—from the adjoining parlour caused me to start, and inquire, “Who’s there?”

“*Le Loup dans la bergerie*—the Wolf in the sheep-cote,” replied Count Egerlyn, laughing.

Quitting the *café*, I quietly entered the parlour.

Reader, did you ever see a pretty French engraving entitled, “How girls pick up their wit”? It is an illustration of the scene I beheld. Seated at the table was Wolf, while around him were assembled the ladies, all apparently in the best humour in the world with him, themselves, and each other. You see them in the picture: Coralie, Mrs. C., the Countess Egerlyn, Julie, Gertrude Du Val, and Bel. There was LA CAMPEADOR with her talking eyes, and her sister with her black ones, not to mention others omitted by the artist on account of his inability to do justice to their charms. And there, directly in the midst, sat Wolf, snug as a bug in a rug, and happy as a young pumpkin in the sun. He was evidently in his old element of yarn-spinning, flirting, and “*contant fleurettes*,” or saying pretty things; and, to judge by the intense happiness and fun that prevailed, the ladies were “quite of a piece” with him.

“And that, I suppose, Mr. Wolf, is also true?” cried Coralie, as I entered.

“Fact—true as a lover’s vow, every word of it. But talking of the instinct of animals, its nothing to what occurred within the experience of an intimate friend of mine, an officer in an American vessel. One day, while in the East, on coming up after a noon-day nap, he was astonished to find that an enormous tiger had been brought in a cage on board; and accordingly seated himself not far from the animal and began observing it. Now it happened that at the same time three young monkeys had also been received and sent for the nonce down below; and the said monkeys, beginning to feel themselves more at home, had resolved on a promenade tour of inspection round their new domicile, and accordingly ascended the companion-way, arm-in-arm, in an elegant leisurely manner.”

“*Arm-in-arm?*” cried the ladies.

“Yes, arm-in-arm, the outside monkeys swinging their tails gracefully for canes. So well, indeed, did one conduct himself, that my friend began to fear that the sailors had by mistake

brought off some native of rank. Well, no sooner had they fairly ascended, than they found themselves directly before the cage of their natural enemy, the tiger. Struck with terror, each uttered a piercing scream, and in a touching attitude of despair fell fainting on the deck."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Coralie.

"How awfully the tiger must have felt," said Julie, "to think of the suffering he had caused. I wouldn't have had his feelings for an acre of Cashmere shawls."

"And what became of the poor young gentlem—— I mean monkeys?" asked the Countess Egerlyn.

"The youngest was the first to recover and endeavour to arouse his friends, by pinching and shaking, to a sense of their condition. But all such exertions were in vain. Finally, observing not far off a very large wooden bowl full of water, near which lay two pewter spoons, he carried his friends thither, and by dint of splashing and pouring water with a spoon into their mouths, restored them to consciousness."

"Noble creature!" cried Coralie.

"No sooner had they fairly recovered, when, apparently by the advice of the one whom my friend took for a native, they at once rolled the bowl overboard, and springing into it, rowed themselves ashore with the spoons, evidently preferring the risk of a watery grave to the recurrence of such shocks to their nerves as that which they had just experienced."

"But," said Bel, "it don't seem to me natural that a creature which had acted so much like a fool in coming up stairs should have shown so much sense when his friends fainted."

"Both monkeys and elephants," replied Wolf, "have intelligence enough to supply their sick or wounded companions with water. Even cats lick their dead kittens. Besides," continued Short, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, "my friend informed me that he believed that this last monkey was *the lady of the party!*"

Here a general burst of laughter took place, broken by Gertrude Du Val's remarking—

"Your friend, I presume, was thinking of the remark made in *Marmion*, when Clare brings water to the wounded knight:

“O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!”

“Oh, undoubtedly,” rejoined Wolf. “But talking of monkeys, these creatures are sometimes incredibly intelligent. Several years ago, an old friend of my father’s took with him to Paris an ourang-outang, who manifested immediately on his arrival a remarkable quickness of what might almost be termed intellect. On the third evening he stole ten francs, and made his escape through the window to a masked ball held on the Boulevard Italien. Being naturally taken for a gentleman in disguise, he had no difficulty in obtaining admission, and of course still less in conforming to the usages and etiquette (or rather want of it) which there prevailed. Having performed with ease the feat so much admired by the disciples of Chicard, of galloping around the hall with his partner on his back, and afterward climbing with a grisette in his arms up to the fourth tier, he became of course immensely popular; and being from his taciturnity taken for a stranger, (probably English,) was much courted and caressed (about supper-time) by the ladies present.”

“They might have known,” said Coralie, “from his conduct, that he was not *bête* enough to be English.”

“But having unthinkingly snatched from one of his admirers a stick of *sucre de pomme*, or apple-sugar, he was arrested by a *gendarme*, whom he at once pommelled *à la Kentuck*, and then took to flight, after biting off the ear of the unfortunate soldier, bearing with him the musket of his vanquished foe!”

“*Bravo!*” exclaimed the ladies.

“For some time after this, he prudently remained at home, restraining his antics to kissing his paws from the window to ladies passing by.”

“Who, of course,” replied Coralie, “mistook the monkey for a *lion*, in the Parisian sense of the word.”

“But on the fourth evening, my gentleman found his monkey again missing. He had absconded, bearing with him several bank-notes, all of my friend’s eye-glasses and kid-gloves, the best of his clothes and linen, a pot of rouge, some hair-dye, and several excellent works on etiquette, conduct, and politeness, not to mention a set of *Faublas*.”

"It strikes me," said Mrs. C., "that this last theft did not indicate such a *very* remarkable degree of good sense."

"My friend heard only once of him after this. The monkey, owing to his extravagance, was soon reduced to earn his livelihood by taking part in an exhibition of industrious well-trained animals, (like himself, no longer *sauvage*,) held, I believe, in the *Rue de Clery*."

"Poor creature!" sighed Coralie. "Poverty makes us acquainted with strange companions. And what became of him then?"

"His latter fate is involved in mystery," replied Wolf. "But not long after, a nigger gentleman, hitherto unknown to fame and fortune, made a striking *début* in the literary and social world of Paris. From the extravagant feats narrated of this lion, my friend always insisted that the successful darkey could be no other than his long-lost monkey!"

"You should have brought your tiger into this story, Mr. Wolf," exclaimed Coralie. "As it is, according to Voltaire, you have only made *half* a Frenchman of him."

"Voltaire spoke of the *men*," replied Wolf, "and, indeed, only of the worse part of them. As for the ladies, they are half dove ——"

"And half devil," rejoined Coralie, rising. "Mr. Wolf, let us have the pleasure of your company this evening to the opera. Come, Bel, my angel, let us vanish! Mr. Courier, excuse us."

With these words our lady friends departed, and I took with Wolf the back track to his room and its fragrant attractions; but M'lle Coralie, lingering an instant behind, cried after us—

"Monsieur Wolf, are you sure the monkey did not afterward take a trip to *your* country?"

"Va—tu m'*embêtes*!"* was the equivocal and intensely-refined reply of my friend, in a low tone, heard only by myself and the gay Parisienne. "And as for being a monkey," he continued to me, in a mild growl, "I doubt very much whether I or any other man would lose ground in the esteem of Miss Coralie and her fellow French, even if I had been the hero of my last tale a dozen times over. Vive la Grande Nation! I *like* them; I do!"

* "You make an animal of me"—*id est*, you weary and annoy me; a coarse French expression.

AFTER-PIECE.

"AND Mr. PRYNNE solemnly declared to me, that he would rather lose his life than disguise himself as a woman."

CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS.

THAT evening, after our return from the opera, while seated in Wolf's room, I was astonished to hear an unusual rustling, bustling, and whispering in the parlour. The ladies were evidently about something, which (as young C. was therein involved, to judge by his laugh) was evidently mischief.

Softly opening the door we joined the party, and beheld an unexpected apparition. There in the midst stood young C., disguised as a lady, in all the glory of flowing tresses and rosy cheeks. *Half*-disguised, I should have said, for his silk dress lay on the table beside him, and Coralie, convulsed with laughter, was busy in lacing his corset.

"Walk in, gentlemen," he exclaimed, as we entered, "and don't be shocked to find me *in skirtibus*. Though hovering around the airy confines of delicacy, I have not as yet stepped beyond the borders."

With these words he modestly raised the hem of his garments, as if stepping through mud, to convince us that, like many other ladies, he had not as yet relinquished the pantaloon; which movement somewhat disconcerted the occupation of Coralie.

"*Fi donc!*—be still, you naughty boy! Remember that modesty is now your greatest jewel. There, now you're improved."

With these words she drew back to contemplate his figure, and complacently pronounced it not so bad. The robe was then donned; a simple camellia twisted into his wig; his white kids drawn on, and a cashmere laid over his shoulders. Bel and Mrs. C. proposed one or two small alterations, but ultimately yielded, as usual, to Coralie's superior French taste in all such matters.

"Hadn't we better take off the moustache?" said Wolf maliciously, referring to an almost imperceptible down which shaded the upper lip of C.: a remark which caused that young hero to draw up in intense indignation and anxiety.

"Oh, not at all," cried Coralie, who had, from their mutual spirit of recklessness and fun, rather an affection for young C.; "a lady is always the more *piquant* for a light moustache."

"Indeed?" replied Wolf; "that sounds French. But politics apart, what *does* all this mean, now that Carnival is over and masked balls out of date?"

"Why," said young C., "Uncle Bill, you know——"

"Yes, replied Wolf, "I expected as much. A rig on Uncle Bill, of course. That forms a part of the daily devotion of yourself and Coralie."

"Well, Uncle Bill showed symptoms of mutiny and disobedience this evening at the opera. Quite unbearable, wasn't he?" said C., appealing to the ladies.

"Oh, *terrible!*" cried Coralie, who appeared to have made up her mind to swear to any thing.

"On the frivolous pretence that I had taken a seat which he wanted, he refused to summon an ice-cream for me!"

"Yes, indeed—the monster!" quoth Coralie.

"Refused to apologize, and like a Coriolanus called me '*Boy!*'"

"Abominable!" chimed Coralie.

"For which offence, knowing his rosy modesty and ungovernable morality, I propose rousing him out of his slumbers and scaring him to death with this disguise!"

"Well, 'Luck be with you,' as Falkenberg said to the devil, replied Wolf. "But if Uncle Bill murders you, I shan't blame him."

"Stop a minute, my daughter," cried Coralie. "Let me first embellish your charms a little!"

With these words she took a match, and having reduced one end to a coal, proceeded to draw a faint black line beneath each of the under eye-lashes, which gave, as she said, a more interesting expression to his glances. Then with the same she made two or three black dots on his delicately-rouged complexion, pressing them with the tips of her delicate fingers, so as to give the appearance of slight moles or freckles.

"When the complexion is good," said she, "little defects like these remove the suspicion of its being artificial; that is, when they are well placed. Besides, they add, like the moustache, to the general piquancy of expression."

With a little ultramarine from the ground of a rouge-paper, she then drew across the top of his nose a faint blue vein.

"And now," said she, "you are perfect. Go, my daughter, and remember that beauty without modesty is like a potato without peel—the first dust sullies its purity."

Fortified with this injunction, C. took his way to Uncle Bill's nest, which opened into the parlour, and after a terrible series of raps, boldly entered, leaving the door a quarter of an inch ajar.

"Who's that?" growled Uncle Bill, awakened from his nap.

"Are you Mr. William Dumble?" inquired C., in as soft a tone as he could assume.

"Ye—e—s," replied Uncle Bill, turning over in bed and staring at his visitor, who was barely visible in the faint light admitted from the parlour. "Who are you, ma'am, I ask—*who are you?*"

"One who has lived for years in the hope of at length beholding your loved countenance, and receiving from you those embraces and that pecuniary patronage which every child is entitled to expect from its parent. Yes, my father! arise and behold in me your long-lost daughter, SABINA BRANDYBUG!"

Great was the wrath of Uncle Bill at this speech. Stammering with confusion and rage, he cried, "Begone, you infamous hussy—get out! Why, I was never married in all my life!"

"Oh yes, you were, my father," replied C. in a voice broken with sobs, "though you were so tipsy at the time that you knew nothing about it. I have the certificate here in my waistcoat—I mean my—my hat."

"You wretched creature, begone this instant!" cried Uncle Bill, not noticing in his rage C.'s slight inaccuracy. "Bless me," cried he in despair, observing that his exordium produced not the slightest effect, and gasping with terror at a new thought, "*what if the ladies should hear of this!*"

"*Ladies!* LADIES!!" cried C.; "oh, then, if there be ladies here, I will seek from their feminine souls that sympathy which my barbarous father denies. To them will I unfold the story of my wrongs, and in their company bind up the broken sorrows of a burning heart."

"WOMAN!" exclaimed Uncle Bill, evidently frightened into a compromise, "what do you really require?"

"That you mention me politely in your will; acknowledge me as your daughter; give me a handsome cheque on your banker, and make me a present of those two boxes of prime Havanas which you bought yesterday morning."

Here C., who could no longer restrain his laughter, made a rapid escape through the door—just in time to avoid the candle-

stick and boot-jack which came thundering after him. A general roar from such of the company as were assembled in the parlour completed the climax of Uncle Bill's wrath.

"This will cause trouble," said I, gravely, after a minute's pause.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied C., as if he thought *that* to be the best of the business.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when Uncle Bill, hastily but completely dressed, bolted out, his round face red-hot with rage.

"This is infamous!" he exclaimed; "yes, sir, *infamous!* (Ladies, I beg your pardon.) Mr. C., there is my card!"

With these words he extended to C. a card, at which the latter glanced, and then burst into an uncontrollable laugh.

"Why, what now?" said Wolf; "what's on the card?"

"*'MARIA NUZZI,'* (oh, you old reprobate!) *'beg leave inform the english american nobility that she wash and whiten beautifully their linen, at elegant price, and in the cheapest manner.'*

"*'N. B. MARIA NUZZI speak english french.'*

"Oh, Uncle Bill!" continued C., "I always knew that you fell in love with our washerwoman at Venice, but little thought that you carried her card about as a *souvenir.*"

To this last Uncle Bill made no reply, but shot back into his room, slamming the door after him like a thunder-clap.

"We have all acted very imprudently, I fear," said Mrs. C., with her sweet voice. "It is but just that we offer Mr. Dumble an apology for such a trick. Cousin, you, with M'lle Coralie, must be more careful in future."

At this reproof, the two young rogues, whom I verily believe nothing else would move, began to look extremely grave. But recovering herself, Coralie said—

"*C'est bien fâcheux*; but I will bet my best point-lace collar and cuffs, that our good uncle is laughing now as heartily at the joke as any of us."

How Mrs. C. brought the reconciliation about I never exactly knew. But one fact recorded in Uncle Bill's history is, that he and young C. made the next day, in loving company, a long excursion to the Esterhazy Gallery and the Prater, and that after dinner he actually presented Miss Sabina Brandybug with one of the much-coveted boxes of regalias, previously solicited. I

am not quite certain but that the old gentleman, who, like most sound old bachelors, liked to be bantered for his love-scrapes, was rather pleased at an incident which had brought him out so strongly as a *mauvais sujet*, and one who could tell, *if he liked*. Nor do I doubt but that Coralie and C., who thoroughly knew his weak points, afterward availed themselves to the last degree of this penchant, and trotted him out in the most astonishing manner, until they were more than re-established in his good graces. But one thing I *know*: that they ever after treated him with such kindness and attention, that I consider the chances of their being mentioned in his will as by no means doubtful; trusting only that a century may elapse before this mark of esteem may be of any advantage to them.

“Who is it that hath writ this tale,
Hath told it—and so on?
That in Vienna, in Austria,
Hath KARL the Meister done.”

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

IN WHICH THE MEISTER INDULGES IN REMINISCENCES OF THE
OLDEN TIME.

“OH DEAR, 'tis a tale of the olden time.”
Sequari vestigia rerum.”—WATSON'S ANNALS: MOTTO.

IT was Meister Karl's fortune to pass as *studiosus philosophiæ* some time at the University of Munich, and at the time when the eccentric Lola Montez was lady-paramount in the German Athens. Much of that lady's life, like Samuel Weller's, is written “in hist'ry;” but there are numerous little flourishes in her private career which will probably escape the Marquis de Papon, or even the magazines. Biographies, like events, repeat themselves; and the general reader is never at a loss for a precedent to any startling human phenomenon. A suggestion that Lola bore a marked likeness to the beautiful and capricious Imperia, so well known to the readers of the *Contes Droslatiques*,

produced the following chapter, of which you, my friends, may believe as much or as little as you please.

Talking of good fellows, reader, some people call Lola Montez one. She always was a tramp, they say—the veritable Queen of Hearts. I said so once, more than four hundred years ago. It was at the great Council of Constance, where she then shone a bright, particular star, known to the world as the FAIR IMPERIA. I was myself, at that time, confidential secretary to His Excellency Bishop Matteis, a worthy man and great scholar.

Now one day, while awaiting in that lady's ante-chamber the opportunity to speak a few words with a certain cardinal, whom I erroneously supposed at the time to be in confab with her, and being weary of delay, I began to sing, *in baritono profundo*, a song of my own composition, which had recently become immensely popular among the lords spiritual and temporal, the bishops, archbishops, cardinals, priests, and laymen in attendance on the council; and the words were—

“Constance lies on the Boden Boden See,
Just take a look and convinced you'll be;
Constance lies on the Boden Boden See,
Just take a look and convinced you'll be:
Convinced you'll be—'vinced you'll be,
That Constance lies on the Boden Boden See.

Constance lies on the Boden Boden See,
Just take a look and convinced you'll be,
Be, be, be, be, be, be, be-e-e,
That Constance lies on the Boden Boden See.

Constance lies on the Boden Boden See,
Just take a look and convinced you'll be:
Boden Boden See, Boden Boden See,
Boden Boden See, Boden Boden See;
Constance lies on the Boden Boden See.
Just take a look and convinced you'll be!”

I had proceeded thus far, when a musical voice at my elbow cried out, ‘*Bravo!*’ I turned and beheld the Fair Imperia.

“That is a sweet lay, Sir Secretary. Are the words your own?”

I bowed assent, with conscious pride. Of all affectation, reader, the most contemptible is that of pretending to underrate your own poetry when you *know* that it is good.

“I love poets,” continued Imperia. “Will you come and take supper with me this evening?”

"A thousand pardons, fair lady," I replied; "but my lord bishop requires my attendance."

"Oh, never mind your bishop; you can run home and poison him, you know, long before dinner! Ha! I have in my cabinet some exquisite Milanese *Assa Porci*, which will settle him directly. Or, if you prefer it, one of my esquires shall go immediately and stab him."

Overcome by this excess of kindness, I could only thank Imperia, and assure her that these intensities of politeness were quite needless; that for once I would venture to play the truant, and become her guest.

"Then why, in the name of all the devils and the red fire of hell, couldn't you say so at once?" quoth the lady.

Reader, I did take supper with her—at the risk of getting my head broken. She flung both her cats out of the window; set her dog at a primate who came to make an evening call; fired the curtains, and quenched it with three dozen of Burgundy; cursed the cook for not putting point-lace around the handle of the joint of venison; and concluded with an abortive attempt to assassinate her dressing-maid for sneezing during prayers.

A good deed always meets with its reward. More than four hundred years afterwards—*id est*, one sunny afternoon in Munich, on or about the twenty-fifth of April, A.D. 1847—I found myself in company with half the town in general, and the Swiss corps of students in particular, seated in a beer-hall just without the walls. And you must know, my friend, that it is an old custom to sell in that particular place, from the twentieth of April until the first of May, a strong beer known as "*Salvator*" to all applying. But from the latter date until the first of June another variety, termed "*Bok*," is sold at another place not far from the *Residenz* or Palace.

Now the honest and virtuous citizens of Munich were making merry after their own hearts over the *Salvator* beer. Some were abusing the king, and others disputing whether the electric telegraph wire, which passed through the Neu Strass, were a lightning-rod or a patent clothes-line. Some were swearing by *Donner wetter* and *Parapluie*, and others screaming out, "*Sep-perl*," to the beer-maid. Finally, a jovial student of law, named Sturzenegger, (ultimately turned out of the University for his political liberalism,) proposed that we should sing, "On yonder

rock reclining." But a slight difficulty interposed; for of the singers present very few knew it in the same tongue. Each, therefore, started on his own hook:

A. sang in Italian.

B. in German.

C. in Romansch.

D. in French.

E. in Bavarian patois.

F. in Chechisch.

G. in Magyar.

H. in Illyrian.

And I (your friend) in English.

So we were all as happy as clams at high tide. And with my meerschaum rolling volumes of smoke out of my mouth, with a mighty "*Mass'l*" of Salvator before me, I mused over the wise things which Professor Beckers had said that morning in his lecture on Schelling; over the profundities which Schubert had that afternoon evolved in Natural History, and the excellent arguments which Goerres would to-morrow develop; and just as I was losing myself in Thiersch's *Æsthetics* and Neumann's *Modern History*, I heard a row outside——

. . . An accurate row; a well-defined row; a devil of a row. For the Fair Imperia that was, the lovely Lola that is, having learned (probably from her particular friend Mr. Meyer, *alias* His Majesty King Louis) that her ancient enemies, the people of Munich, were all off on a bender in the Salvator Kneip, resolved to beard the lions in their den, and take a drink herself; and had actually descended from her carriage, whip in hand, for the purpose——

——When being recognised by some of the natives, they at once arose and greeted her with a *pereat*. With hoots, yells, and screams, the multitude drove her back to the vehicle, pelted it, smashed the glasses, and cursed like Russians. Hearing a muttered "*Sacrament!*" beside me, I turned and beheld my particular friend H., student of law, holding a mighty paving-stone, with which he was about to annihilate Lola, kill the coachman, and very probably injure the horses and carriage—which stone I incontinently twitched out of his hands.

And so I paid for my supper.

FRANÇOYS VILLON, the madcap poet who flourished during the reigns of Charles the VII. and Louis the XI., was an intimate friend of mine. Once or twice in every century I always make a point of reading through his "*Testaments*." And I would advise you, friend-reader, to do the same; if not several times at different ages, at least once during the century in which you live. For never was there yet so good a poet so little read.

"Villon sut le premier, dans ces siècles grossiers,
Debrouiller l'art confus de nos vieux romanciers."

So said Boileau, with reason.

VILLON, I am sorry to say, was "a hard boy." Reckless, wild, and eccentric, his whole life was one continued scrape. A genuine student of Paris, his money and time went, as he expressed it—

"Tout aux tavernes, et aux filles."

No class of men have changed so little during the course of centuries as these same students. It is written in the folio of Johannes de Mercuria—

1st. "PECCATUM MAGIS BONUM EST QUAM MALUM." "Sin is rather a good than an evil thing."

2dly. "CONSENTIENS TEMPTATIONE, CUI RESISTERE NON POTEST, NON PECCAT." "The man who yields to temptation when no longer able to resist, does not sin."

For these *dicta* John was very properly condemned in 1347 by the University of Paris. Pity, isn't it, reader, that after so many centuries we should still find the students of that very University exemplifying by their lives the fullest faith in such improper, unexemplary, heretical, and obsolete doctrines? But so the world goes!

There is a little poem of *Villon's*, which always pleased me. The poor devil wrote it when laid neck and heels in prison, and introduced it, at my suggestion, into his "*Grand Testament*." Here it is—

Des Dames du Temps Jadis.

(1461.)

"Say, is there left on earth a trace
Of FLORA, once the fairest fair?
Or ARCHIPIADA, or THAIS,
That bright, unrivall'd, queenly pair?

Echo will fling the question back,
 O'er silent lake and streamlet lone,
 Where doth all earthly beauty flee?
 Where have the snows of winter gone?

"Where is the learned HELOISE,
 For whom the amorous scholar sigh'd?
 Ah, happy had they never met!
 Love ill becomes scholastic pride.
 Or where the proud and stately queen,
 By whose command DE BURIDAN
 Was thrown at midnight in the Seine?
 —Where have the snows of winter gone?

"Where is that queen, our fleur de lys,
 Whose gentle voice could banish pain?
 Fair BERTHA, BEATRICE, ALYS,
 And HAREMBOURG, who held La Mayne?
 And good JOANNA of Lorraine,
 Burnt by the English at Rouen?
 Where are they all—Saint MARY—speak?
 —Where have the snows of winter gone?

"Gentles, these questions all are vain;
 Ask not of things forever flown:
 With this refrain, I answer plain,
 Where have the snows of winter gone?"

BONAVENTURE DES PERRIERS was also a particular friend of mine. If I had time, I would translate his "*Cymbalum Mundi*," which is a witty book, as you well know, although sadly abused by the learned. For Stephanus calls it "detestable;" La Croix du Mayne and Bayle, "impious;" and Estienne Pasquier, "a book deserving to be burnt with its author." The thick-headed Philistine, Theophilus Spizelius, assures his readers that it is very *infamous*, extremely *wicked*, and *execrable*; while a certain manuscript commentator (or small potato) appended to it, as critique, "*Dixit insipiens in corde suo, 'Non est Deus.'*" Of all these gentlemen, with the exception of one, none had ever read a line of it; and he (the exception) declares it to be quite as vile a book as the work "*De Tribus Impostoribus*," (with which he had no doubt carefully compared it.) And this of the very man who aided Calvin and Olivetan to translate the Bible into French!! Horrible, most horrible!! But Bonaventure was a spiritual brother of Rabelais; ergo, if his sins, *et cetera*. You know the catch—

“Sing jig my jole—the pudding-bowl,
 The table and the frame :
 My master he did cudgel me
 For kissing of my dame.”

I shall always cherish with lively emotions of gratitude the recollection of my poor friend Bonaventure. For it was through him I first became acquainted with that sweetest, gentlest, noblest, and fairest of ladies, Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre;

Who introduced me to Clement Marot;
 Who introduced me to Etienne Dolet;
 Who introduced me to Pelletier;
 Who introduced me to Denisot;
 Who introduced me to Boiaistuan,
 Whom I knew already.

Ah! life was a golden dream for me then! On the stream of time swam roses and lilies. Beautiful melodies rang forth from the lute of love, and the treble of glad hopes in a happy future bore the accompaniment of pleasant memories of a delightful past. O my soul!

“Bringe us in goode ale, brynge us in goode ale!
 For our blissed Lady's sake, bring us in goode ale!

For yf that I
 Maye have trewly
 Goode ale a firkin full;
 I shal looke like one,
 By swete Saint JOHN,
 Well shorn against ye wolle!
 Tho I goe bare,
 Take ye no care;
 I nothyng am a colde;
 I am so wrapped
 And thoroghlie lapped,
 In joly goode ale and olde.

CEREVISIA BIBUNT HOMINES
 ANIMALIA CETERA FONTES!”

It has been deeply regretted by the French *lifres-lofres*, or literary loafers of the present day, that so little is known of the private life and adventures of Des Perriers. Now, if they will make it worth the while, I will undertake to supply the deficiency. I will tell you how he first obtained a copy of Aristophanes, availing himself of the occasion to kiss the bookseller's daughter; how he quarrelled with Cardanus about the souls of the stars, and visited Cornelius Agrippa for the purpose of interpolating an anecdote into

a little work on which the latter was then engaged; said work being entitled “Of the *Badaults* and *Guillemettes* of Paris;” which visit gave occasion to a certain chapter in Rabelais—

“Panurge consults Her Trippa,
Believest THOU, O King AGRIPPA!”*

“*Dicam quod mirandum verum*,” as Drunken Barnaby hath it. All of these fine things, not less wonderful than true, will I do out of philanthropy and a love for letters; *ID EST*—for a consideration. For what, in this money-getting generation, would the public think of me, if I were to do it for nothing?

“My readers they would me despise,
Turn me over, and damn my eyes.”

“Literary Public, shouldst thou relish this preamble, *en avant*, there’s more sour-kROUT for thee, and *buon pro vi faccia*.” But for this present reading, let the following choice old Flemish ballad suffice:—

VAN 'T SCHRYVERTJE.

I.

“ICK hoorde een waterje ruilselen,
My docht het was de Ryn;
Ick heb er te nacht gheslaperen,
By een bruin maechdelyn.”

II.

“Hebt ghy te nacht gheslaperen
By een bruin maechdelyn?
Dats morghen sult ghy hanghen
Al aen een galle ghelyn.”

III.

“Waerom so son de ick hanghen?
Ick ben voorwaer geen dief;
Het hertje van myn jonc leven
Haeft schone joncvroutjes lief.”

IV.

Ende dat verhoorde een vroutje
So rijken lantsheer syn wyf;
Sy liet haer paerdenken sadelen,
T’was om den schryver syn lyf.

V.

Doe dat paert ghesadelt was,
De spore was aengedaen,
Doe most dat lose schryvertje
Ter galle opwaert gaen.

OF THE SCHOLAR.

I.

“I HEARD the water rippling by,
I thought it was the Rhine;
I sat last night till morning shone,
By that true love of mine.”

II.

“And didst thou sit till morning shone,
A lovely lady by?
Then thou shalt hang to-morrow noon
Upon a gallows high.”

III.

“Oh, why should I on gallows high
Hang like a thief in air?
No other sin is on my soul
Save love for ladies fair.”

IV.

That heard a dame of high degree,
The wealthy Landgrave’s wife:
She bade them saddle her palfrey good,
And all for the scholar his life.

V.

And when they had saddled that palfrey
Her spurs well bound below, [good,
So must the gallant scholar in haste
To the gallows upward go.

VI.

Maer doen hy op de leder clam,
Al op de derde trap,
Hy keec so dickmaels omme
Offer niemant voor hem bat.

VII.

"Myn heren," sei sy, "myn heren,
Wilt doch een wort verstaen,
Of daer een goelick vroukje
Quam voor uw beddeken staen?"

VIII.

"Dat daer een goelick vrouwetje
Quam voor myn betje staen?
Ick souse so heimelick kussen,
In myn blanc arm ontfâen."

IX.

"Sout ghise so heimelick cussen,
In uw blanc arm ontfâen?
So heeft dat lose schryvertje—
Ooc anders niet misdaen."

X.

"Com af, com af, loos schryvertje,
Behouden is uw lyf;
Dat heft gedaen een vroukje,
So riken lantsheer syn wyf."

XI.

"Heeft dat gedaen een vroukje,
So riken lantsheer syn wyf?
Behouden moet si haer eertje,
Ende ick myn jonghe lyf."

VI.

And as he up the ladder went,
And stood beneath the limb,
So oft looked he around to see
If no one prayed for him.

VII.

"My lords," said she, "my noble lords,
Oh, will ye list to me?
What would you do if a fair lady
Should choose you her love to be?"

VIII.

"What would I do if a fair lady
Should yield to me her charms?
I would kiss her, I ween, a thousand times,
And fold her in my arms."

IX.

"And would you kiss her a thousand times
When you her love had won?
That scholar on the gallows tree
The selfsame thing hath done."

X.

"Come down, come down, thou reckless
A lady hath saved thy life; [blade,
A fair lady of high degree,
The wealthy Landgrave's wife."

XI.

"Hath that a lady done for me,
The wealthy Landgrave's wife?
May she for aye her honour keep,
And I in peace my life."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

IN WHICH MEISTER KARL DISCUSSES VALETS-DE-PLACE IN
GENERAL, AND THOSE OF MUNICH IN PARTICULAR.

"Wouldn't you like to take a look round town this evening, sir? I know the ropes as well as any man, and where the 'buffers' are. I'll take care that nobody RINGS INTO YOU."

BEAU HICKMAN.

THERE is a curious variety of literature, which, as it is found in every country, will bear, and consequently merits, examination and classification: I mean those *vida tunantesca*, hop-and-

go-dirty, tag-rag and bob-tail, outside romances and biographies, which so generally hold a sort of slovenly immortality in the red republic of letters. Such, for example, is the life of Bamfylde Moore Carew, Defoe's Captain Jack, Jonathan Wild, etc., the highest *popular* type of which, in English, is Ainsworth's Jack Sheppard; La Vie de Cartouch, Memoires de Vidoeq, Casanova de Seingalt, with an immense library of others in French; and the so-called *picaresque* Spanish novels, such as Guzman d'Alfarache, Picara Justina, Lazarillo de Tormes, El Escudero Marcos de Obregon, and Quevedo's "Adventures of a Sharper;" of which, in a literary point of view, the latter is by far the best.

It may be objected, that a vigorous continuation of illustrations might demand that I also include Gil Blas, Schiller's Robbers, and in poetry a few dashes from Don Juan or the Corsair. To which I indignantly reply, that I allude to the roots which stick in the mud, and not the umbrageous branches which lift their shady summits, laden with golden fruit and similar sauce, to the cerulean firmament above. True, they are not by any means the neatest works in existence. But as Science kindly permits her votaries vivisection, and the analysis of kakodyle, so Literature may, at times, allow her children the privilege of *criticism*, and even of discussing such productions as these.

But if you think that I intend discussing them, you're mistaken. Yet, as I was glancing over, this evening, one or two of these melancholy, dirty, dreary, forlorn, cloudy, sorrowful productions, which, as a class, have a decided flavour of greasy leaden spoons and warm dish-water, I could not help thinking how far mistaken their authors were, to imagine that, because low life presented certain incongruities and peculiarities not to be found in the land of soap and towels, it must necessarily be intensely redolent of wit and humour. A sad mistake, and yet not an uncommon one among would-be fast men.

If I can ever get to the idea I meant to have started with, I would say that the reader who has ever examined the putrefactions of this nature, found in the Spanish strata, must have observed that, when other resources fail, the hero not unfrequently takes to showing strangers around the town, running errands, conducting intrigues, *carrotéeing* on commissions, and other similar efforts of genius—functions which, at the present day, are fulfilled

on the Continent by a class of outlaws known as *valets-de-place*, or *Lohndieners*.

The only valet-de-place I ever met with who pretended to have a religion, was an old fellow who, for aught I know, is even yet hanging round the Grand Hotel of the "*Drei Mohren*," or "*Three Niggers*," in Augsburg. And, to tell the truth, I only *heard* of this one. The Wolf wanted a valet-de-place for something or other, when the Frenchified head-waiter informed him that he was heart-broken and agonized at being obliged to say that the gentleman must wait half an hour before the proper functionary could be found. "But is there not another valet-de-place about?" asked Wolf. "*Mais oui*, yes, there was another old fellow," replied the waiter, shrugging his shoulders, closing his eyes, and shaking his head slowly, as if apologizing for some incurable defect or vice: "but he would not suit monsieur: he is, unfortunately, *pious*!"

After all, it might have been only a malicious lie on the part of the head-waiter, to blacken and destroy the poor old man's character. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, because the waiter, observing the facility with which Wolf swallowed this almost incredible choker, proceeded to "paint the lily" by narrating a romantic little fiction about the old valet's being at that very instant in church, and, very probably, praying—on his knees!

Now I put it to the reader, was not this "cutting it entirely too fat," although it did happen at the time to be Sunday?

Not but that a valet-de-place can "*come*" a religion in double-quick time, if expedient. I have known one to be suddenly converted to Judaism when reminded, after a long tramp, of the curious coincidence of its being Friday and nearly sundown. But if he suspects his employer of religious tendencies, his own devotion becomes truly edifying. I shall not soon forget the incident which occurred to Mr. S., a worthy Hinglishman, *doing* the Continent with family and servants. S. had been informed, on credible authority, that any persons who should venture to smoke while passing a sentinel, or omit to take off their hats before a church, would be, if not immediately shot or arrested, at least the subjects of great scandal to all loyal and pious citizens. For which reason, Mr. S. kept a bright look-out for churches, and bowed in passing with so much unction, that the pious Ca-

tholic bystanders were loud in his praise, and unanimously swore that, though an Englishman, he was evidently a Christian, and not a Protestant. So that all went very well for a day or two; when one morning, in a fit of absence of mind, passing by the house of Lola Montez, then Countess of Landsfeldt, he glanced hurriedly up, and, mistaking the building for a small church, or at least a chapel, quickly removed his hat, in which act of devotion he was at once seconded by all the gentlemen of the party, including the *valet-de-place*, who, in the excess of his piety, almost bowed to the ground.

"But such devotion endureth never." Which observation, as you were about very justly to remark, reader, is what the pious Friar *Gerundio de Zerotes*, in his sermons, would term a "*Pero-grullada*," or Peter Grullo's truth; *id est*, a truism, or a well-known truth, which is a truth known to everybody—

"No hay puta ni ladron,
Que tenga su devocion."

"There ne'er was a thief or wanton wife,
Whose piety endured for life."

To which a Roman *valet-de-place*, or commissario, might reply from Machiavelli, "'Tis not absolutely *necessary* for a gentleman to be religious, but highly expedient for him to *appear* so." Which wretched maxim, being thoroughly despised by all genuine, jolly good-fellows, I turn over to the readers of Chesterfield or Pope, the admirers of Bernini in sculpture, of Boucher and Vander Werff in painting, and that most exquisite of idyllo-mythologic styles in architecture, known as the Rococo, or *Baroque*, of the golden age of Louis XV.

But to return to my *valets-de-place*. One evening, in this same city of Munich, while returning from the Royal Library, with a wearisome big folio under my arm, urged partly by fatigue and partly by a nervous eagerness to dip into the contents of said book, I entered an out-of-the-way, old-fashioned coffee-house, and, while waiting for the *bier* which, in a genuine Bavarian *kneip*, is always brought without order immediately to the guest, busied myself with leafing over my new acquisition. At the next table sat five of the same scamps I have been speaking of; and having already employed two or three of them at different times on little affairs, I was profoundly greeted by the whole party on

my entrance. Knowing me, therefore, to be a stranger, and presuming on my ignorance of their abominable *patois*, they kept on conversing in the same high, South-German pitch, without reserve or caution.

"A' what did you yesterday, *Bua?*" said the oldest and keenest of the five, to a somewhat younger com-rogue.

"I had a young English yellow-bill (green-horn) to trot about town," was the reply; "and I must show him every thing, all at once. And I went to have his passport *viséed*, and found that he was to leave town early this morning. So, when we came to the *Glyptothek* (gallery of statues) and the *Pinacothek*, (picture-gallery,) I told him that they were closed on Monday, and that no one could enter without a special order; but that if he would give the porters each a florin, and promise to say nothing about it, I could get him in; which he did, and I afterward shared with them. And he read all the while in his red-covered guide-book; and at last hit, I suppose, on the place which tells that the valets-de-place are such great scamps, and in league with all the shop-keepers."

Here the narrator was interrupted by a general roar of laughter, and the party, draining their *mass'ls*, clapped down simultaneously the *deckels* or lids, as a summons for more. And while puffing at his pipe, he continued—

"So, looking very cunning, he asked me if I could tell him a good place to buy some linen. So I drew up indignantly, and told him that the business of a cicerone was to show strangers curiosities and works of art, or to interpret French and English, but not to hunt up shops, and that he must ask the landlord for that.

"Then he appeared quite astonished, and, changing his tone, said that he did not want any linen, but would like to buy a new carpet-bag and some other little items, and would take it as a great favour if I would, only for once, just recommend an honest dealer. And I answered, 'that I had never done such a thing before, but as he was to leave town to-morrow, (for which I was thankful in my heart,) I would take him to a very honest man in the Kaufinger Gasse;' which I did, and we squeezed three prices out of him, of which I got one. Then, as he had full reliance on my honesty, and was too tired to go himself, he sent me to ask of the banker what was the premium on English gold.

So I guessed what was coming, and when I had learned from Herr von Hirsch's clerk that it was 3.18, I returned and reported 1.18. Then he sent me with a rouleau of guineas to sell for him, so that, praise the LORD and our Lady of Altotting! I made a good day's work of it."

"*Bischt a ganza Kerl, du schlaua, sackrischa, abgedrehte Beschti!* complete, finished fox that you are!" cried the elder valet. "Heaven send such days daily, and eight times a week in Lent! HURRAH FOR STRANGERS!"

These last three words he expressed distinctly in good German, for my gratification. I continued to pore over my book.

"And you, *Casperl*," was now asked of another, "blows the wind straight or crooked?"

"Pretty fair. My bird yesterday was a Frenchman, and not so much of a fool as one could wish. He trotted through the picture-gallery with his cane run up the sleeve of his coat, and the end hidden in his handkerchief, in order to save the three kreutzers (two cents) which he ought to have given the porter for taking care of it. But he looked hard, and talked loosely about the Venuses, and such like, so I soon found where the shoe pinched. Then he gave me a glass of beer at Schnitzerl's, and talked all the while, fast as lightning, about the nobility and immorality of Munich. Then he asked me if I thought a gentleman could make any bonnes fortunes here, among the beautiful ladies. So I would not answer him at once, but began by explaining how deeply we *valets-de-place* were implicated and concerned in all the secrets of the nobility and gentry, being their confidential messengers!"

Here a general burst of laughter unanimously proclaimed the richness of this last lie, on the strength of which the party ventured a drink all round, and again clapped the mug-covers.

"My Frenchman listened attentively, but was not green enough to pin his faith to any thing. But when I hinted at a certain charming countess, who, to my positive knowledge through her *femme-de-chambre*, had been very susceptible and sentimental since the death of her late husband, who had left her *in very moderate circumstances*, I could see my Frenchman begin to kindle.

"*Eh diable!*" said he; 'but how must we arrange it, then, to console the fair widow?'

“Oh, there are fifty ways; but, monsieur understands, the thing must be done delicately, *doucement*: the family pride—honour, you know!”

“Here my Frenchman struck his heart, and shut his eyes and mouth, smiling horribly.

“*Au reste*, monsieur knows that in our free-and-easy city we have less fiddle-faddle and ceremony, and acquaintances are more readily made, than in Paris. I will contrive that you knock at her suite of rooms; the girl will admit you, (but I must pay her something handsome, of course;) you will see madame, and inquire if there are not apartments in the house to let. She adores the French; and if, with the appearance and manners of monsieur——’

“Here my Frenchman gave a yell of delight, and jumped with joy. I kept on:

“‘For if I were not perfectly certain, from monsieur’s aristocratic air and elegant style, of his success, I would never have ventured to aid him in obtaining such a splendid “*bonne fortune*.” Of course, monsieur knows that the valets-de-place generally do nothing of the kind for the ordinary run of strangers, who come and go, and *pay* and *share* alike.’

“Here my Frenchman broke in with—‘*Sois content, mon garçon*. Be content, my boy; if you can play Leporello well, I am quite as capable of the *rôle* of Don Juan.’ And as he, of course, with his head full of the countess, could look at nothing and think of nothing else, I had an easy day’s work of it. So, in the evening——”

“But who the devil *was* the countess?” simultaneously cried the entire company.

“H’m—h’m! that is my business. However, one *Lohndiener* must not play against another, and spoil trade; so I’ll tell you, if you’ll do as much for me another time. It was Frau Von ——, who keeps the fancy-store in the —— strasse.”

“So!” cried one: “but she really *has* a title.”

“Yes, and so has the Baron SULZBECK, and the swine who runs errands at the *Ober Pollinger*. But the title is all *wurst*, (of no importance;) and you know what ‘*poor, proud, and pretty*’ comes to in Munich. Well, my Frenchman had sense enough to know, that though a man may be close in other items, he shouldn’t be mean where women are concerned; so I got from

him a gold Caroline for the waiting-maid, one for myself, and, if the *frau* only plays her cards well, Heaven knows how much for us all."

"*Nu', dös war nöt übel*," (not so bad,) "*Pompös*," (splendid,) "*Gratulir*," (I congratulate you,) were the compliments elicited by the recital of this masterpiece of honourable talent. But the silence which ensued was presently broken by the oldest villain himself, who remarked—

"I didn't make much money myself, yesterday; but what I did get was easily earned, for I was paid for doing nothing."

"*So; wahrhafti'!*" "*Really!*" cried the confederacy.

"Yes; I served government; that is, the police, curse their souls! Four or five days since, the Herr Inspektor came to me, and said—'To-morrow, a tall gentleman, a Badensor, now on his way hither from Zurich, will arrive at your hotel. He is a political refugee, and will attempt, under the assumed name of Starkenberg, to revisit his wife and children in Carlsruhe. Give him early in the morning this note, and, when he demands a valet-de-place, see that the man whom I shall send here, and no other, serves him.' So I waited, and when the gentleman arrived, gave him the billet."

"But you read it first?"

"*Versteht sich*—of course. It was a forged invitation from the Herr ———, whom the police watch so much, to attend a private, liberal, or revolutionary meeting in the evening; place not designated; to be told him by the *valet*, in whom, he was informed, he might implicitly confide."

"Ha! ha! ha! poor devil!" burst forth again in chorus the *confratres*.

"Yes; they twisted him like wire—*beautifully!*" continued the good old man. "And you ought to have seen the fellow they sent for *valet*. You know him; the '*lange Barte?*' Herr Jes'! the rogue, with that smooth tongue of his, could wheedle oil out of flints. So he took my poor Badensor to the club, where he was arrested immediately after, with the student S——, and is now, I suppose, enjoying pleasure and repose at the expense of government."

This last humorous adventure was by no means lost on the audience. Suddenly, one exclaimed—

"I can tell you that not a man in Munich drives a prettier,

safer, or more constant business than myself, since I have gone into the picture-line."

"But, all the devils! where did you ever learn any thing about such stuff?" inquired the patriarch.

"*Ja*, that's all to come; for I know as much of pictures as a swine, and not much more than yourself, though I have visited every gallery in Munich daily for the last ten years. But there are a lot of young artists here who paint old pictures, and give me good commissions for getting them off. So, when a fat-headed Englishman gets me to show him round, I let him gabble as much as he likes, (for every valet knows that it is most profitable to let strangers tell you every thing for which you are paid to tell them,) and when I get a little into his confidence, say—"I wonder that you gentlemen can take such interest in pictures. Why, I know an old woman here in town who has several fine ones, nearly as good as those in the gallery." Then my gentleman, whether he suspects me to be a scamp or not, generally asks where they are; but I try to dissuade him; tell him that she lives in a dirty, out-of-the-way house; that the pictures are very old, and so on; and generally end by taking him off to my own den, where my wife, who plays the part of old woman, sells him something, for the benefit of myself and the artists. Sometimes, for the sake of variety, and to add to the romance of the thing, I hide the pictures away in lofts, lumber-rooms, and garrets. Sometimes my eldest daughter, who is a nice girl and sly as a mouse, takes the part of virtuous poverty, and, with tears in her eyes, sells *milord* an old painting, her father's dying gift and only souvenir, which *milord sometimes* gives back again, and which *miladi*, after a hard bargain, always insists on doing. Again, for the sake of variety, I occasionally move the establishment out of town, to some neighbouring village or farm; so that, what with one thing and another, I do pretty well. Gentlemen, I drink your healths."

Here a somewhat noisy pause ensued, which was broken by one of the quintette inquiring, in a low tone—

"Casperl, you have been employed by the gentleman yonder, with the big book: what is he for a stranger?"

"*Ja*, he doesn't live next door. He is an American—understood?"

"AME-RI-CAN—the devil! But not a *born* American?"

"Yes."

"So-o-o!!!"

The reader must know, that in Germany every man who has even visited our country is termed American: consequently, on announcing one's Hail-Columbianism, he is generally asked, "*Aber eingeboren?*—but were you born there?"

"But," remarked one of the company, "everybody knows that the Americans are either black, green, or red, and the gentleman there is quite white. Strangers who go there remain as they are; but, even in the first generation, their children are almost boot-black. Some, indeed, really become so."

"Fact?"

"Yes; when I lived in Suabia, by Heilbronn, there was a neighbour of my father's who was away many years in America, and he returned very rich, with his only daughter, who was, indeed, not exactly black, but something the colour of a half-cooked doughnut. And her father said that she would have become quite so, as dark as iron, had she not been fed every day on peaches and cream, which, in that country, preserves the complexion."

"Then the gentleman with the big book must have been remarkably fond of fruit," remarked Casperl.

"They say," resumed the Nestor of the gang, "that America is a land of gold, butter, and pan-cakes, very glorious to behold. And it must be a part of China, of course, because tea grows there; and, as the world is round, it lies the other side of England."

"But how do you know that tea grows there?" asked Casperl.

"Because I have heard that the English once fought with the Americans, who are a sort of English, you know, and speak the same language, only better. And it was all because the Americans wouldn't grow tea for them at the price they offered."

"That is not improbable," rejoined Casperl; "for the English at our hotel drink fearful quantities of the nasty slop, and generally dispute the bill. But are the Americans all like the English?"

"*Gott bewahr!* They were once, but of late years so many Germans have gone there, that, before long, every thing will be in that country as it now is here in Bavaria, or rather in Switzerland."

"What is the reason that Englishmen travel so much," asked Valet Number Four, becoming discursive.

"It is," answered the sage, "partly because comfort and happiness are unknown to them at home, so that they must travel to find them, and partly because they are all slightly insane, and consequently restless. I have often heard the waiters at our hotel say that the English tumble, and toss, and wake up a dozen times in the night: such people always travel."

(N.B. If the reader ever tried a South German seidlitz-box bed, with an eider-down cover, he may understand why the bold Britons alluded to were so restless.)

"But is England really such a wretched country?" inquired Casperl.

"*Versteht sich*—of course!" replied another. "Why, you know that the only days on which we amuse ourselves here are the feasts and Sundays. Now, in England they have no feasts, and on Sundays they close the houses, go to church, and are very miserable, so that it is the dullest day in the week. Even the theatres and balls are closed!"

"*Pah!*" replied another; "that I would call treating the day with great disrespect. But then Protestants and heretics would as lieve break the Sabbath as not, I suppose?"

"Of course," answered the patriarch. "Not that I care for Sunday myself, or have any religious scruples; but I do like to see people amuse themselves on that day as Christians ought."

"The English, I know, are all a little crazy," remarked Casperl, "because they are so eager to see every thing that none of their countrymen have seen; and whenever I take one to look at any out-of-the-way curiosity, I always tell him that he is the first stranger that ever beheld it. Besides, you must have noticed that their clothes are always cut very close, and narrow, and uncomfortable, like straight-jackets: and this is done by order of their physicians, that the madness may be restrained. Ah, you may rest assured that, with all their money, they are very unhappy!"

"Talking of rich people," said Number Three, "what is the reason that the Russians, though so very wealthy, are so confoundedly keen? I can make more any day out of a simple English gentleman than a Russian duke."

"*Ja, dös weis i' wirkli' nöt*: that I really don't know, unless it be that they gamble so much, as do the Poles. They say

that Russians learn the cards, with their prayers, before the A, B, C."

"That," said Casperl, "is because they believe the queen of hearts to be the Virgin MARY. They are so suspicious and mistrustful, that it is the only way their priests can find to make them believe in *any thing*."

"I don't know that we Bavarians are much more intelligent, if you come to that!" said Number Three. "You must all of you have often seen the *Waffen*, or coat-of-arms of our city; there's one painted on the University window, and another carved in stone over the Carlsthor—*gelt, ja?*"

"What! the MUENCHNER MANNERL?" (the mannikin or dwarf of Munich.) "Certainly," replied the rest in chorus.

"Well, the mannikin is a monk. Now, the name of our city of *Minga*, which other people call *Müncha*, the English, *Munich*, and some few out-of-the-world North Germans, MUENCHEN, comes from the word *Mönch*, (monk.)"

"*Wahrhafti*—indeed!" cried the rest. "Where did you learn that?"

"From an English gentleman. Now, can any of you tell me what it is he holds in his right hand?"

"Why a beer-mug, of course," chorused the party.

"Yes, and so I thought, with all the town, until lately. But the truth is, that it is a book, though what sort of a book is more than I know: and this I heard a very learned man say."

"Oh, it's a Latin book, of course," remarked Casperl. "But are you sure it's not a beer-mug?"

"Yes; I looked and found it so, because it has no lid."

"Neither have the beer-glasses in Baden," replied Casperl, who evidently mistrusted this new light.

"But they are of *glass*, I tell you—transparent glass; while that which the Mannerl holds is deep brown."

"That's because it's full of beer—*brown-beer*," replied Casperl, driven to the Voltairian system of defence.

"Fudge! As if a monk ever kept a full mug in his fist! Why, he would empty it, like yourself, in a second."

And with this the brave and gentle party arose, and having paid the *zech*, went roaringly along, singing merrily the following *gassenhauer*, or loafer-lyric—a favourite song in Munich:—

STREET SONG OF MUNICH.

(FIRST VOICE.)

"Bei der Nacht wenn's finster ist."

By the night when all is dark,
 And no one in the street I mark,
 Hallo—you there, afar!
 Let me light my cigar.
 Let me light when all is dark,
 And no one in the street I mark.

(SECOND VOICE.)

Fishes we will catch,
 Fishes we will snatch
 By the night, when all is dark,
 And no one else around we mark.
 Fish in ditch or fish in dyke,
 Fish in ponds, or where you like.

(FIRST VOICE.)

But at night we must catch,
 Yes, at night we must snatch!

(CHORUS.)

Yes, at night, when all is dark,
 And no one else around we mark.

(FIRST VOICE.)

Ladies we will catch,
 Ladies we will snatch.
 By the night, when all is dark,
 And no one else around we mark,
 Ladies fair we'll catch with play,
 When the husband's far away.

(CHORUS.)

But at night we must catch,
 Yes, at night we must snatch.
 Yes, at night, when all is dark, &c.

(FIRST VOICE.)

Maidens let us catch!
 Maidens let us snatch!
 Yes, at night, when all is dark,
 And no one else around we mark.

(SECOND VOICE.)

Maidens young and maidens fair,
 Nab them, grab them everywhere.

But at night we must catch,
 Yes, at night we must snatch!
 Yes, at night, when all is dark,
 And no one else around we mark.

Hollo—you there, afar!

Let me light my cigar.

Let me light—since all is dark,
 And no one else around we mark!

(Song proceeds extemporically and ad libitum-ically up the street, with occasional interruptions from the police, or squalls from unprotected females.)

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

IN WHICH MEISTER KARL, PROMPTED BY THE SOUVENIR OF THE NUMBER OF BEAUTIFUL FACES WHICH HE HAS SEEN FRAMED IN WINDOWS, DISCOURSES ON THE AFFINITIES EXISTING BETWEEN THE TWO.

Window Love.

"I SAT over against a window, and had my eyes fixed thereon, when of a sudden it opened, and a young lady appeared, whose beauty struck me."

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

"LECTEUR MON AMY!" Reader, my friend! didst thou ever fall in love with a fair face which appeared from time to time at an opposite window! Didst thou never, gazing, wonder whether this apposition or coincidence of residence was not a special admonition, mystically heralding an ultimate union of souls? Didst thou never feel that daily increased thrill, or smart,

"Which was felt about the heart,"

as gazing ripened into acquaintanceship, and acquaintanceship into love? The first bold "How-do-you-do, good-morning nod," and its ultimate return—the deaf and dumb alphabet—(if you knew it)—and the intense *queerity* usually attendant upon your first conversation, whether held in street or *salon*? If not, thou hast (*crede experto Roberto*) never experienced the most piquant method of beginning or managing a love-chase—a method, I may venture to assert, which, in point of true romance, as far surpasses all masked ball and carnival adventures, "as lovelie Mayis morrowe doth mydnighte."

The beauty of "Window Love" has, of course, not escaped the notice of the race of rhymers. Every bard of true feeling has experienced it, from the New Orleans Minstrel,

Who saw her at the window,
 With all her fixings on,
 As lovely and as tender
 As a lily bud in June—

to the exquisite Uhland, who thus briefly chronicles his own experiences :—

I quit my narrow room but rarely,
 Yet even here is labour sore ;
 My books are open late and early,
 Still o'er the self-same page I pore.
 For, ah, that flute so softly pealing,
 First leads my willing soul astray,
 And now one glance I must be stealing
 At my fair neighbour o'er the way!

It is needless to mention, that from the occult and mysterious nature of Window Love, it has been most assiduously cultivated and sung in Germany, though Italy be the true country of its birth and most peculiar home—on the same principle, we presume, that Art and Music, though originally Italian, are generally admitted to be better understood, or at least more energetically expounded, in the Teutonic Fatherland. Rückert's sweetest and most popular poem sings the praises of "*die schöne Nachbarinn*," or his own Window Love with a fair neighbour, while a well-known ballad declares that

The brightest gem on earth below,
 The fairest maiden earth can show,
 The beauty most admired by me
 Dwells, from my window, *vis-a-vis*!

Schiller, the lofty and ideal, has employed Window Love, as being naturally the highest and purest form with which "love Platonical" could be invested. Witness his "Ritter Toggenburg :"—

Gazing on that window stay'd he :
 Hours he there would hang,
 Till the lattice of his ladye
 Oped with welcome clang ;
 Till her lovely looks entrancing
 All his sense the while,
 Calm adown the dale were glancing,
 Sweet as angel's smile.
 Till her lovely looks entrancing
 All his sense the while,
 Calm adown the vale were glancing,
 Sweet as angel's smile.

And so sat he there, one morning,
 Lifeless—without fail,
 To that lattice loved still turning
 His cold face so pale.

This, reader, it must be admitted—as the French lady remarked—when she embroidered the fingers of her gloves, and the tips of her slippers with darts and Cupids—was “*Love—in extremis!*”

And this last illustration from Schiller, O reader, suggests yet another in the “Come-to-thy-lattice-love” school of poetry, which is nothing more nor less than some rhymes of mine own, written while under the influence of a heart-rending attack of Window Love, and which I here subjoin, as in a degree expressing its power:—

Methought I lay, beside the dark blue Rhine,
 In that old tower where once Sir Roland dwelt;
 Methought his gentle lady-love was mine;
 And mine the cares and pain that once *he* felt.
 Dim, cloudy centuries had roll'd away—
 E'en to that minstrel age, the olden time,
 When Roland's lady bade him woo no more,
 And he, aweary, sought the Eastern clime.

Methought that I, like him, had wander'd long
 In those strange lands of which old legends tell;
 Then home I turn'd to my own glancing Rhine,
 And found my lady in a convent cell;
 And I, like him, had watch'd long years away,
 And dwelt, unseen, hard by her convent's bound,
 In that old tower, which yet stands pitying
 The cloister-isle, enclosed by water round.

I long had watch'd—for in the early morn,
 To ope her lattice came that lady oft;
 And earnestly I gazed—yet naught I saw,
 Save one small hand and arm—white, fair, and soft.
 And when, at eve, the long, dark shadows fell
 O'er rock and valley, vineyard, town, and tower,
 Again she came—again that small, white hand
 Would close her lattice for the vesper hour.

I lingered still—e'en when the silent night
 Had cast its sable mantle o'er the shrine,
 To see her lonely taper's soften'd light
 Gleam, far reflected, o'er the quiet Rhine:
 But most I loved to see her form, at times,
 Obscure those beams—for then her shade would fall,
 And I beheld it—evenly portray'd,
 A living profile, on that window small.

And thus I lived in love—though not in hope,
 And thus I watch'd that maiden many a year,
 When, lo! I saw, one morn, a funeral train—
 Alas! they bore my lady to her bier!
 And she was dead—yet grieved I not therefor,
 For now in heaven she knew the love I felt.
 Death cannot kill affection—nor destroy
 The holy peace-wherein I long had dwelt.

Oh, gentle lady! this was but a dream!
 And in a dream I bore all this for thee.
 If thus, *in sleep*, love's pangs assail my soul,
 Think, lady, *what my waking hours must be*.
 The golden age of chivalry hath fled;
 Its glory gone—its splendour pass'd away.
 Well, be it so! Romance expires with Youth;
 But Love—true Spirit Love—can ne'er decay!

Who has not read the beautiful legend of Musæus on "Dumb Love," wherein a young gallant loses his heart after the most approved fashion, to the lovely *vis-a-vis* of a neighbouring window? Sooth to say, the matter is more readily arranged in South Germany than with us; since, in that country, every curious matron and fair maiden hath, attached to the outer edge of her window-frame, a mirror, which, when adjusted at the proper angle, shows all that is passing in the neighbourhood, without exposing the observer!

Tom Hood has been said to exhibit more true feeling and deeper pathos in his poems than any bard of the present century—an assertion fully established by the fact that he appreciated the superior power of Window Love. Hear, ye advocates of regular parlour and church-going courtships, how exquisitely the *vis-a-vis* affection inspired him—

Alas! the flames of an **unhappy** lover
 About my heart and on my vitals prey:
 I've caught a fever that I can't get over—
 Over the way!

I've gazed too often, till my heart's as lost
 As any needle in a stack of hay:
 Crosses belong to Love—and mine is crossed—
 Over the way!

I cannot read or write, or thoughts relax—
 Of what avail Lord Althorp or Earl Gray?
 They cannot ease me of *my window-tax*—
 Over the way!

dured all day, and occasionally the greater part of the night—were caused by a young medical student, who was—*au reste*—poor as a crow. Wishing to insure peace and quietness for the more advantageous prosecution of his own studies, the generous musician offered his young tormentor two hundred francs per month, on condition that he would abstain from all noise whatever; which the latter at once readily accepted.

For three weeks, a deep if not a holy calm reigned triumphant in the hotel. But on the afternoon of the Sunday succeeding this blessed period, M. de Meyerbeer was startled from a deeply-inspired fit by a brain-distracting sweep and a series of fearful discords on the piano-forte above.

Half mad at the interruption, Meyerbeer rushed frantically up stairs, and burst into the room of his musical enemy. But he found the latter in a—if possible—still greater fit of excitement.

“Here! take back your gold!” exclaimed he, holding out to Meyerbeer a package of one hundred and fifty francs, in bank notes. “Millions would not now tempt me to be silent!”

“What—what is the matter, my friend?” exclaimed Meyerbeer, awed by the enthusiasm of the student.

“In the opposite house, where you behold yon latticed window,” replied the latter, “dwells a beautiful young lady. Formerly, when I touched the piano, she would appear, smile, and listen. During the past three weeks she has not once been visible, probably imagining, from my silence, that I was dead or departed. This afternoon I again played, and broke our contract—but oh, happiness! she came to the window, bearing a bouquet, and threw it, in her joy, to me!”

The good Meyerbeer at once perceived that nothing could be done in such a case, and contented himself with providing the young student, at his own expense, with an excellent teacher of music, that his own ears might in future be less jarred by the discord of harsh sounds.

If we search into the antiquities of Window Love, we find that the Ladye-Love of the Squyer of Lowe-Degre was seated in her *oryall*, or bow-window, when she first became aware of the state of her lover’s heart.

Thys ladye hearde hys mournyng all
In her oryall where she was
Enclosed it was with royal glas.

And it was from the window that she reciprocated his affection.

Herr Heinrich von Morunge—"The noble Moringer"—a gentleman and a poet, appears to have caught his Window Love in the year 1225, to judge from the following verse, then written—

Sach ieman die frouwen
Die man mac schouwen
In dem venster stān?

In which he inquires if any one has seen his ladye "standing in the window?"

Window Love has given many a young lady a beau when other expedients have failed—though, in sooth, much depends upon the beauty of the lady herself. Witness the old song of Number One—

Miss S., you know, has got a beau—
Her fortune still is kind!—
By sitting in the window-bow,
Without a bit of blind;
But *I* sit in the balcony,
Which *she* has never done;
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five,
Don't take at Number One.

Very true; but if that young lady had remained, like

My own dear Lucinda,
A-seated at the window,

she would, doubtless, ere long, have found some gentle swain with taste sufficient to discover that

She looked so bright, and her eyes so light,
That he'd give his soul to be in *dar*.

And *apropos* of this last illustration, reader, permit me to remark that it gloriously confutes the absurd assertion, so prevalent of late years in the newspapers, that there is no possible rhyme to the word window.

What—*eight o' clock*!—Gentle reader, we must part—thou whither Fate calls thee, and I—softly be it spoken—to visit one whom I well know will at this hour

Be gazing from the window

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

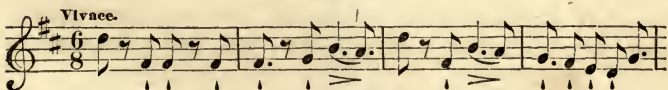
A MUSICAL DUEL.

"I KNOW A STORY," suddenly exclaimed Count d'Egerlyn, one evening, as we were taking supper at our parlour in the St. Nicholas, in New York. Now if the count had suddenly sung, "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows," he would not have excited more astonishment. For though the count was a gentleman of wit, a finished cosmopolite, and a thorough good fellow, and had moreover a beautiful wife, he was never known to tell tales of any description, either in school or out of it.

At the word upstarted Wolf Short and young C——, the latter declaring that he was, like Time, all *ears*, while the former, listening as if dreaming,

——heard him half in awe;
While Cabaña's smoke came streaming
Through his open jaw.

In a calm, bland voice, our good count proceeded to narrate a curious incident, which I long afterward reduced to writing. As I remember it, the story would have been far better had it been given in the exact words in which it was originally told. But, alas! it was hardly concluded ere we had to scramble off to a party, and the next day we went all together to Boston; and it probably would never had been written out at all, had I not just been reminded of it by hearing "our nigger" Tom whistling, through the hall, the air on which it is founded.



MENDELSON was a great musician.

Mendelsohn signifies "The son of an almond." Had he been a twin, they would have christened him *Philip-ina*.

But as he was a Jew, they could not *christen* him. And as he was not a twin, he consequently remained single.

Which did not, however, prevent him from being wedded to Divine Lady Music, as amateurs call her.

Mendelsohn composed "Songs without words." Many modern poets give us words without songs.

"They shouldn't do so."

The story which I am about to relate is that of a duel which was fought as Mendelsohn's songs were sung—without words. The insult, the rejoinder, the rebutter, the sur-rebutter, and the challenge were all *whistled*!

But as, according to Fadladeen in Lalla Rookh, it is impossible even for an angel to carry *a sigh* in his hand, the reader will not find it strange that such an imperfect sinner as myself should find it difficult to whistle on paper or in print.

I will, therefore, take the liberty of representing by words the few notes which were whistled upon this melancholy occasion. The which notes are given at the beginning of this story.

And here the intelligent reader may remark that most authors put their notes at the *end* of their works. Mine, however, come before.

An Englishman was once seated in solitary silence in the Café de France, solemnly sipping sherry and smoking a cigar. His reverie was unbroken, and his only desire on earth was that it should continue so.

Suddenly entered (as from the Grand Opera) a gay Frenchman, merrily whistling that odd little air from *Robert le Diable*, so well known to all admirers of Meyerbeer and contemners of worldly wealth or sublunary riches:

Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!*

Now the interruption vexed our Englishman. At any time he would have wished the Frenchman in Jerusalem. At present, the whistling so much disturbed him, that he wished him

* *Folle è quei che l'oro aduna
E nol sa come goder,
Non provò giammai fortuna,
Che sta lunga dal piacer.*

in a far less holy place. Mind!—I do not mean New York, though it be, like Milton's scaly sorceress, close by the "Gate of Hell."

Therefore, in a firm and decided tone, (which said, as plainly as if he had spoken it, "I wish, sir, you would hold your tongue,") he whistled—

Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!

But the Frenchman was in high feather, and not to be bluffed. He had had a dinner, and a *gloria* of coffee and brandy, and some *eau sucrée* and a glass of *bruleau*, (which, like *crambambuli*, consists of burnt brandy or rum, with sugar.) He had had a cigarette, or a four-cent government cigar, (I forget which,) had winked to a pretty girl in the opera, and finally had heard the opera and Grisi. In fact, he had experienced a perfect bender. Now a bender is a batter, and a batter is a spree, and a spree is a jollification. And the tendency of a jollification is to exalt the mind and elevate the feelings. Therefore the feelings of the Frenchman were exalted, and in the coolest, indifferentest, impudentest, provokingest manner in the world, he answered in whistling—

Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!

Which, being interpreted, signified, "I care not a fig for the world in general,—or you, sir, in particular! Stuff that you are!—Out upon you! *Parbleu!* BAH!

"Do you think that because you are silent, all the world must be mum? *Par-'r-'r-'r-'r-bleu!* Am I to sneeze because you snuff? *Par-'r-'r-'r-bleu!* Ought I to blush because you are well read? *Par-'r-'r-'r-'r-'r-bleu!* *Tra—li—ra!* Go to!"

All these words were distinctly intelligible in the chimes, intonations, and accentuations of the Frenchman's whistle. And to make assurance doubly sure, he sat himself down at the same *tête-à-tête* table whereon the Englishman leaned, at the opposite seat; and displacing, with an impudent little shove, his cigar-case, continued to whistle, with all manner of imitating variations and aggravating canary-bird trills, his little air—

Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!

What I now wish you to believe is, that John Bull was in no wise either flattered or gratified by these little marks of attention. Drawing back in his chair, he riveted a stare of silent fury on the Frenchman, which might have bluffed a buffalo, and then, in deliberate, cast-iron accents, slowly whistled, as he rose from the table and beckoned his foe to follow, the air which had so greatly incensed him—

Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!

Now this last instrumento-vocal effort did not express much,—but the little it *did* express went, like the widow's oil or a Paixhan shot, a great way. It simply signified—

“Coffee and pistols for two—without the coffee!”

To which the Frenchman, with a bow of the intensest politeness, replied,—*toujours en sifflant*—always in whistling—

Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!

Which was not much more, and certainly no less, than—

“Oh, if you come to that, two can play at that game. Poor devil! what a loss you will be to the worthy and estimable society of muffs and slow coaches! What will that excellent individual, Milady Popkins, remark, when she hears that I have settled the account of her son without a surplus? After you, sir, if you please! I will directly have the pleasure of following and killing you.”

Out of the *café*, and along the Boulevards, strode the Englishman, followed by his new acquaintance, both “whistling as they went”—certainly not “from want of thought.” Whether it was “to keep their courage up,” is not written in history.

They soon reached a hall, where the Englishman offered the only weapons in his possession, excepting “maulies,” or fists,—and these were a pair of rapiers.

And here it would appear, gracious reader, (if you are gracious,) that either I, or the Frenchman, or both of us, made a great mistake, when we understood the Englishman, by the sounds he uttered in his challenge, to signify the whistle of pistol-bullets. It appears that it was the whiz of swords, to which he had reference. But the Frenchman, who believed himself good at all things in general, and the *fleurette* in par-

ticular, made no scruples, but—drawing his sword with a long whistle—struck a salute, and held up a beautiful guard, accompanying every movement with a note from the original air of—

Oh, but gold is a chimera !
Money all a fleeting dream !

And now, reader, had I the pen of the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle, I would describe thee a duel in the real *comme il faut*, two-thirty style. Every note of the air was accompanied by a thrust or a parry. When the Englishman made a thrust of *low carte seconde*, the Frenchman guarded with a semicircle parade, or an octave, (I forget which.) When the Frenchman made an appel, a beat, or a glissade, the Englishman, in no wise put out, either remained firm or put in a time thrust. Both marking time with the endless refrain—

Oh, but gold is a chimera !
Money all a fleeting dream !

At last, an untimely thrust from the Englishman's rapier settled the business. The Frenchman fell—dropped his sword—and whistled in slower, slower measure and broken accents, for the last time, his little melody.

Reader, I have no doubt that you have heard, ere now, the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and can well recall the dying struggles and perishing notes of *Edgardo*—

Se di—vi—si fummo in ter—ra,
Ne congiun—ga ne congiung—a il Nume in ciel !
Ne con—giun—ga, ah ! oh ! —Num' in ciel—
I—o —ti—i—se—guo ! —oh ! —Oh !

And so it was with our poor Frenchman, who panted forth, game to the last—

“ Oh,—but g-'g-'gold is a chi—mera !
M-'m-'mon—ey but a fleeee—.”

And here—borne on the wings of a last expiring whistle—his soul took its flight.

Not a word had been spoken by either of the combatants !

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

THE LAKE OF AGNANO.

HARK ! the faint bells of the Sunken City
 Peal once more their wonted evening chime !
 From the deep's abysses floats a ditty
 Wild and wondrous of the olden time.

RUCKERT.

On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
 When the setting sun's declining,
 He sees the round-towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining.

Thy waves have rolled
 Above the cities of a world gone by.

MOORE.

Tunc Archidiaconus : Ut sciatis, quanta miranda Virgilius in hac urbe fuerit operatus, accedamus ad locum, et ostendam quod in ille porta memoriale reliquerit Virgilius super terram.

GERVASIUS DE TILBURY DE OT. IMP.

Know'st thou that seas are sweeping
 Where cities once have been :
 When the calm wave is sleeping,
 Their towers may yet be seen ;
 Far down below the glassy tide
 Man's dwellings where his voice hath died.

MRS. HEMANS.

Not far from Naples lies the Lake of Agnano, on whose shore is situated the celebrated *Grottone del Cane*. "This lake," says De Ferrari, "is remarkable, partly from the singular fact that its waters, which are very deep, are fresh on the surface and salt at bottom ; partly from a strange bubbling or boiling motion which agitates them when full ; and partly because it covers the old Norman city of Angulanum—the remains of which may even yet be discerned on a clear day."

It is said (and the report dates back for centuries) that the faint chime of bells, as well as sweet music, is often heard at sunset rising from the lake, and that, at a later hour, the gleam of lights flashes upward from its waters.

It is not astonishing that there should be legends connected with this lake, for Naples and its dominion is legendary land.

Witness that exquisitely quaint work, the *Pentamerone* of Giambattista Basile, or the "Italian Tailor and his Boy," or *Li sept Marchands di Naples*. And, in addition, we have an entire cycle of strange tales, in which the great Virgil figures not as poet, but as conjuror and magician.

Throughout the Middle Ages, Virgil was regarded, down to the days of Faust, as *the* arch-enchanter. The Minnesinger BOPPO of Austria, in the year 1285, sang—

Wære ich, als Aristôtiles
Und künde, als Virgilius, zouberie.

Were I like Aristotle,
And could I, like Virgilius, enchant.

And there is a delightful old English black-letter "boke" treating entirely of *ye conjeriing of ye Nigromauncer Vergilius*, which has been, of late years, reprinted for the lovers of quaint lore, and also translated by Von der Hagen into German.

The shade of Virgil appears for this magical reputation to be principally indebted to that glorious old gossip, Gervasius de Tilbury, to the good monk Helinandus, Archdeacon Pinatellus, and also to Alexander Neckham, a Benedictine of the thirteenth century. Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*, has a word or two to say on the subject, and so, too, have Symphorian Champier, Albertus de Elib, Tostatus d'Avila, who figures in the *Moyen de Parvenir*, and the speculator Vincent de Beauvais. Allusions to, and legends on, this great subject may also be found in Montfaucon; The *Mirabilia Romæ* of the twelfth century; Naudæus *Apologie*; De Loyer, de *Spectris*. lib. 1, c. 6; Paracelsus, *Tract. de Imaginibus*, c. 2; Helmoldus, *Hist. Slavor*. lib. 4, c. 19; Johannes Capucinus, *Hist. Neapolit.* (well worth reading;) The *Mirror of the World*; Petrarch in *Itinerario*; Theodorice à Niem. lib. 3, de *Schism.* c. 19; Pontanus; Vignerius de *Cyprern*. c. 19, p. 330, *Alph.*; Trithemius, *Antipal.* l. 4, c. 3; and, finally, in "*Les faits merveilleux de Virgile, fils dung Chevalier des Ardennes.*"

Such a mass of legend piled up in Meister Karl's memory, during many days' sojourn in the Royal Library of Naples, must needs have some vent. The *Gesta Romanorum* gave the hint, and, accordingly, he one morning astonished all his travelling party in Naples by reading to them the

LEGEND OF BERNALDUS.

Many ages since, when the great King Arnaldus ruled in Italie, there dwelt not far from Naples a knight named Bernaldus, who for his goodness, fortune, and bravery was surnamed the Blest.

But at the period in which the legend begins, he was far from meriting this title. For he had for a long time been beset by strange visions and wondrous fantasies. Every night as he slept, there appeared to him, in a dream, the form of a maiden of wondrous beauty, who sung of her love. But when he endeavoured to embrace the fay, she ever seemed to vanish in a sparkling rainbow-mist, amid rolling clouds, into some far-away land of mystery and beauty. And so sweet and soft was the music of her song, that he knew right well that the vision came from the Hidden World. But the interpretation thereof he could in no wise discover.

But as he sat one evening by the Lago de Agnano, and gazed upon its waters, it chanced that the waves, as wont, became strangely agitated. And as he gazed, a strain of music, soft and sweet, stole over the waters, and, gradually increasing, filled the whole air with melody. And, little by little, he began to distinguish the sound of a voice, and, finally, words. And great, indeed, was his wonder when he recognised in them the same lay which he had already heard in dreams. But while he listened, it gently died away.

"Oh! thou all beautiful music!" sighed the bewildered knight, "why dost thou haunt me thus? I seek, I know not what, and long, day by day, for that which I cannot even understand. Would that the mystery were solved!"

And as he spoke, he saw, standing by him, an old man of venerable aspect. There was naught in his appearance to awake fear; and yet, as Bernaldus gazed, he trembled, for he recognised in him the potent magician Virgilius.

"Bernaldus," said the sage, "I understand thy sorrow. I know why thou art troubled in spirit, and have come to relieve thee. Know that it is *I* who have caused these mysterious dreams, these longings for something unknown, which shall now be realized."

"And is it for good or evil, O sage Virgilius, that I have been thus perplexed?" replied the knight.

"For good. Never is the sunlight so pleasing as after a dreary night, nor can this life afford any joy greater than the fulfilment of a dream of Love and Beauty. Know that thou art beloved by the fair Parthenope, beautiful among the Spirits of the Water—she who in olden times was worshipped as the founder and guardian of Naples. It is *her* form which thou hast seen in dreams, and her voice which has sounded in thine ears. And happy in her love, thou wilt live to thank me."

"And why hast thou been thus kind to a stranger, O wise Virgilius?"

"Dost thou not remember," replied the sage, "how, in days long past, thou didst rescue three fair maidens from shame and death—the one, by thy valour; the second, by craft; the youngest, by courtesy? The three maidens were my daughters, and not to *me*, but to them, owest thou this reward."

And as Virgilius spoke, he waved his wand thrice over the lake, and cried aloud—

"Thou fair Siren Parthenope, appear! Lo, a mortal lover, yet one most worthy of thy love, awaits thee!"

And while he yet spoke a strain of solemn music rose from the lake, and as the last notes sounded, a maiden of wondrous beauty stood on the strand.

"And thou art here at last," she said, "my mortal lover? Ages have come and gone, bright mornings shone on my dancing waters, and dark centuries rolled over my Beautiful City, yet I saw thee not. And now thou art mine—mine for Time and Eternity!"

And with these words she sunk into his arms, then rising, said—

"It is true thou art mine, and forever. But much remains to be done ere thou canst enjoy the happiness in store. Bernaldus, thou knowest well that there was a time when the name of the Siren Parthenope was worshipped far and wide—a time when the great and wise thought themselves honoured by honouring my name—a time when priest and sage pointed to the walls of the Beautiful City, raised by the magic of my music, and bade their followers find in my worship the truest path to the good and beautiful. And now—how changed! Thou knowest

that King Arnaldus has destroyed every vestige of our old religion, and forbidden his subjects to offer prayers at our shrines. The faun, the nymph, the satyr no longer sport in the shady groves of Arcady, and the dryad laments alone that enmity which now exists between his race and the children of men. And I—I who raised the city of Naples from the rocks and sands, and have ever watched over it as the bright darling of my heart—am contemned and scorned, even in it.

“Bernaldus, I charge thee, even according to the usage of that earthly chivalry which thou dost profess, that thou vindicate my name, and proclaim my power before that king who has dared to proscribe my worship. I am thy lady—thy chosen one. Do thou therefore, at the grand tournament which is to be held to-morrow, proclaim my beauty against all comers. And fear not the king. In all things the wise Virgilius will protect thee!”

And with these words she vanished. But a strain of sweet melody still lingered in the air, and mingled with the sound of the wavelets as they died away upon the beach.

Then Bernaldus arose, and with Virgilius sought the city. That night he slept but little, for his heart burned within him for love of the fair lady.

And on the next morning the tournament was opened with great magnificence. But as one by one the knights rode in, each proclaiming the name of his lady, the king exclaimed—“Where is the brave knight Bernaldus; and why does he, who was wont to be first in the ring, now delay?”

As he spoke, Bernaldus rode in, fully arrayed in a suit of blue and silver armour. And pausing in the centre, he cried aloud—“Know all, that I do here proclaim the beauty and power of my lady, the fair Siren Parthenope, above that of all others. - And in her name will I this day hold the lists against all coming.”

Then a chill of horror crept over those present, and they whispered—“Who is this that hath for a lady-love the bright devil of the waters?” And the king was very wroth, but, restraining his rage, he rose and said in a grave, solemn tone—

“Thou hast this day cast great shame on all chivalry and on thyself. Thou hast sworn, as a true knight, to honour all women and the Holy Church. And lo!—thou hast now insulted the one and mocked the other, by offering thyself as the champion of a vile idol of heathenness. And for this thou shalt die.”

Then Virgilius spoke to the king, and said—"Nay, but take not his life! For such a thing, that were indeed cruel. Moreover, he hath not proclaimed the divinity, but only the beauty and power of his lady, which no one denyeth."

"Wise Virgilius," said the king, "thou dost greatly err in pleading for him, thereby aiding and sharing his guilt. Yet he shall not die, but live a prisoner. And now will I put this boasted power of his lady, as well as thine own wisdom, to the proof. When the rock of Posilippo shall be cleft through, when a mountain shall cover the Lake of Lucrinus, and the strong-walled city of Angulanum sink into the water by its side, *then* will I believe in the power of his lady and grant him freedom!"

And the tournament was held.

But that night there was a mighty tempest, such as man had never witnessed. And in fear, the king called together the sages of his council, to know what it portended. But Virgilius stood without, by the gate. And as the tempest raged, he waved his wand, and cried aloud—

"Let the *first* be done!"

And soon there came a messenger to the king, who announced, with fear and trembling, that the rock of Posilippo had been cleft through, so that the light shone even from one side to the other.

But Virgilius still stood by the gate, and waving his wand, cried—"This from my first daughter. Let the *second* be done!"

Then again there came messengers to the king, announcing that a mountain had arisen over that part of Lake Lucrinus which was toward the city. But Virgilius still stood by the gate, and cried aloud—"This is from my second daughter. Let the *third* be done!"

And soon there came yet others to the king, who told with sorrow that the fair city of Angulanum had sunk into the Lake of Agnano.

Then the king cried aloud, and bade them hasten to the prison and release Bernaldus. But those sent returned, saying that the prison was open and the knight gone. And from that time, no more was heard of him on earth.

But the dwellers by the lake said that, during the storm, a maiden of marvellous beauty, accompanied by a knight, had been seen on the shore. And they spoke of more than mortal music,

which had been heard around them, and how the pair had disappeared beneath the waves.

And now where is Bernaldus?

He woneth in the Land of Faery,
Yet is no fairy born, ne sib at all
To elves, but sprung of seed terrestrial.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

IN WHICH THE MEISTER INDULGETH IN VARIOUS SPRING
FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

Spring.

BEM play lo douz temps de Pascor,
Que fai fuelhas e flors venire;
E play mi quant auz la vaudor,
Dels auzels que fan retentire,
Lor chan per lo boscatje.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

The beautiful spring delights me well,
When flowers and leaves are growing;
And it pleases my heart to hear the swell
Of the birds' sweet chorus flowing
In the groves. TRANSLATION.

Hinculus, dinculus, trinculus,
Holy boly bum;
The Latin for chain is vinculus:
Inspiratus sum.

REV. MR. IRVING'S EXPOSITION OF HIS DOCTRINES.

Most admirable auditors, most reasonable readers, and paragonically pansophical patrons!

In the spring of the year—when business is looking up; when hyacinths and other bulbs sprout in the gardens; when the voice of the pigeon is heard trolling on the stable-roof, and that of the ice-cream darkey along the sunny street; when ladies, resuming their long-abandoned sun-shades, slide serenely along the sidewalks, in the imminent risk of being splashed by the guttural torrents which, shaking off the icy shackles of winter, bound

merrily along; when woollen is at a discount, and panamas and fine linen at a premium, and men lay aside the tristifications, meditations, and melancholies which the fogs, frosts, and frigidities of winter have engendered,—then, I say, it becomes the duty of every free spirit to second and assist the progress of the natural spring, by exciting in the minds of others a mental *primavera* of merriment and jollity. Which may be effected by means of *paragrams*, which are puns; by *gaudrioles*, which are gayeties; by *facetiae*, which are funniæ; by *jocosities*, which are jokes; and finally, and most excellently, by *stories*, which, as you all know, are yarns; not to mention gossip, chat, fiddle-faddle, and small talk generally.* I, therefore, in virtue of my office of Fun-Finder and Flibbertigibbet-General, after having thrown my spirit into a mirific ecstasy of quintessential inspiration by beating all manner of bizarre burlesquerie on the drum of deviltry, and fiffing at least fifty high-faluting fantasies on the mirliton of imagination, have finally, as you all know, excogitated, matagrabolized, and perfected—*id est*, translated or overset—this series of chapters with which you are now occupied, from the language of my own brain, into this our English of the nineteenth century.

And I begun the morning, pen in hand, meaning to keep merrily on with the work; but as I sit by my open window, reveling in the delicious atmosphere of one of the first and finest days in spring, a different spirit inspires me, and an inexpressible longing comes over me to fly far away into other climes and times. Oh, this spring fever!—it is surpassed in its delicious delirium only by that of love, to which, indeed, it is consanguined and allied.

If the old minstrels of the Middle Ages have no other claim, they would deserve immortality for the feeling and constancy with which they have sung of spring and summer-tide. They seem to have rightly recognised the delicious and indefinable dreaminess which the moist, balmy air and quickening sunshine

* “Moreover in this tyme of the yere, called the Sprynge-time, provoked by the naturall beautie and ioyous aspecte of the flouryshynge habyte of this temporall worlde, the nature of them in whom is any sparke of gentyll courage, requireth to solace and bankette with mutuall resorte, communicating together their fantasies and sundry devyses, whych was not abhored of the most wise and noble philosophers.”—“THE BANKETTE OF SAPIENCE,” compiled by Syr Thomas Eliot, A.D. 1534. *Face aut tace.*

awakens, disposing us to poetry and love. Not only do the polished verses of troubadours and minnesingers perpetually repeat images of vanishing winter and of new-born flowers, but even the rough-rhyming romancers, in their humble style, continually seek to renew in their reader's mind such associations:

In May is miri time swithe,
Foules in wode hem maken blithe,
In every lond arist blithe song—
Jhesus Christ be us among.*

Marche is hot, miri, and long,
Foules singen her song,
Burjons springeth, mede greeneth,
Of every thing the heart keeneth.

Miri it is in time of June,
When fenil hangeth abroad in towne.
Violet, and rose, and flower
Woneth then in maiden's bower;
The sonne is hot, the day is long;
Fowlis maketh miri song.

In time of winter along it is,
The fowles lesen her bliss;
The leves fallen off the tree,
Rain alongeth the cuntree,
Maiden loseth her hue,
And ever hi loveth that be true.

Among the Northern nations, the soft inspirations of Spring were blended with the mystical shades of religion, and its attributes were spiritualized or raised to the level of intelligences. The flowers and grass came forth, called by the voice of the sun; the gentle breezes sailed from the mountain caves, and wantoned idly here and there, seeking their loves; and even the storks, returning from their long, weary wanderings, were believed to bring blessings, and to be endowed with a mysterious and intelligent nature.

And, as I gaze from my window, I wish, indeed, that I had the wings of the stork, and could sail far, far away into yon azure sky, beyond those little cloudlets—over rocks and rivers, cities and seas! The stork! what a legendary bird! In Germany, it is the stork who brings the little baby-brother or sister

* Merlin, Part 2.

from the Unknown Land—the stork who perches on the Christmas-tree, and the stork who brings good luck to the house whereon he builds.

Yet the stork is, in fact, a philosophic, take-it-easy, man-of-the-world sort of bird, who has profited by his travels, and never lets his reputation as *accoucheur*, or luck-bringer, or pietist interfere in the least with his feeding or love-making. He carries his governor about when the old gentleman has grown too feeble to go on a flyer, and finds him in grub, or grubs—which is more than some humans do. By dint of prowling about streets and stables, and mixing much with mankind in different hemispheres, he has become singularly imperturbable, and will stand on one leg for hours on a dung-heap or chimney, without ruffling a feather, and giving no signs of life save an occasional knowing wink at the world in general. But the gravest and most edifying spectacle which any one can witness is to see half a dozen storks standing around a puddle and fishing for frogs. No one who has ever witnessed the lazzaroni patience which they manifest on such occasions will doubt the report which ascribes to them the ability to read, and that they have availed themselves of this art to get by heart all that Izaak Walton has ever written.

In that most eccentric work, *Les Evangiles des Connoilles*, or “The Gospels of the Distaffs, written in the Honour and Praise of Ladies, and printed at Lyons in the year 1493,” we find, in conclusion, the following legend of the stork, narrated by Dame Bertha de Corne :

“My friends, for the final conclusion of my Evangile, as well as for the honour of the holy Sabbath which approacheth, I will tell ye a marvellous secret which few men know. I tell ye for certain that the storks, who in summer dwell in this land, and in winter return to their country, which lieth round about Mount Sinai, are in reality creatures like unto us. And it is plain that they have reason, since they give and pay their tenths to God when they have brought forth their young.

“At this conclusion, arose Dame A. Braye, who was aged to a wonder, and said that it was, indeed, true what Dame Bertha de Corne had said ; for she had often heard from her uncle Clays that when he had been at St. Katherine’s, near the Mount of Sinai, and, in passing the deserts, had lost, by death, all his company, he saw, afar off, a creature, to whom he went and begun to

demand his way in Flemish. The being at once answered him, showing the right path, and going with him a great distance. And he set forth all his estate, declaring that he was a stork, and that he had a nest in Flanders on the house of my uncle's neighbour. But Clays, not willing to believe this thing, begged for some sign of its truth, that he might, if he ever returned home, thank him for his courtesy. Then the stork pulled out a gold ring which he had picked up about the house, and as soon as Clay saw it, he remembered it, for it was the ring with which he had married Mal Sanglee his wife. And the stork gave him back his ring, on condition that he would in future prevent his swine-herds and cow-herds from troubling him, (the stork,) as they had been in the habit of doing. And after this promise, my uncle bade him adieu, and returned to Bruges, where he lived so happily and well that when he died he measured fourteen palms about the waist."

Talking of storks, reminds me that I have more than once seen American friends puzzled in Germany by the sight of these odd birds. For example, one summer afternoon I found myself at Wiesbaden, in company with three young New Yorkers, Charley B., young C——, and Harry. Charley was gazing from the parlour window into a stable-yard, when he suddenly cried, in amazement, "Boys! look here! what the devil is that great bird?"

"A penguin, I guess," said C——, who had a faint idea that there was some such exotic fowl.

"No—it's a Dutch owl," responded Harry.

Charley didn't like to appear ignorant, and after making a desperate dive into his earlier researches into picture-book ornithology, gravely informed them that he remembered that it was a *dodo*—a bird very common in Germany, and very fine eating.

"Didn't you see that one on the dinner-table to-day?" he added. "It was a big thing, roasted and done over with green fixin's."

How much more Charley would have remembered I know not, had not the wonder at that instant taken flight. As it sailed away, Wolf entered the room, and, having his attention called, pronounced it a stork — —.

And here comes another puff of balmy spring air through the window, which blows my written leaves all over the carpet, and

arches the curtains, and wantons about the room, and then sinks to silence, like a child weary of play. I gather up the pages, and a thought suddenly strikes me that long ago in Heidelberg, I once wrote down some "spring feelings," while thus seated at a window, and that the MS. thereof is even yet extant somewhere among my documents. Let us hunt for it, and see if it bears any resemblance to what I have this morning chronicled. Ah! here we are—I find it in the very first drawer I open.

"January 11th!"

What does this mean? From what I remember of the scrawl, I could have sworn that it was born at least in April! Softly, Meister Karl, softly! In South Germany, even in midwinter, comes many a long, bright, sunny day, "when breezes are soft and skies are fair"—

And Heaven puts on the blue of May.

These sunny days in winter are the golden clasps, few and far between, with which the old storm-king adorns his snowy mantle. But to the sketch.

"It is a bright, gentle day. The sunlight shines pleasantly on the old ruined castle, a light haze spreads over the distant landscape, and the hills, though wanting verdure, smile in the glad rays.

"Crowds of peasants quaintly attired, from the Schwarzwald and Neckar Thal, are thronging the streets. Students with long hair and tasselled pipes are lounging here and there. Girls are chattering about the fountain, and aiding each other to balance their heavy water-jars on their heads; and all seem glad and gay.

"But I am not at rest—I cannot be quiet. A love of wandering and of travel is upon me. I would fly with the storks away to distant lands. I have been dreaming of France and Italy, and even of my own Far West. I linger, in imagination, in solemn Rome. I am once again in Venice, gazing by sunlight and moonlight on its canals, and gondolas, and palaces. I am basking on the Molé with the lazzaroni, and all is fair and lovely. And from these bright scenes gentle forms seem to rise. They motion to me—their dark eyes gleam on me, and their musical spirit-voices cry out, far, far away, 'Return, return! Come again ere the roses of life have faded, and ere the golden Aurora

hath passed away! Come again with Romance and Love—thou wert dear to us whilst thou didst linger in our invisible company beneath blue skies, and among columns and flowers. Come again—again!

“The violets still bloom by the broken arches and half-buried mosaics of Hadrian’s villa. Moonlight and starlight still gleam over the Bay of Naples, and the breeze which wafts perfumes from Capri and Sorrento bears on its wings the voices of the children of the Night, who sing strange lays of the olden time and of the foam-bound Parthenope. Wood and water spirits still haunt, by moonlight, the Sybilline Grotto and the Lago d’Averno. All is sweet, and strange, and lovely! Oh, come again!—come again!”

In these words did the spirits of the beautiful places of the past call unto me. Peace, peace! In after days, the wood and water spirits of Germany will add their voices to that beautiful chorus, and thy soul will lend as willing an ear to their song, “Come again—again!”

Yes, spring is really at work this morning. For the last ten minutes a demented little bird has been hopping and leaping and throwing summersets in yonder tree, and keeping up a chickadee-dee accompaniment on the flageolet high trills, while he as clearly sang at the same time a High-Dutch lyric in praise of fine weather and dandelions. There he is off again!—let’s listen!—

Ahi, nû kumt uns diu zit,
Der kleinen vogelline sanc,
Ez gruonet wol diu linde breit,
Zergangen ist der winter lanc;
Nû siht man bloumen wol getân,
An der heiden üebent si ir schîn:
Des wirt vil manie herze vrô;
Des selben træstet sich daz mîn.

Hurra! the summer time is nigh!
Thus ran the birdling’s song:
Now greeneth fair the linden high,
Past is the winter long.
Now comely flowers are blooming round,
On every field they shine:
And every heart doth gayly bound
As leaps this heart of mine!

—Ending with a *chip, chip, chip, chip, cher roo, cher roo, cheeppy, cheeppy, cheeppy, cheeppy, chooraloo, che weet, che weet, che weet, cher oodle, oodle, ooo, oo* stave, translatable into no known language.

The oldest poem in English describes the coming of spring, and I will give it here, although I have seen it in every newspaper and school-book of literature for the last ten years.

Summer is i-cumen in
 Lhude sing cuccu.
 Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
 And springeth the wede nu.
 Sing cuccu, cuccu.
 Awe bleteth after lomb :
 Lhouth after calue cu.
 Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
 Merrie sing cuccu,
 Cuccu, cuccu.
 Wel singes thu cuccu,
 Ne swik thu nauer nu :
 Sing cuccu nu,
 Sing cuccu !

“Spring is coming” wrote somebody once in prose poetry. Spring is coming! hear the drumming of the pheasant all so pleasant ’mid the budding of the trees, and the singing of the bees in the distant, quiet wildwood, where the wonted steps of childhood seek in summer’s sultry hours cooling shades beneath the bowers.

Yes—this is fine weather for the juveniles; and mightily do they enjoy it. The more aristocratic are now elaborately equipt in short-tailed frocks, with plaid gaiters on their little footsy-tootsies; and with a yard of broad ribbon behind, and a mighty hat with a trailing feather on their heads, are led forth, looking like hand-organ monkeys, for a walk, to the amazement of more democratic infants, who having no French bonnes or Irish biddies to carry them about in cleanly captivity, revenge themselves on Fortune by damming up puddles, erecting chip-forts, making mud-pies, whooping, screaming, and chasing each other, and by indulging in all that miscellaneous and health-inspiring mischief domestically known as “running round in the dirt.”

Some dried-up old sinner once asserted that there was so little poetry in childhood, that he couldn’t even find a rhyme to it. No sooner had the statement been bruited abroad than divers American editors went to work vigorously to disprove it, and their refutations were both numerous and ingenious. One of them is given in the prose poetry last cited—some of the others were are follows :

Ye wanton imps of childhood,
 What are ye doing there?
 Come down from off that piled wood,
 Or I’ll be in your hair !

These groundnuts have been styled good,
 Take some of them, my dears !
 And thank the giver's mild mood,
 That he don't box your ears !

The rogues first stood in wild mood,
 Then hastened from the sticks,
 To save, as every child would,
 The peanuts and the licks.

I have heard a poet regret that it was impossible to employ *sounds* in writing, and to inspire his readers with the melodies which had suggested so many of his songs. For my part, I wish that I could scatter sunshine over my pages, and cause the reader to swim in the delicious air-bath of fine weather which pours in through my window. Could books be written in such a manner, a library would be a Paradise of dainty delights, for even a half-penny ballad would obviate the necessity of winter clothing, and a judicious quotation might save the expense of an umbrella. If, in addition to this, the muse would only inspire lays which would board and lodge people, it is not impossible that some of the old-fogy Philistines might in time be induced by hard coaxing to lay aside a little of the prejudice with which they regard divine Poesy and its ministering bards, and even be induced to give them a respectable rank in *their* world,——Heaven save the mark !

The world is his who enjoys it as the cloak is his whom it covers, and all the *ipse dixits* of all the kings in the world—of all the leaders of fashion—of all the old fogies—of all foplings and illiterate fast men—of all cliques and coteries, cannot deprive a man of, or elevate him to the rank of a true gentleman—cosmopolite—good fellow—scholarly—bon Gualtier. For a good-hearted *fidel* man of the world can look *down* on all of these above-specified humbugs, but all of their rank and wealth will never enable them to look down on him.

If asked what this burst of cosmopolite laudation has to do with spring, I can only reply that there is something in the atmosphere of a day like this which is eminently suggestive of freedom from all the swaddling-bands of provincial humbug and narrow conventionalism. The breeze which wafts me in imagination over Capri and Sorrento, bears me not so much *to* the Beautiful as *away from* all the littleness, and cant, and screeching ghostliness which gather at times like rust around the best of us.

And so, bless the spring, I say, for it is the vernal time when all good fellows flourish in high feather, and when all things swim along as they list, the world being then permitted to go its own way even more than usual. The muslin, it is true, musses hearts a little more than it did in cold weather, for there are other sentiments which come to a head in these times besides an insatiate craving for early vegetables; but these be delicious cares which rather promote cosmopolite philosophy than otherwise. And lo! as I write, there goes a feminine case in point, in such a love of a chapeau with emeraldine trimmings, that I can fairly sympathize with the young lady who so doated on pale green silk that she declared she could "really live on it." And the spring has come, and the winter has gone, and the birds they sing, and the buds they blow, and the pretty girls they promenade, and the gentlemen they run after them, and (*donner and doria!* where's my hat and cane?)—and Meister Karl has been singing all the morning on paper the same old song which, with variations, was sung by the first poet ages before the flood, and which will be sung and printed for ages to come, world without end. Adieu, reader: long before you have finished the following ballad, Meister Karl will be half a mile down the street, talking even greater nonsense than he has scribbled. "It's nater, sir—it's nater!"

Uprose the wild old winter king
 And shook his beard of snow;
 I hear the first young harebell ring,
 'Tis time for me to go!
 Northward o'er the icy rocks,
 Northward o'er the sea,
 My daughter comes with sunny locks:
 This land's too warm for me.

And softly came the fair young queen,
 O'er mountain, dale, and dell;
 And where her golden light was seen
 An emerald shadow fell.
 The good wife oped the window wide,
 The good man spanned the plough;
 'Tis time to run, 'tis time to ride!
 For Spring is with us now!

And the city maiden smiled that day,
 In all her loveliness;
 I must pack my furs and things away,
 And think of a new spring dress.

A new chapeau—a feather fine!
 Light gloves and ribbons gay—
 Oh winter wild!—oh maiden mine!
 Thus runs the world away!

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

OF ROME AND DIVERS THINGS THEREIN AND THEREOUT.

Salve, o Roma! o di portenti
 Veneranda sepoltura
 La nequizia dé viventi
 Oscurato ha il tuo splendor:
 Ma ti resta la sventura
 Ma ti resta il tuo dolor.—P. A. FIORENTINO.

WE entered Rome—not as conquerors in the classic days, as barbarians in the Dark Ages, or as pilgrims of the Mediæval time were wont to do, but simply as travellers of the nineteenth century—a character which to a certain degree combines all of these. But we entered it under pleasant circumstances, and at a pleasant time too, just at the quiet thought-hour, when the silver moonlight, mingling with the crimson and purple of the fast-fading “evening Aurora,” showed us dim in the distance the high spires and roofs of the glorious city. Far away over the desolate Campagna extended long lines of ancient aqueducts, seeming, in the uncertain evening haze, like vast rows of palm-trees with interlacing tops. And as we came nearer, a thousand objects awakened a thousand associations. There was not a building, not a ruin, which did not recall our early studies, our early hopes, and our early longings to visit this city of the past.

Ah, little thought I, when in school I sat
 Glowing with Roman story, I should live
 To tread the Appian.

That melancholy beauty, which after a short residence in the Eternal City seems to attach itself to all objects therewith connected, is presaged for miles before approaching its gates, in the broad and silent Campagna. Every one who has read or dreamed of Rome, must have formed an idea—and probably a correct one

—of the general appearance of these vast plains, which present so little to the eye and so much to the imagination. The scattered huts or inns, the occasional flocks and wild-looking shepherds, or the young artists seeking for studies, have become of late years familiar to every frequenter of national galleries or turner over of portfolios and annuals.

“Yes,” quoth the Wolf. “Every thing is, or will be, romantic in time to somebody. Perhaps the very cabman of the nineteenth century will loom out as terribly to the romance-writer of the twenty-fifth as do Roland and Palmerin to us. And I dare say that, could the novelist James of that future day get a glimpse of this clumsy old diligence as it rolls onward in the sunset light toward Rome, and see yon solitary horseman who pursues that pig, the beginning of a fashionable romance would leap spontaneously to his heart, rise and expand in copious chapters in his brain, and at the first convenient opportunity find vent in volumes from his fluent pen.”

But, alas! on entering Rome all poetic and romantic reflection is speedily converted from grave to gay—if indeed that abomination of bitterness, the search of our baggage by the douaniers, can be in any manner enrolled under the head of gayety. Lively enough is it for some, if not severe.

And now may all execrations invented and non-invented, fall to the share of the trunk-rifling and pocket-picking rascal who first invented this system of search—this system which by bribery spares the guilty and grieves the innocent. May the excommunication of Ernulphus light on him, and let him be Anathema, Maranathema, Baranathema, Maranatha!! May all the hobgoblins of the black valley of Mistorak fly away with the house “in which was married the father of the bishop, who consecrated the priest, who married the mother of the man, who manufactured the axe which cut the wood, from which was made the handle of the spade with which they dug up the earth to plant the genealogical tree of him and of all like him.” *In secula sæculorum. Finis!*

This for the benefit of those requiring it—and their name is Legion. For on the whole, an old stager on the Grande Route has but little to fear from them. *Parbleu!* They recognise him free-masonically—tip the wink—raise the eyebrows—screw up the mouth—shrug!—little do they ever extract from *his*

doubly-thumped and trebly-batterfanged old sole-leather *malle*. It may be redolent of the best Havanas, or have an invoice of Geneva watches, Brussels laces, and Paris kids pasted on the outside as a table of contents—no matter. *Contraband!*—fudge! The blessing of the priest converts flesh into fish; the skill of the restaurateur changes pet pussies into favourite dishes; the learning of the cosmetic-chemist metamorphoses age into youth; the wisdom of Solomon Isaacs transmogrifies old garments into new; the tact of the lawyer makes the worse appear the better cause; and the magic spell of the *ready*—otherwise known as money, cash, tin, stuff, rhino, root-of-all-evil, blunt, wherewithal, rowdy, funds, stumpy, pecuniary, dibs, hard, browns, heavy, mopusses, slugs, shiners, lucre, or “the filthy,” dust, gelt, chips, lumps, chinkers, mint-drops, pewter, brass, horsenails, rocks, brads, spondulix, needful, dough, spoons, buttons, dimes, or the infallible—will convert every article and item in that old sole-leather into “duty free.”

So that when the government applied to Wolf for his keys, he drew them out in such haste that several coins were removed with them, and the whole assortment transferred to the palm of the *douanier*, who curious-coincidentally, in the confusion, took no heed of the mistake, and the following friendly dialogue ensued:

Douanier. “Any thing contraband?”

Wolf. “What an absurd notion!”

Douanier. “Quite ridiculous—isn’t it?”

Wolf. “Perfectly ridiculous.”

Douanier. “Any tobacco?”

Wolf, (filling his pipe.) “Not a fraction.”

Douanier, (opens trunks and discovers two boxes of Havanas and some books.) “No cigars, I presume?”

Wolf. “Of course not. Ahem!—you may take half a dozen out of that open box—they’re good.”

Douanier, (grins and pockets them.) “These books are all guide-books—ain’t they?”

Wolf. “Every one of ’em.”

Douanier, (doubtfully.) “All for Rome?”

Wolf. “All roads, my friend, lead to Rome.”

Douanier, (grinning.) “No Bibles, I suppose? They’re prohibited.”

Wolf. “Haven’t seen one these five years.”

Then the douanier relocked the trunk and restored the keys, having first dexterously, and, as he thought, unseen by Wolf, stolen a book and a hair-brush, which he at once hid under a table. But the eyes of Short were upon him, and he gravely replaced the missing articles in a manner which might have induced a bystander to suppose that this was a regular part of the ceremony.

The Wolf had been in his time through many searches, and when younger had "suffered some." He had heard pretty young English ladies and New York belles call a searcher, "*une grand villain et wretch et rascâl*," for shaking out their linen to the delighted gaze of a grinning multitude. He had seen a Russian, with all the impudence of the devil, tell a douanier of his own country that a number of transparent pills which rolled out of his trunk over the floor were sugar-plums, and induced him to taste one. And he had laughed at Meister Karl, when the searchers of the Russian frontier took from the latter every fragment of newspaper, from the size of a sixpence upward, which they could find in his baggage, and all because two lead-pencils had been inadvertently wrapped in a bit of that highly incendiary and red-republican publication, *Die Allgemeine Zeitung*. He had, when wandering in vacations from divers universities, even set a French douanier to laughing, and ended the search by asking him, "Where the devil he supposed a travelling student could raise the capital to deal in contraband?"—albeit the official had already nosed out a meerschaum, and laying his finger on the tip, impressively declared his conviction that where the *tail* of the fox was, the rest couldn't be far off.

And he had "bluffed" a German searcher who asked if he had any tobacco, by replying—"No, but I hope *you* have?" But I doubt if he had ever found the place through which he had not run a collection of divers little contraband conveniencies, with the assistance of palaver, politeness, and a little *change*.

The search concluded, then came that second care, to procure lodgings. From hotel to hotel we wandered, until we chanced upon a party of good fellows of different nations whom Wolf knew, (he knew everybody,) who led us to the caravansary where they dwelt. But we proposed to remain in Rome for a long time, and accordingly sought for a suite of rooms in a more retired situation. The landlord of the hotel, of course, assured us that

this would be impossible, that the town was full of *forestieri*—of strangers—awaiting the Carnival, and that lodgings were worth, if not their weight, at least their content in silver. But even in Juvenal's time any thing could be obtained in Rome for money. "*Omni Romæ cum pretio.*" So we soon obtained right pleasant rooms. If the reader cares to know, I can tell him that they were in the Via Ripetta, overlooking in part the yellow Tiber, and not far from the Porto Ripetta and the Palazzo Borghese.

Our new landlord was a shrewd, intelligent individual—a man of some note in the annals of the Roman police, and who distinguished himself by kindness and attention toward us, his boarders. GIUSEPPE! I have seen thy name sadly berated in liberal Italian prints, and have heard thee cursed even in New York by the carbonari of Young Italy, but I found no just cause for it in thy rooms or in the neat breakfasts which thy kind-hearted lady served up to us. And I could tell one or two good stories of thee, GIUSEPPE, if I so listed; but, as it occurs to me, on second thought, that thou couldst probably tell one or two in return, we'll even cry quits and draw the game!

But I will give the reader, in place thereof, Wolf's bill at the hotel which we quitted. The Wolf was a confirmed and shameless old *rat*, as French hotel-keepers call those who regard a hotel simply as a place to breakfast and sleep in, (if indeed they do that.) He liked to have a den to receive cards in, but preferred living "about town in spots," as young C——called it. But the bill:

HOTEL D'ALLEMAGNE.

A Rome.

Tenu par.

FRANZ ROESLER, RUE CONDOTTI, No. 88.

SIG. WOLFO SHORTO, D.D., *Appartement No. —.*

Rome, le 5 Fevrier 18—.

		Scudi.	Balocchi.
Fev. 3.	1 Flacon d'Orvieto.....	20	
"	1 Thé é beurre.....	30	
"	1 Flacon d'Orvieto.....	20	
"	1 Panier du Bois.....	80	
"	1 Flacon d'Orvieto.....	20	
Fev. 4.	1 Flacon d'Orvieto.....	20	
"	2 Dejeuners.....	60	
"	2 Flacons d'Orvieto.....	40	
"	2 Dinners.....	1	20
"	1 Flacon d'Orvieto.....	20	

		Scudi.	Baiocchi.
Fev. 4.	2 Bougies.....		40
"	1 Flacon d'Orvieto.....		20
Fev. 5.	2 Flacons d'Orvieto.....		40
"	2 Dejeuners.....	1	00
"	1 Flacon d'Orvieto.....		20
"	Logement 2 jours.....	3	00
"	(Et flacon d'Orvieto).....		20
"	En comptant.....	4	60
"	1 Flacon d'Orvieto.....		20
"	Service de la Maison.....	1	20
"	1 Flacon d'Orvieto.....		20
"	1 Potage et poulet, et.....		50
"	1 Flacon d'Orvieto.....		20
		16	60
Payé,		A. ALLOBELLI, SGO.	

From which it simply appears that the Wolf not only paid his bills, (a very commendable thing,) but had acquired a somewhat remarkable relish for the Roman wine, *Orvieto*, which is a very good tipple when not sugar-of-leaded; resembling greatly the old-fashioned drink of *perry*, or pear-cider.

And now, reader, where shall I lead you, "'mid deathless lairs in solemn Rome?" Often have I thought, during the previous chapters—yea even from the beginning—of the fine times you and I would have together if I could once persuade you so far. For I was thinking of you all the while, though you never knew it! And now that we're here, I hardly know where to turn! Ruins?—alack, other tourists have ruined or ruinized Rome so thoroughly, that he who can start up a new idea on *that* subject is the master of Meister Karl. Patience, patience—let us sit down awhile and smoke!

From this window we can see far in the distance the Tiber, and beyond it the prison-castle of St. Angelo. There CAGLIOTRO was once confined, and before and after him many a better man than he. And hold! now that I think of it, I believe that I can recall an old legend about that same castle. Let me see! ah, yes, it is recorded in the *Exempla Vitiorum et Virtutum* of that most credulous but excellent writer JANUS NICIUS ERYTHREUS, and for the truth of which legend he vouches, it having been narrated to him by his friend P. Jo. Franciscus Carettonius, a most excellent and trustworthy Jesuit. Let me seek for the book; ah! here it is, now listen!—

"In the year 1620, there dwelt in Rome a certain gentleman fearfully given to all manner of hard-living and debauchery. The one redeeming trait in his character was an extreme reverence for the dead, and the incredible zeal which he constantly manifested for the welfare of their souls. Whence it came that he made for himself many friends among the departed, as appears in the following instance :

"This gentleman, though loved by the Dead, had yet many bitter enemies among the living, who constantly strove, both by night and by day, to take his life, so that he ran a great risk in venturing forth. But being naturally a bold man, he put but little restraint on himself. And one night, having crossed the Tiber, he saw on the great oak which formerly stood not far from the Castle of San Angelo, the limbs of a criminal who had that day been drawn and quartered, swinging in the wind. And as he gazed, he beheld, to his great horror, these limbs draw together, unite again into a whole body, and, leaping to the ground, approach him. Then the dead man, seizing his horse by the bridle, bade him dismount and await his return, which he did : and the corpse assuming a form like unto his own, rode onward. Nor had he gone above sixty paces from where the gentleman stood, ere four masked bravoës, rushing upon him, strove with many blows and stabs to assassinate this their supposed enemy, casting him from his horse and then taking to flight. After which, the twice-slain, returning to the gentleman, said, 'These thine enemies would surely have killed thee, had not I, by the command of God, taken thy place. The which was a reward for the pious regard which thou hast ever manifested toward the dead. Continue, therefore, in these good thoughts, and in future lead a better and purer life !' Which having said, the dead man again ascended the oak-tree, and, dividing into four parts, hung as before.

"This remarkable adventure had upon the gentleman such an effect, that he, in compliance with the exhortation of the dead man, ever after in all things led a godly and righteous life. And may the same ever be our lot and example ! Amen."

If we now look, reader, from our front window, we shall see a fountain on the opposite side of the street, and which is visited ever and anon by some girl with a pitcher, or by a thirsty ragamuffin. Fountains form objects of no ordinary attraction in Eu-

rope; and many, from their antiquity, beauty, or singularity, have been themes of special comment with the artist or antiquary. There is something to me attractive in the very nature of a fountain—it runs on so quietly and gently, and is withal so useful. What a pleasant little inscription is that which Ramler once wrote for one!—

Immer rinnet diese Quelle,
Niemals plaudert ihre Welle
Komm, Wandrer, hier zu ruhn!
Komm, lern an dieser Quelle
Stillschweigend Gutes thun.

And which is thus translated by MRS. FOLLEN—

Lo! this fount is flowing ever;
But the fountain prattles never!
Traveller! at this fountain stay:
Learn of it with pure endeavour
Good to do and nothing say.

The fountains of Rome have been famed for centuries, and there is no city which contains so many. Some are humble and droll, such as the one farther along the Via Ripetta, which represents a funny-looking fellow holding a barrel, from the bung of which rushes a continual stream. You would suppose that it was wine, instead of Adam's ale, which runs out so freely. And there, too, in Rome is the splendid fountain of Trevi, which rushes downward like a hurrying sea. In all ages popular superstition has been prone to regard fountains as things of life; and here in Erythræus is a legend of this nature, which may refer, for aught I know, to one of the very fountains we have seen this morning. To me the story has an altogether strange air, which smacks quite as much of Northern mysticism as of Classic mythology:

“There is, even at the present day, a fountain in Rome, which is celebrated for the freshness and beauty of its waters. And it happened on a time when many young maidens were there assembled, busily engaged in washing, that one among them missed a golden bracelet which she greatly prized. And suspecting that one of her companions had stolen it, she insisted that all should submit to be searched; which they, conscious of their innocence, cheerfully did. But the bracelet not being found, the young girl, weeping bitterly, invoked a heavy curse ‘upon the one who

kept it.' And no sooner had these words passed her lips, ere *the fountain*, which had hitherto been so pure and sparkling, ran thick and foul with black mud, so that no further use could be made of its water. And, some days afterward, a search being instituted to ascertain the cause of this unprecedented pollution, her bracelet was found at its bottom and restored to the owner. This being done, the fountain at once recovered its pristine purity, which it still retains." (*Continus pristinus fonti nitor accessit.*)

And now, reader, put on your hat and let's go out. I shall give you no descriptions of Rome; they are all chronicled in lay and song, in picture and poem, in sketch-book and guide. Let us rather smoke our cigars, sprawling out on ruins in the sunshine, or linger in thought among broken walls and quiet nooks, dreaming over the past.

Here we are in the Colisæum, and enjoying a beautiful day, such as is seen and felt only in Italy. A poor religieuse kneels near us, performing the circuit of the stations, and passengers, as they go by, stop and kiss the holy cross in the centre. Every kiss—so reads its inscription—frees a soul from one hundred days of purgatory. How still and calm it is! with no sound heard save the chirping of birds as they flutter about among the moss-covered piles, or, it may be, the distant hum of the city. The slanting sun-rays steal in, broad and wide, through mossy crevices, and wind like golden serpents over the ruined arches. And now the nameless enchantment of the place is strong upon me. It seems as if at some time far back in the past—it may have been countless ages ago—I had been here before! Does the soul, indeed, as the Platonist thought, sometimes recall the prophetic feeling with which it once, far back in the dawn of time, read its whole future?

Dream away the days where I will—in the Borghese Gardens, by the pyramid of Caius Cestus, or amid the ruins of Hadrian's villa, there still comes over me a sweet, sad feeling, unlike that inspired by any other city. In Rome I am no longer in the present—my whole life becomes a reflex of the dim and mighty Past.

Such is Rome by day—but it may be that we have the evening before us. Let us wrap our cloaks about us and sally forth.

I have somewhere read of one who believed that he had two

lives, one of which passed in the world, and the other in the Dream-Land of Sleep. And so it is with all beautiful night landscapes, which, under the magic colouring of moonlight and star-ray, wear quite another aspect from that which they present in the reality of day. Truly, he who has seen Rome only during the world's busy hours, has seen but half of its beauty.

Let him who would fully behold the Glorious City, walk up the Via Condotti and ascend the stairs. These stairs, by-the-way, always reminded me of that flight which we see depicted in the old edition of the Pilgrim's Progress as ascending to the Blessed City. Like them, they spread invitingly upward, giving a promise of new visions of romance and beauty—a promise which is well fulfilled. Look forth from their summit upon the view which lies around half visible in the darkness, half-hidden in the misty moonlight. The quaint Italian houses with their broad-tiled roofs, the balconies, gardens, streets, and distant churches, seem like the views in a panorama. It is no longer the Rome of the Cæsars which we behold, but the Rome of the Middle Ages—the Rome of Rienzi and of the Borgia.

Or else stroll through the streets, lighted less by the lamps which twinkle here and there before the images of the Virgin than by the glowing moonlight. The business of the day is over, but the street yet echoes with the ring of many voices, and at every corner is heard the ring of the guitar and little serenades, such as this :

Che piacere mai la notte,
Passegiare a ciel sereno
Come e grato, quanto ameno
Della Luna lo splendor.

Donzelle, mia Carina
Deh! venite ed ascoltate
Ed il sonno discacciate
Che parlar vi vuo d'amor!

How sweet by night to stray,
When skies are blue and fair,
Beneath the moon's bright ray!
How soft the summer air!

Thou dearest maid—arise!
And listen while we rove!
Drive slumber from thine eyes,
For I will sing of love!

And now, reader, stop with me here by the pillars of this old palace in the deep moon-shadow, and watch the passers-by. Here is no sound save the rustling and splashing of yonder diamond-dropping fountain, which, by day and night, ever runneth merrily on with—

A noise like of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June;
That to the sleepy woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Who is the first passer-by? An Englishman, probably on his way to the Colisæum, as his guide-book and the love of novelty direct. There is no mistaking him; he is decidedly one of "the ubiquitous." That earnest, manly step, indicative of "old Teutonic pluck," the tweed shooting-coat, rather scrimpily cut, the earnest and not incurious glance which he at times bends on some object, the squared-off pantaloons, the stove-pipe hat, the shoulder-of-mutton whiskers, the broad shoulders, and the standing collar, all indicate *his* nation.

Here comes a Roman of the lower order. Mark that face and eye—it is one which you will often see in Italy. Lazzaroni-like and brigand-like together, it is not devoid of an expression which reminds one of gentle blood. He wears an overcoat, not on his back, however, but over his breast, with the sleeves hanging down behind; for he dreads a cold on the lungs more than a stab between the shoulders. In Rome, the consumption is more feared than the pest, and is believed to be equally contagious. Let it be known that a lodger has the sad disease, and they will first turn him out to die in the street, and then burn the bed in which he has slept.

And now a Roman girl—alone. But what of that? No suspicion attaches itself to a woman here unless she be accompanied. What a beautiful dress the Roman peasantry wear, and what an indescribably romantic effect does that square handkerchief *coiffure* present! And what a walk! What a majestic gait! There is no place in the world where women walk so gracefully as in Rome. Many theories have been proposed to account for this gracefulness of motion. One is, that it is owing to their habit of carrying heavy weights, such as jars of water, on the head—an idea sufficiently disproved by the fact that the highborn ladies of the land, who never carry any thing, are quite as graceful.

But who, in the name of Bacchus and Raphael, are these two romantic-looking gentlemen arrayed in velvet paletots or sleeved cloaks, with an innumerable array of little buttons bivouacked in two rows from the beard to the knees? One sports the sombrero

of Reubens, another the barber's-basin hat of Raphael. Long hair! long moustaches! A couple of artists, slightly inspired with something a little stronger than Orvieto, on their way homeward from the *Café del Greco*—the one a German, the other an Anglo-Saxon, to judge from the songs which they troll, regardless of tune, time, the world, and of each other. "Sweet *sounds* to fly about the streets of Rome," those! I suspect that Anglo-Saxon baritone, from his hook-handled, hickory cane, and from the indomitable independence of his gait, to be an American. Home with you, my young friends! Pleasant be your dreams of high art in general, and of pretty young models in particular!

Well, friend reader, shall we wend our way sleepward? Here we are now by the Porta Ripetta. Let us gaze an instant at the tall houses, with their strange balconies and light-flashing windows reflected in the muddy Tiber. Why did Horace express astonishment that his friend Sybaris was afraid to bathe in its foul waters?

Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere?

Why does he fear to touch the yellow Tiber?

I can well imagine that any gentleman of cleanly habits would think twice ere attempting such an exploit.

The city has sunk to rest. Far, far away, in the direction of St. Peter's, I hear the crow of a cock. 'Tis the bird of warning as well as dawning, and summons us now, not to rise, but to repose. Reader—good night!

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

(AS IT WAS ACTED IN THE YEAR 1847.)

Le Carnival qui approchait lui en fournait l'occasion, car c'est une époque qui montre le peuple de Rome tel qu'il est.

VIE DE LA PRINCESSE BORGHESE.

This feast is term'd the Carnival; which, being
Interpreted, implies—"Farewell to flesh;"
When there is fiddling, singing, drinking, masking.

BYRON.

"How shall I ever describe thee, thou glorious Carnival? How can I ever hope to convey even the shadow of an idea of thy exquisite folly, thy delicious madness? As well might the opium-eater hope to paint his fairy-land visions, or a German *Geister Scher* to describe the brilliant phantasma of the seventh sphere."

"There is one month in the year," say the sober-minded Turks, "during which Christians are insane." And, truly, he who does not enter into the spirit of the Carnival, may well deem himself in a world of lunatics. All the eccentricity, all the grotesqueness, all the wit, folly, singularity, and oddity which can be devised by a people who are eccentric and romantic in their soberest moments, are then brought into play.

There is a broad and beautiful street in Rome called the CORSO, any part of which presents views which might serve for scenes in the theatres. From every window in this street, curtains of crimson and gold, or of blue and silver, are hung; and the balconies which project from every house are similarly adorned. These are occupied almost exclusively by beautiful women, in every variety of costume which history can suggest, caprice invent, or imagination devise. Joan of Arc, from one window, makes war on you with sugar-plums; Pulcinella pelts

you with peas, while a chance Contadina half kills you with kisses and comfits. Anon, a beautiful Odalisque tosses you a flower, while, from an opposing balcony, a Louis Quatorze beauty discharges an egg full on your devoted coat. With heartfelt agony you watch it as it breaks, and lo! it is filled with cologne water! With a smile on your lips and rage in your heart, you dash on only to encounter new showers of comfits and new storms of bouquets.

Such is the main business of the Carnival—to ride through the Corso in a carriage, or to stand in a balcony, exchanging volleys of flowers and sugar-plums with the passers-by, and to crowd at night into a masked ball or the opera. But the thousand-and-one little incidents which serve to interest and amuse, while you hardly perceive them—the flirtations of a minute—the coquetries of a second—all these, unimportant by themselves, taken together, serve admirably to dispel the least trace of ennui, and throw an air of romance over the whole scene.

The missiles generally employed during the Carnival are of three sorts, namely—"The Indifferent," "The Complimentary," "The Offensive." Among the indifferent, I class the plaster sugar-plums. These are made either of small balls of clay, or peas, coated over with a mixture of lime and water; and, when thrown with energy against any dark object, such as a coat or hat, leave a white mark. When the face and hands are pelted, or the lime-powder gets into the eyes, the sensation is rather painful than otherwise. The Papal government, mindful of this fact, issue the strictest commands against such missiles being made of a larger size than the samples which are deposited in the Police Office. These commands are obeyed with an accuracy only equalled by that of the New York and Philadelphia boys in regard to the Fourth-of-July edicts against fireworks.

The Complimentary, for the greater part, consist of small bouquets, which are sold in vast numbers at an extremely low price—say a shilling the half-peck. To these may be added fancy confectionery of every description, as well as artificial flowers. The extravagance of the Roman ladies and gentlemen, in these last two items, passes belief. I seriously believe that many a man literally throws away daily, during the Carnival,

more money than he spends weekly at other seasons. But who thinks of prudence or economy at such a time? Carnival is short and Lent is long; therefore, *vive la bagatelle*, and hang to-morrow! Such is the principle which actuates every one during this soul-expanding-week.

The greater part of a man's happiness at this period depends upon the skill and tact which he displays in discharging the last-mentioned class of missiles. Should he merely fill his carriage with flowers, and blindly throw away, right and left, at every girl he meets, he may, indeed, stand a chance of getting flowers in return; but the kind looks, the sweet smiles, (not to mention the little bags and baskets full of sugar-plums,) all of these delicate and interesting attentions will be lost to him.

What should he do? For the benefit of those gentlemen who propose passing the next Carnival at Rome, I would say, throw your bouquets at individuals, and not, as most do, at windows and carriages. Always select an individual—catch her eye; and, holding out your bouquet in such a manner as to indicate that it is for her alone, toss it gently to her. Having done this, you may, with modest confidence, hold out your hat to catch any thing which she may cast in return.

The indifferent missiles vary in the manner in which they are applied. Should they be gently tossed, with a sweet smile, we may safely class them among the complimentary; but when thrown with violence, they are most decidedly offensive. They consist, in part, of oranges, lemons, large balls of sugar, heavy bon-bons, and bouquets in which the stem is the principal part.

The third class of missiles includes potatoes, pebbles, cabbage-stalks, &c., all of which are contraband.

The Corso is undoubtedly the head-quarters of the Carnival; but it does not by any means monopolize all the fun. In order to prevent confusion, carriages are compelled to follow each other in succession, keeping to the left, as the Roman law directs. To return to their place, they are obliged to make a *detour* through another street, generally the Ripetta; therefore the Ripetta becomes itself the scene of a small carnival. Moreover, all those pedestrian masks to whom acting is necessary in order to freely exhibit the part which they have assumed, are obliged to seek a

street not over crowded, such as the Ripetta, in order to obtain an audience. The visitor, therefore, who wishes to freely enjoy the Carnival, must not neglect this street.

These pedestrian maskers are, to many, the most interesting part of the Carnival. Every one is sustaining a part; and not unfrequently two or three unite for this purpose. You will see banditti bending low, and stealing with stealthy steps around the corner, threatening to rob the unwary passer-by of his last sugar-plum. An elderly lady, apparently from the country, with a coal-scuttle bonnet and mask admirably adapted to express terror and confusion, rushes madly through the crowd at right angles, shrieking aloud for her lost child. A man bearing his wife on his back, and six children hung round, passes by; you laugh, but are deceived by the sight; nor is it until a close examination that you discover that, of all this interesting family, the *man* only is real—the wife and children being composed of *papier-maché*.

I observed a party of maskers in a car festooned with ever-green, and drawn by a donkey neatly dressed for the occasion in white pantaloons and brown coat, with his tail in a bag. The unfortunate animal walked along with slow steps, apparently in a dream. He was completely confused, bewildered. No longer an inhabitant of this world, he was apparently in a transition state to that future life where, according to the Pantagruelist, beasts change conditions with their masters.

Every one at Rome, as I have already intimated, either gives or receives flowers during this period. But how can this apply to young ladies who are doomed, by cruel fate or a cross papa, to sit in third, fourth, or even fifth-story windows, and watch the passers-by? Roman genius has surmounted this difficulty by an astonishing invention. This consists of a number of wooden bars, joined together in such a manner that when opened their united length is sufficient to reach the said window; but when closed and lying together parallel, they may be carried without difficulty under the arm. To open and shut these ingenious contrivances requires skill. When a gentleman wishes to convey a flower or bon-bon to a lady, he attaches it to the end of this machine and shoots it up to her window. She, detaching it, affixes another, which the machine, closing, with a noise like the report of a pistol, bears to its master.

The war with the plaster-plums rages to a terrible extent. English gentlemen and ladies are, however, the principal actors in this offensive warfare. They are the only persons who are so carried away by mad excitement and over-heated enthusiasm, as to literally pour the plaster by the peck upon passers-by, without distinction of age or sex. To protect yourself from such foes, it is necessary to wear a wire mask, a blouse, a broad-brimmed white sombrero, and a smiling face, (for a Carnival mask doth hardly conceal the features.) Thus armed and equipped according to universal custom, you may bid defiance to a pelting world. The Carnival of each day begins at two o'clock, and closes just before the *Angelus*, with a horse-race. The steeds—according to the universal custom which has given the street its name—run directly through the Corso, from the Obelisk to Torlonia's palace. In this race, the horses are without riders; and being goaded to the last pitch previous to the start, are urged on by the pricking and clattering of the sharp iron plates with which they are hung, as well as by the shouts of the spectators. So excited do the latter become at this spectacle, that it requires the utmost efforts, at the close of the race, for the soldiers to prevent them from rushing in and stopping the horses. Several times, during this present Carnival, men have been very seriously wounded by the bayonets of the guard.

And so it goes on, madder and madder, and wilder and wilder, like the witches' festival of a Walpurgis night. On the *last* day, the excitement is at its highest pitch. Flowers, bon-bons, and plums are thrown, poured, and shot with an unsparing hand. The number of carriages is doubled. Multitudes of maskers, hitherto unseen, make their appearance; while many of the old stagers vary their dresses in such a manner as to give a new interest to the scene. But the climax of this delirium appears in the hour succeeding the race of the last day. Then, indeed, the traveller will behold a spectacle wilder, stranger, and more exciting than any thing which he has ever before imagined.

I refer to the ceremony of "Extinguishing the Carnival," as it is termed—a ceremony in which every one bears a part. Let us imagine the masking and pelting of the day well over, and the revellers returning by thousands from the race. Suddenly a noise is heard in the direction of the Corso; and you, perceiv-

ing that all the maskers are bending their way thither, join them.

As you enter the Corso, a light like that of an immense conflagration appears. You press on, and as you enter, a sight meets your eyes, the like of which the world cannot furnish. The whole street, more than a mile in length, is crowded to suffocation with crowds of people, every individual bearing in his hands a torch or taper. Lights are flashing from roof and balcony, and their glare is reflected from the crimson and gold canopies which yet overhang the houses. The carriages still continue their course, but their occupants are holding tapers; and, at intervals, in the crowd, you see long poles to which lanterns are hung or torches tied. It would seem as if the entire population of Rome were bent on illuminating the Corso to the utmost extent. As you gaze, you perceive that these lights are continually being extinguished and relighted. Every individual appears bent on beating out his neighbour's light and preserving his own; and against every luckless wight whose tapers are thus extinguished, or who appears taperless on the ground, the cry of "*SENZA MOCCOLO*" is raised by his more fortunate neighbours. These two words, signifying literally, "without a candle," are the only ones which are heard. Formerly, the cry raised during the "Extinguishment" was, "*Sia ammazato chi non porta moccolo*"—"Let him who is without a taper be assassinated." But, in these days, assassination is becoming unpopular even in Rome. And the roar of the voices—which is truly overpowering—the red, flashing sheet, appearing in the distance like a gulf of fire, and the quaint devices which everywhere meet the eye, are enough, in truth, to make the spectator believe that all the wildest delusions, the maddest magic fantasies of Domdaniel, or the "House of Wrath," are being realized in the city of Rome.

The lights which are used in the "*Senza Moccolo*" consist of slender wax tapers with large wicks. Several of these are twisted together, and a large flame is thus produced, which it would be next to impossible to blow out with the breath. To effect the extinguishment of these, the Roman ties one end of a handkerchief to a switch, and, thus armed, flaps away right and left. It sometimes occurs that, while thus employed in "dousing the glim," the candle-holder catches hold of the handker-

chief. In such a case, if the captor be a foreigner, it is at once applied to the flame and burnt; but if a native, it is quietly pocketed.

One of the most astonishing points in these scenes is the perfect good humour which prevails throughout. An angry word, or even look, is very rare. "Were this thing tried among us," quoth Von Schwartz, my companion, from under his sombrero, "there would be more than ten thousand fights, to the death, in less than three minutes."

Von Schwartz lost *his* temper once during the "Extinguishment." A very pretty young lady in a carriage having dropped her taper, Von Schwartz politely relighted it and returned it to her. And what did the fair Italian? She not only blew out *his* light, but actually snatched it from him.

"Oh, ye Roman ladies!" groaned Von Schwartz, "would that Juvenal were alive again, even for your sakes!"——

And thus, in tumult and revel and wild uproar, ends the Carnival. But nothing strikes the observer more than the sudden transition to the gloom and silence of Lent. The sun which sets on the wildest gayety and confusion, rises on prayer, repentance, and fasting. The lord of misrule, who hath borne it bravely for a season in minivere and gold, now yields his crown to the friar and monk, who, in silent power, confess the sins of his followers——

Comedia luget—Scena est deserta.

And at night when I sat alone, I strove to recall many of the events of the day; but it was in vain, for each memory vanished in a vague, wild sensation of indefinable excitement. I thought of the "*senza moccolo*," and could recall only a flickering sea of fire. And the myriad roar and wild shrieks of the multitude now came upon me as a confused hum, or buzz, by no means exciting, but somewhat disposing me to sleepiness. And I thought that if, at the present day, any one could be gifted with the miraculous hearing of Fine-Ear, in the old fairy-tale, so that all sounds in the world could be audible to him at once, even unto the grass growing, and the trickling of the deepest waters which lie darkling under the earth, it would soon result in one vast single sound—perhaps a very dull music indeed, if not a very disagreeable one. And omniscience itself to a mortal would

be at last wearisome or maddening. So rest thee content in thy sphere, Karl, believing that one Carnival is enough in a year, as one noise is enough at a time; and that he who desires to hear more than his quantum, must have ears of the longest.

But the hum still rung in my ears and would not die. *Cynthius aurem vellet et admonuit.* I understood the signal, and my last drop of ink went out with the following rhymes :

THE WORLD'S CONCERT.

I heard the steeples pouring forth
 Their storm-bells' roaring din;
 And the songs of merry companies,
 As they sat so snug within;
 The measured tread of armies proud,
 The dash of the restless sea!—
 "And it's *buzz!*" quoth the world,
 As on she whirl'd,
 And away with the world went we!

I heard a martyr at the stake
 Groan out, "*in Domino!*"
 I heard five infants squall at night,
 While cats yell'd out below.
 I heard a preacher pounding texts
 To a godly companie;
 "And it's *buzz!*" quoth the world,
 As on she whirl'd,
 And away with the world went we!

I heard a dainty cavalier
 Sing to his ladye-love;
 While fountains in the moon-ray plash'd,
 And the lady sigh'd above.
 And I heard the click of the cold white dice,
 With curses pealing free;
 "And it's *buzz!*" quoth the world,
 As on she whirl'd,
 And away with the world went we!

I heard a swan's sweet dying song,
 I heard the tempest's breath:
 I heard a lady thrash her lord,
 And she thrash'd him half to death.
 And I heard a scholar turning leaves,
 With the scream of an angry flea!
 "And it's *buzz!*" quoth the world,
 As on she whirl'd,
 And away with the world went we!

Yes; music, thunder, growls, and groans,
 With shouts and shots in store,
 While powder-mills exploded fast—
 But I could stand no more!
 I stopp'd my ears, I howl'd a prayer,
 And swoon'd in agony:
 "And it's *buzz!*" quoth the world,
 As on she whirl'd,
 And away with the world went we!

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

LEGENDS OF FLEMISH ART.

Connubilis Amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem.

A lady made the Courier write on Art.

I WAS strolling one day with a party of gentlemen and ladies through the Museum or Picture Gallery of the Hague, enjoying that greatest intellectual pleasure—the admiration of splendid works of art in company with congenial spirits. Suddenly, Mrs. C—— exclaimed—

"What a pity, that to fully appreciate the *work*, it always seems so necessary to know something of the *artist*! And then, when travelling, we have no time to read; and at home, the pictures or statues are nearly all forgotten."

"The lives of artists are almost invariably interesting," replied Count d'Egerlyn; "and I believe that in every instance the style of the picture is the reflection of the painter's peculiar state of mind. No one ever painted well who did not mix his soul with the colours."

"Now," said Mrs. C——, "I propose that Meister Karl read or relate to us this very evening some story or other of the old painters. I would like to refresh and add to the little information I already possess."

The Meister bowed assent, and his afternoon was passed in scribbling a sketch of *Bamboche*. To this, on subsequent days, others were added, and it is not impossible that a book would have grown out of Mrs. C——'s request, had time and travel

permitted. Three or four of the shorter legends, founded on Houssaye's History of Flemish Painting, form the substance of the following chapter :

BAMBOCHE, THE VIOLIN PAINTER.

IL y a dans tous ses tableaux je ne sais quel joyeau air de violon qui vous égaye doucement. On sait qu'il avait l'habitude, comme Brackemburg, de se jouer un air avant de se mettre à l'œuvre. Son violonne le quittait pas. Pour se reposer de peindre, il jouait du violon ; pour se remettre en verve, il en jouait encore. BAMBOCHE. *A Houssaye, Hist. de la Peinture Flamande.*

THE good artist, Nicholas Poussin, had laboured long and patiently over his exquisite painting of "Arcadia" at his house in Rome, near Trinita del Monte. Line by line, shade by shade, it approached perfection. But day by day these efforts became rarer. It was only in the ever-varying intercourse with men that he could sustain his inspiration ; and, of late, the society of the artists and scholars who were wont at stated hours to surround him, had become monotonous and wearisome.

"*Pardieu!*" he exclaimed one evening, weariedly leaning back and throwing aside his brush. "This is becoming insupportable. The sketch, the outline, the body—is, indeed, mine ! But the soul, the colour, the life—whence shall I derive it?"

His reveries were broken by the distant music of a violin, which was quaintly, but wonderfully played. At times it seemed approaching the house, and would sound forth with a saucy familiarity, as if its invisible bearer was about to enter with a triumphal march, and then would suddenly retreat with a hurry-scurry, discordant vibration, as if the dogs had been set loose on it. Far in the distance it indulged in a plaintive wail, and ere long, would suddenly be heard almost under the window, quivering and starting as if the musician were in his soul reeling with laughter, and at times bolting forth the queerest scraps of Flemish and Italian drinking-songs, which reminded one of nothing so much as the intoxication of a *Kermesse*, and induced a suspicion that the inspiration of this wild musician was derived from a Bacchic source.

"It is strange!" thought Poussin; "this is the third evening that this goblin fiddle has been heard around the house; and yet no one, that I can learn, has seen the performer. Better music heard I never; stranger music, no man. It must be that the

odd fellow, since he answers none of the servants, desires speech with me alone. Let us try!"

With these words he advanced to the open casement; and, stepping forth upon the terrace, cried with a loud voice—

"*Devil*—APPEAR!"

Scarcely had he uttered these words ere there scrambled or almost tumbled down upon the terrace, from an overhanging tree, a form which half induced Poussin to believe that the invocation uttered in jest had been responded to in earnest. An odd, little humpbacked man, clad in Flemish hose and doublet, stood before him, eyeing him with a fierce glance from over an enormous pair of "*matador*" moustachios, and beneath a "*feutre à plumet*," whose bellicose position added not a little to the ruffling, swaggering aspect of the owner.

"And who art thou, friend?" asked, in his mildest tones, Poussin.

"I am BAMBOCHE!" replied with queer gravity the little man, twisting up his moustache. "Bamboche the Great!—Bamboche the Illustrious—the *Fiddling*—THE NOBLE—THE FIGHTING!"

And, drawing his bow in accompaniment over the violin, he sang, in a loud, wild scream—

"BAM—BO—OCHE!"

"And wilt thou play me again some of those sweet airs which I heard yesterday evening?" inquired Poussin.

"It was for that I came!" cried Bamboche. "Thou hast waited for me, and knew it not. But I knew it—ha! ha! ha!—the work could not go on without little Bamboche—little devil Bamboche—mad little Bamboche!"

And with these flattering expressions, the violinist entered the atelier, and, crowing and clattering like a chicken, began to look around. At times, flapping his arms like wings, he would stand on one leg, absorbed in admiration, before a painting. A stuffed cat in a corner attracted him wonderfully; so much, indeed, that he treated her to a short but remarkably well-improvised serenade on the violin, accompanied with violent vocal mewings and feline spittings, nodding and winking oddly betimes to Poussin, in a manner imitating his perfect familiarity with the nature and nocturnal habits of this animal. Then, seizing a portfolio, he would shuffle out the engravings and sketches with

incredible quickness, moving his arms, meanwhile, like the fore-legs of a turnspit cur when running rapidly; yelping and barking with delight as each met his eye.

"The crazy rogue is evidently fond of pictures," thought Poussin.

"Hey, Signor Bamboccio!—dost thou know aught of Art? Canst thou paint?"

"Yea," replied Bamboche, drawing from his violin a long note, which of itself sounded wonderfully like an affirmative. "Yea, for the *soul* is mine, and, consequently, I can develop pictorially and plastically that which is acoustically and musically conceived. Music is the mamma of all pictures. The chant of the blessed angels mingled with the sweet, voluptuous voice of a white-throated beauty, and became incarnate in a picture of Raphael. But little Bamboche saw it this morning, and knew every note of the tune, and played it off at sight. But I missed two bars in the Virgin's blue drapery, and found afterward that a hole had been sewed up in the canvass, and some fool had painted it sadly over. Bravo! bravo! Bamboche!"

Upon this he seized the palette and brushes of Poussin, and placing a clean canvass on an easel, drew up, and said, proudly—

"Now I will fiddle you a picture!"

And with this, seizing his violin, he ran confusedly over several symphonies, as if seeking a subject. At last he appeared to have struck the key; for assuming an irresistibly droll attitude, and winking and shrugging as if intoxicated, he half sung, half played, a ribald old Flemish street-song:

A priest went strolling through the land;

Hey!—'twas in the May!

He caught a young nun by the hand.

Hey!—'twas in the May, they say,

Hey!—'twas in the May!

At times, grasping the chalk, he would sketch the figure of a jovial Capuchin, wickedly pressing the hand of a pretty nun. In the background, but near the figures, appeared the outline of an old monastery, while about were scattered fragments of ruins. Whenever he paused, or appeared at a loss, he would seize the violin, and with a few bars readily revive the design as it grew dim in his mind. Soon he began, with light and hasty touches, to colour the sketch. Now he played more frequently and deli-

cately, introducing the quaintest variations on the original air as he shaded the countenances. And more than once, his touches corresponded so evidently and strikingly with the notes preceding them, that Poussin, who was gifted with a good ear, as well as a quick appreciation of mathematical proportion, could not resist a rapidly-increasing impression that the painting was a literal transcript of the music. As he gazed, the strange feeling grew upon him, that by any one who had once mastered this language of musical and optical harmony, the picture, with all its variations, might be as readily played back again on the violin, as it was now painted from its music.

"I have heard," thought he, "that if sand be laid lightly and sparsely on a thin sheet of glass, the vibration of a lute or violin will cause it to fly hither and thither, yet ever arranging itself at every perfect note into a symmetrical and beautiful form. How strange it seems! What if that which to us unthinking mortals appears so wild, fantastic, and evanescent—the music of the wind-harp, or the soft, sad wail of the evening breeze—should be capable of impressing its form and corresponding image on the *material*? Truly there be men, yea, and poets too, on whose souls, as on the unconscious glass, Nature by her music doth quaintly and sweetly shape from a few sands of learning, the most delicate and dainty devices. Of such a texture must be the soul of this wild one, who thus sports with the deep mysteries of Art. And thus I feel that all things mirror each other, and that all are reflected and made permanent in One.

For over the green world, far and wide,
By the foaming sea—on the mountain side;
Where in soul or in form a thought hath been,
A spirit immortal in God is seen.

"And thus, Signor Poussin," exclaimed Bamboche, "I have set forth to you the musical *signatura rerum* of which I, the moustachioed, am a pictorial apostle. Nor in pictures alone do I thus translate,—having written off and played the entire Cathedral of Milan in E minor! And faces!—oh, faces!—I have set the face of the gray horseman,—the lying gray horseman,—the foolish gray horseman,—Wouvermanns,—to music; and, as I expected, it was a most scurvy ballad,—a filthy tune, not fit for the sweeps!"

"But," he continued, after a pause, "it was not for that I

came. No! it was to play a soft and genial air,—a sweet air of ancient Arcady. For thy picture must be finished, and *will* be finished, and go forth to the world the fairest, gentlest portrayal of the old sylvan time that man hath ever beheld. ‘ET IN ARCADIA EGO’—Bamboche is a great fiddler;—his notes are pence, and he gives them away in charity.”

With this, the little man, motioning his host to a seat, began on his instrument a series of gentle, half-melancholy airs, which awoke in the mind of Poussin an ecstasy of inspiration. Softer and softer they died away, and awoke again in merry, dancing measures, which still bore the impress of sadness, as if Memory were recalling the pleasant hours of youth. A wild transition, and his soul was with the good and kind, long passed away. From distant mountain and shady shore came, borne on the wings of the night wind, the sad burden—“We return no more. We have lived and loved, and our life was beautiful. We, too, were once dwellers on sunny Arcadie.” And as the sounds grew ever sadder and sweeter, Poussin, the great artist, buried his face in his hands, and gave way to a flood of tears. Still sadder and softer grew the strains,—softer,—softer,—and died away.

When Poussin raised his head, the strange, wild visitor had disappeared. But the spirit of music and artistic inspiration seemed even yet to linger, like a dying perfume, in the apartment.

“And now,” exclaimed Poussin, “thanks to thee, wild musician! I can finish my Arcady in the spirit in which it was first conceived.”

NOTES TO THE FOREGOING.

“THE Flemish and Dutch artists,” says DARGENVILLE, “who resided in Rome at the end of the sixteenth century, had formed a society, admitting no members of any other nation. The meetings of this strange Academy of Art were held—not in a temple—but in a tavern. Nothing could be imagined more singular than the ceremonies which accompanied their receptions, which in many respects recalled the Bacchic rites and orgies. Disguised as druids or satyrs, but with bed-coverings for cloaks, they indulged in the wildest and most extravagant buffoonery, at the conclusion of which a soubriquet was bestowed upon the newly-initiated, which he was obliged to add to his proper name.”

It was in this wild fraternity that PETER VAN LAAR had received the *nom de guerre* of BAMBOCCIO or *Bamboche*; “on account,” says KUGLER, “of his singular deformed figure;” and under which, according to ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE, “his own

name has almost entirely disappeared." Nature, which had denied comeliness to his body, could not detract from his joyous, cheerful disposition, or withhold from him the genius which enabled him to give his name to, and found a new school and style of painting. For it was from him that the Italians and French derived the name of *Bambochade*, which serves even at the present day to indicate those small Flemish pictures representing views of familiar life. Nor was he less gifted in portraying hunting and robber scenes, fairs, sea-pieces, and cavalcades, in which latter he far surpassed his rival, WOUVERMANN, "since his style was larger and more becoming a true artist."

Grieved at the death of his two younger brothers, who were murdered in Italy, and discouraged at finding the works of his rival, Wouvermanns, preferred to his own, this wild artist is said to have put an end to his eccentric life by leaping into a pit.

Since writing the *Legend of Bamboche*, I have met with a remarkably excellent and characteristic "*History of the Flemish and Dutch Schools of Painting*, by the REV. T. JAMES, London, 1822," in which the following passages occur, relative to the artist GERARD LAIRESSE, who has been regarded as the Poussin of the Flemish school:—

"VAN PEE, GREBBER, and other artists of Amsterdam, had been invited to the house of Uylenburg, in order to see the prodigy LAIRESSE; and a pallet being put into his hand, he was requested, without much further preamble, to give them a sample of his talent. They were, as it seems, a little surprised at his not instantly setting to work; but even an *improvisatore* must wait the approach of the *orgasme*—and so Lairese. He stood mute for several minutes, apparently rapt in meditation; then, on a sudden, he took out a violin from beneath his clothes, and played a few airs; and instantly afterward, seizing upon the crayon and painting-brushes, he sketched out, with vast rapidity, a design for a picture of the birth of our Saviour. He now left his seat, and resumed his violin; and after playing as before for some little time, sat down afresh, and worked for upward of two hours, in which period he had finished the heads of the infant Christ, the Virgin Mary, and Joseph, and that of an ox hanging over the manger. These were all, as they say, *painted up* at once in a very masterly and finished style, and conceived in a manner that called forth expressions of the highest admiration from all present.

"There is nothing in all this that should seem extraordinary; a similar instance has been mentioned before, and which admits of a similar explanation: the ancient mythology made all the nine Muses sisters; and even in our modern phraseology we keep up the same degree of relationship between music and painting. Ideas, or pictures of things, and emotions of the soul, are called up in the mind by words: words are sounds to which these associations have been by habit attached, there being evidently no natural connection between them. Certain musical sounds also suggest certain emotions and ideas, not indeed, always by habitual association, but (which is stronger) by some secret natural connection that exists between them; that is, in all who have any relish for the harmony of music. The nature of the inspiration in the story just related is, therefore, simple and natural; ideas, or pictures of things, were called up by the suggestion of musical sounds: nor can it be held extraordinary that when the natural connection between the two came to be further strengthened by habit, the suggestions which arose should be embodied into shape, and even receive a certain degree of precision, in a mind attentive to the objects with which a painter is necessarily conversant. The mind of Lairese must natu-

rally have been employed in such associations every time that he amused himself with his instrument; and by the length of practice necessary to acquire such skill in music as it appears he displayed, they had grown so strong as to furnish him, not merely with the tone of feeling necessary for his work, but with the actual perception of colour and form; in short, with all the very imagery which he might require for the purpose of composition in painting."

HANS HEMLING, THE PAINTER OF BRUGES:

AN ART LEGEND OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

*Ich that am Berge stehen,
Ich schaute in dem Thal;
Dort hab' ich Sie gesehen,
Zum allerletzten mal.*

I stood upon a lofty place,
And looked out on the plain;
And there I saw a lovely face,
I never saw again. HAUFF.

It was on the 16th of September, A.D. 1478, that the porter of the Hospital of St. John, in Bruges, admitted, to the cares of its attendant nuns, a poor soldier bleeding from severe wounds, and exhausted with fatigue and exposure. But, despite his bare feet and tattered garments, there was somewhat in his appearance which betokened gentle birth, so that even the rude assistants who bore him to a couch did so with a tenderness seldom shown to patients of such low degree.

"A shrewd cut, this on thy head, my worthy fellow!" remarked Brother Jerome, the head friar-physician, while occupied in examining the soldier's wounds. "That gash, I trow, was never made with a riding switch. And now I must pain thee a little longer with my needle. Canst thou endure it?"

"ALS IKH KAN," replied the soldier, half vacantly. And staring upward, he again repeated the Flemish words—"ALS IKH KAN—*als ikh kan!*"*

"Als ikh kan!" chimed in Frater Jerome, addressing himself this time to Sister Bertha, the youngest and loveliest of the nun-nurses; "ah! that is a sentence which I never hear without a sigh. It is the noble motto of the great and glorious artist JOHANNES VAN EYCK, who hath of late years brought into these our Low Countries the art of painting curiously in oil. And I

* "I'll do my best."—*Comme je puis.*

sigh, my daughter, to think that, despite our most earnest effort, the Hospital of Saint John as yet contains none of his pictures. Did not the worthy Heer Ward-Master, himself, offer to sell his gold chain and seal to secure even the unfinished triptych of our Lady, now in the Church of St. Martinus van Ypern? And even the Chapel of the White Lady of Antwerp hath its picture by Van Eyck, while we of the first hospital can show naught, save a barbarous Greek Christ and two beggarly saints by Meijster Hugo van der Goes! Well! well! fortune, like marrying, cometh by tarrying."

Sister Bertha paid, however, but little attention to the regrets of the worthy *frater*. Her attention was too deeply absorbed by the features of the apparently half-insensible soldier. That face—reader you may see its likeness to this day in the same room where the poor patient then lay—was one of that rare description which indicated great firmness of character combined with gentleness of heart. The embrowned cheeks and sternly compressed lips spoke of weary wanderings in warmer climes—of strife and toil. But the deep, quiet intellect of the brow, with the soft and almost child-like gleam of the eye, denoted a soul which no sorrow or suffering could change.

Insensible as the soldier seemed, he had well marked the words of the *frater*, and the great beauty of Sister Bertha. But the recollection of both was soon lost in the delirium which succeeded, during which he was gently and softly tended by her. Soon he raved—at times in Flemish, at times in other tongues,—of strange adventures in many lands; of the broad, white-foaming sea with its ships, which swept by like spirits at night-fall over the haunted plain; of the storming and sacking of lordly cities in Italy; of the screams of maidens, the burning of churches, and of the red gold which rolled over the checkered pavement, and slipped away from his grasp into pools of blood; of silent study in cloisters far away; of drinking and revelry and dice; of the tinkling of mandolines, and the warm kisses of beautiful black-eyed women; of glorious paintings with gilded grounds; of malachite vases, ivory crucifixes, and marble palaces, on whose every flight of broad stairs stood the cold, white immortals; of orange-groves and white towers reflected in the blue sea from cliffs whose base was red with coral; and at he would burst into sinful songs and wild peals of laughter.

Yet, all unmoved, the sweet nun sat by him, moistening his brow with water, and giving utterance to deep and earnest prayers for the health of body and soul. When his speech became wild and wicked, she would lay her small white palm against his mouth and say, "Peace, poor child, peace!" Then his voice would sink to a low murmur, like the distant hum heard afar in the forest when the storm-wind has passed by, and, with tears, he would half-unconsciously join in her prayer to God.

With the following morning the effects of the fever had wellnigh passed away. And every succeeding day, to use a Flemish expression, "added fresh grapes to the vintage of his health." He was the favourite of all who knew him, though he very seldom spoke—he was so quiet, gentle, and uncomplaining. But, for hours together, he would fix an earnest gaze upon the beautiful eyes of Sister Bertha, whose favourite spot for needle-work or prayer, when not otherwise engaged, was near his couch. To her quick woman's eye it was evident that a great change was coming over the spirit of her patient. Her silent beauty had, indeed, touched his soul; and deep regrets for his stormy, sinful life were daily mingled with the aspirations of a love deeper and holier than any which he had before experienced.

But with his gradually-restored health, it appeared that a time was not far distant when he would be compelled to quit this haven of rest. More than one broad hint had been dropped by the Ward-Master and unwillingly repeated even by Friar Jerome, that there were other sick in the world, and that his couch was wanted. More than once had an assistant inquired as to his future road, and begged to know if the "wander-penny," or gratuity usually bestowed on those leaving the hospital, should be taken out for him. Until at last, one morning summoning the Ward-Master, he said, gravely and earnestly—

"Heer Ward-Meijster, it little beseems me, who have here experienced at your hands kinder and gentler treatment than I have ever in my life before known, to crave longer lodgment than is my due. It were a sin if the good Hospital of St. John De Bruges, which is famed for kindness and charity not only throughout the Low Countries and Germany, but even unto Italy and the Indies, should suffer by malapert indolence. You wish me forth—but I will *not* go until you are richly rewarded

for your kindness. If this my couch be needed, give me, I pray, another room, where I may be alone and unheeded save with some slight attendance; and if, in one month's time, every soul in this hospital, with yourself at the head, do not beseech me to remain, I give ye leave to drive me forth like a thieving knave, with hounds and whips.

To this modest proposition the Heer Ward-Master willingly assented; and, that very day, the convalescent was removed to a distant chamber, where he dwelt in strict privacy. Only the beautiful Bertha, his kind nurse, approached him, or seemed acquainted with the nature of the pursuit in which he was so mysteriously engaged. By her he was silently supplied with all that he required. And the days and the weeks passed by.

"I wonder," said the Ward-Master one evening to Brother Jerome, "on what work the stranger hath been engaged. Doubtless he hath but rested with us that he might obtain longer *herberg*, (lodgings.) But let him go in peace."

"He is, perchance, an artist," replied Brother Jerome. "It remembereth me that his first word in the hospital was the motto of the excellent Johannes van Eyck. But nay—what artist ever dragged himself like a vagabond soldier to *these* gates?"

"Heaven grant," replied the worthy Ward-Master, "that he be an artist, even as thou sayest! Ah, Brother Jerome, the name of Van Eyck is a sore, sore theme to me!"

The Master was here interrupted by the beautiful Bertha, who bore a message from the soldier.

"He desires," said she, "that on the morrow, you, Heer Ward-Meijster, assemble the chief dignitaries of Bruges, and repair to the room where he now dwells."

"A pretty business, indeed!" replied the Master. "What! assemble his Highness the Lord-Governor, with my worshipful — go to!"

"Nay, but, father," replied the maiden, "it must be even as he saith. For *I* have seen that which he proposeth to set before you, and it were not fit that lesser eyes should be the first to gaze thereon!"

"Then it shall be so," replied the Master; "for thou art a wise and discreet maiden, and speakest well. Therefore, Bro-

ther Jerome, bid the messenger Lodewyk summon them, even as Sister Bertha directs."

"Gentle sirs," said the Ward-Master on the following morning—when the chief noblemen and burghers of Bruges had assembled—"if that which ye are to behold should prove a vain thing, I pray ye blame me not. On the word of a sister—albeit a maiden of discretion—have I called ye hither. Let us now judge of her wisdom."

With these words he opened the door of the chamber wherein the soldier lodged. As they entered, a simultaneous cry of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Upon a high easel was placed a painting the like of which no man there present had ever seen before, though there were those among them who had studied Art in distant lands. It was an altar-piece in three divisions, the principal representing the marriage of St. Katherine with our Lord. In the centre was a virgin of wondrous beauty, seated beneath a flowing curtain, while over her floated two lovely angels bearing a crown. To the right knelt St. Katherine before the infant Saviour, who placed upon her finger the betrothal ring, and behind her an angel, more beautiful than the light, playing upon an organ, and near him, John the Baptist leading a lamb. Both the wings were filled in with scriptural figures—"the whole forming a work deeply inspired with sweet, mysterious, soul-refining poesy, and finished, as to every mechanical detail, in the highest style of Art which the world had then beheld."*

"But where," inquired the Burgrave Vander Schilde, "where is the artist who has thus combined in one work all the excellence of the Italian, the German, and Flemish schools of this age? Where is he, who, by a single effort, surpasses all that Johannes van Eyck, our Lord of Art, hath ever done?"

"Behold him!" said Brother Jerome, leading forth the soldier, who, advancing to the Ward-Meijster, exclaimed—

"Art thou now satisfied, good sir, for the soldier's lodgment?"

"Oh, my friend—my heart's friend!" replied the Master, his eyes dimmed with tears of joy, "be only our guest forever. No noble shall be so cared for as thou. But oh!—who art thou?"

* KUGLER. *Geschichte der Malerei*, vol. ii. p. 66.

At this question the artist pointed to the edge of the frame, on which was seen the following inscription:

OPVS . IOHANNIS . HEMLING

DIT · WERCK · DEDE · MAKEN · IAN · HEMELING · VAN · DE ·
HOSPITALE · VAN · SINT · IANS · IN · BRUGGHE ·
ANNO · MCCCCXXIX ·

(The work of John Hemling. This work did make John Hemling, of the Hospital of St. John, in Bruges, in the year 1479.)

“John Hemling!—Hans Hemling!” exclaimed the Burgrave, with astonishment. “Why, art thou not he who, three years since, under the name of *Giovanni il Fiamingo*, didst dispute so learnedly at the Universities of Padua, Cracow, and Heidelberg?”

“Nay,” replied the Count Adolijn, “art thou not, rather, he who, as *Jean le Flamand*, didst so gallantly discomfit at Calais, in fair duel, the roystering English blade, Harry Goreham, and then escape—albeit from the very midst of King Edward’s army?”

“I have seen thee in Venice,” added a gray-bearded Councilman,—“and in those days thou wert the featliest gallant that ever wore Genoa velvet, or trod corantos with the blonde *Sioras* of the Lagunas!”

“Noble sirs,” replied Hemling, “it matters little what I have been, since I now, thanks to St. John! am that no longer. Art and Religion shall henceforward alone claim me. Of you, worthy Ward-Master, I crave only permission to tarry here awhile longer, that I may honour yet more, with my poor skill, the kind Hospital of St. John, where I have so greatly benefited both my body and soul!”

And the artist remained—remained to paint those religious pictures which have inspired with the gentlest, yet the most genial, emotions even the coldest French critics of this century. Pictures which drew from Arsène Houssaye the confession that “Corregio, though elevated above Hemling in grace of form, was infinitely beneath him in expression; and that, compared with him as a master of *religious* Art, Raphael was a mere

heathen, who beheld only a Fornarina beyond the grave;" and even the stern and accurate Fortoul declares that, if ever painter merited the honour of being considered as a privileged interpreter of Christianity, this was the man; and, inspired with the subject, exclaims—"Pious master! by exciting in the depths of my heart that secret sadness which comes to us from God, and recalls us to him, thou wert the first to make me feel and comprehend Art! Melancholy star of my youth! *thou* didst guide me in my travels and studies! For it is first necessary to experience grief and suffering, and then resign ourselves to repose, to be able to conform ourselves to that ideal which thou hast realized in thy calm and gentle saints, O succouring friend, whom I have made mine for time and for eternity!"

But though the artist painted on for many months in silence and prayer, his mind still hovered about this world. In all of his paintings there is one face of almost unearthly beauty, yet calm and gentle as the evening breeze. That face is Bertha's—his consoler—his angel—his *love*! And, in nearly every painting, he was wont to repeat his own portrait, attired, not in the dark gown which he now wore, but in the long gaberdine and crimson velvet bonnet of the Florentines, which indicated clearly to the good Ward-Master that his heart yearned again for the bright skies and happy scenes of Tuscany.

Not long after this it became known throughout the hospital and town that Sister Bertha had, by especial permission, been secularized, and returned to the world. And but a little time elapsed ere Hemling also quietly disappeared, leaving, as a last gift, his greatest and most glorious work—a work for which kings have since offered their gold in vain—the *Shrine of St. Ursula*.

And whither did he flee, and who was the companion of his journey? Never again on earth did man hear of Hemling, the soldier-artist of Bruges, or of Bertha the nun, save that in after years there appeared in Spain, in company with a wife of wondrous beauty, a great artist, known as JUAN FLAMENCO, or John the Fleming, whose paintings were inspired with that strange, unearthly loveliness, and were limned in the same sad, gentle spirit which we find in the works of Hemling. Nor have those been wanting, in the present century, who, inspired by the saint-like veneration in which his name is even yet held

at the hospital, have more than intimated that an unearthly mystery hung over the artist. Of late years *the initiated*, in the school of Overbeck at Rome, speak admiringly of a stranger who sojourned but a few days among them, and astonished all by his miraculous familiarity with the Art and artists of the olden time.* And it also appears from more than one ancient chronicle, that sixty years before his appearance in Bruges, a skilful painter bearing the same name and lineaments, had been employed as architect by the Cathedral of Bremen. But these questions I leave to the seekers into the marvels of antiquity. For the true enthusiast in Art, the true poet, or the true Christian, who, unheeding of name or sect, breathes forth a heartfelt prayer each night to God that his spirit of gentleness, of love, of beauty, and grace may be poured forth over all men and in every clime, no other indication of the supernatural need be given save that which beams from his every work, and inspires with a life of purity and holiness their every feature.

THE FIRST LOVE OF TENIERS.

Zyn schilderkonst bestont in snakery en boetzen,
 Die hy zoo geestig wist met zyn penceel te toetzen
 Dat niemand zyns gelyk, in deze tyd en is
 Die't werk komt over een met zyn gesteltenis.
 Hier staat een lompe boer van dronkenschap te spouwen,
 En't wyf met eenen stok gered zyn huid te touwen,
 Daar ziet m'een bootsgezel met't pintje in zyne vuist,
 En hier een feyenrot die met de kaarten tuist.

CORNILLE DE BIE.

DAVID TENIERS—the younger and the greater—was born, we are told, in an *atelier*, and drew with his first breath the inspiration of Art. It was in this *atelier* that his father found him one

* This mysterious stranger of 1844 was supposed to be an Englishman or Swede. There is, indeed, a second curious mystery relative to Hemling, remaining to be solved. Consult the "German Chronicles" of MENCKENIUS, tom. iii. p. 806. "Quo tempore, (A. D. 1420,) D. Johannes Hemelingus architectus capituli Bremensis, in medio choro ecclesiæ cathedralis tumbam, in qua sex reverendissimorum archiepiscopum ossa et cineres conditi erant, levavit et innovavit."

day, while but an infant of four years, sketching with comic gravity a tavern scene; and it was here that an event occurred which, in after days, led the way to that train of circumstance which formed his true life.

The father lay sick on a couch, and near him his two boys, David and Abraham, were busy with their task, each seated at an easel. Weary with pain and watching, the old man at length composed himself to sleep, but first exclaimed—

“It is well, my children; very well! But a good beginning is not always a lucky ending; therefore, work on while you are in the vein. And if a visitor enter, notice him not; for the true artist knows no one while painting. Therefore, work!”

The old man slept, and no sound was heard in the quaint old room save his heavy breathing, the occasional quiet purr of a cat, and the ticking of an old clock, on whose dial was inscribed in Gothic letters that inscription which, in after days, was applied by more than one writer to his son:

“IN TENUI LABOR, ET TENUIS NON GLORIA.”

Suddenly the curtain which hung before the door was raised, and a cavalier, magnificent in all the bravery of gold chains, taffetas, ermine, and jewelled rapier, entered, and, taking off a broad Spanish hat with drooping plume, exclaimed—

“I would fain see mine old friend, Teniers, who they tell me is sick: I am Rubens!”

But the old man awoke not, and the ticking of the clock and the purr of the cat were the only sounds heard for a full minute. For the boys, mindful of their father’s injunction, made no reply; and Abraham, with true Flemish gravity, neither turned his head nor moved a feature. But David, at the sound of that great name, felt his heart throb with emotion; his eyes filled with tears, and, dropping his brush, he gazed with wonder and reverence on one whom he now, for the first time, beheld, and who had ever seemed to him living only in the world of Art as the king and ruler of that world.

“Children, are ye dumb?” exclaimed Rubens. And approaching David, he gazed, for a time, upon his half-finished sketch, and while the boy bashfully drew aside, remarked, with a smile, “Well may the child be dumb who can speak in such language as this! Boy, boy, keep on as thou hast begun, and I promise

thee that the man is not born who can surpass thee in thy school—the school of Flemish life!”

And taking with his own hand the pencil from the floor, he begun to retouch and colour the sketch of the boy, giving him, at the time, instructions. Not a single touch was without meaning, for the boy was ripe beyond his years, and not a maxim or precept was ever, in after years, forgotten; so that at a later day he said with justice to himself, “I derived my genius from Nature, my taste from my father, and the perfection of both from Rubens.”*

Years passed by, and the boy grew up a true artist—bold, adventurous, and reckless. Nor was his life solely of the *atelier*. “At fifteen years,” says the naïve DESCAMPS, “he was of great assistance to his father, for he went, with a donkey, to sell his pictures at Brussels or Amsterdam.” As he grew older, these journeys were for himself; they were prolonged, home was forgotten, and in wild adventure and travel he saw and suffered much. But it was not poverty which vexed him, though he often rose without bread; but his inability to determine on that style most suitable to his abilities. Weary of indecisions, he resolved on a visit to Rubens. And this, we are told, was in his twentieth year.

“Ah, my boy-painter, art thou there again!” exclaimed Rubens kindly, as the name of Teniers was announced. “And even yet a boy, but what a change! Poor soul! thy features and dress speak of sad changes and stormy days, both within and without. And where will all this close? Men say that thou flitest in one day from heaven to the tavern and *kermesse*, and that the morning’s sketch of a holy family is retouched, ere eventide, into a rustic *boersvrow* with her child. Nay,” he continued, observing the deep sigh which Teniers sent forth, “show me thy sketches.”

And with these words, he took from the young artist his portfolio, and with the eye of a master glanced over its contents.

“Hem! That is well drawn—that priest; only it seemeth me that he more resembles a jolly, tipsy hedge-Capuchin, than a grave Benedictine, albeit he bears all the traits of the latter.”

* He is, however, justly blamed by Houssaye for omitting from this list the name of the humble BRAWER.

And here Rubens, who was proud of his learning, and loved to quote Latin, repeated, in a ringing voice, the popular description of a Benedictine, as subsequently incorporated into that rare and wicked little book, the *MONACHOLOGIA* of JOHANNES PHYSIOPHILUS: "*Monachus Benedictinus; imberbis; capite tonso, setoso, corolla lineari sulcato: pedibus calceatis; ano caligato; veste nigra, lanea, corpus totum et pedes circumambiente; cucullo lavo, subrotundo, lato; scapulari pendulo, latitudine abdominis; collari rigido, albo, emarginato; cingulo lato, laneo, aut holoserico; pallio nigro descendente usque ad talos.*"

"Thou seest, Teniers," continued he, laughing, "that I know Latin and a priest, as, in good faith, should every artist; and chiefly when he wanders, like thee, in search of bread and Truth. And now tell me, my child, why wilt thou thus fight against nature, and seek a style and a name in this valley and on that mountain, when thy path lies broad and straight before thee? Why not make of thy Benedictine a tipsy hedge-priest, if thou wilt? And why hast thou feared to follow the old manner of thy father? Ah, boy, remember the old Flemish rhyme, and keep to TENIERS:—

Die vader sprac tot sinen soon met liste :

Die vader totten sone sprac :

Wi willen ons ghelt verteren,

Ende houden ons ghemac.

And the father he wisely spoke to the son,

And thus to the son spoke he :

We will feast with our gold, as we ever have done,

And merry our life shall be !"

"But, fair sir," replied Teniers, "I have deemed at times that I might, perchance, at some day, become not only a good painter, but also a *great* one—great like thyself and MIJN HEER VAN DYCK; and the road to *such* greatness lies not through village fairs and groups of gabbling friars or tipsy peasants."

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" replied the kind artist. "How far hast thou wandered, and how little hast thou advanced! Knowest thou not that it is not only in the depicting of virgins and angels, gods and mighty kaisers, that greatness lies for us poor mortals? The loftiest subject, the noblest theme cannot *create* genius; but a genius like thine can bring greatness in full measure from the low, the humble, wherever life lies, be it the life

of man, or that of the great omnipresent soul of God and Nature.”*

It was by such counsels that Rubens gradually led young Teniers back to that which Schiller gives as advice to every one: “Keep true to the dream of thy youth.” A new life of peace and serenity, of inspiration and happiness, seemed, from this day, to dawn upon him, and he began in the atelier of Rubens to paint as he had never before done.

And it happened, on a day, that the Archduke Leopold paid one of his accustomed visits to Rubens. Suddenly, on hearing the great painter address his pupil by name, the archduke turned, and said, with a smile—

“Art thou, then, David Teniers, the merry artist of Antwerp? *Soo dat gaet wel*—it is well! It was but the last week that I heard the SIEUR GRAEF DE EGLENTIER vow that if he ever found thee, he would give thee a welcome *beker* of wine, and a picture to paint at thine own price. The whole in memory and honour of an ancient jest, long since departed.

“And may I know, your highness, the cause of this great honour?” inquired Teniers.

“Tut, man! no such mighty honour, either, for one so much at home among painting and wine-pots as thou art,” replied the duke. “A good drinker deserves a good bottle, saith our Flemish proverb. *Aen eenen goeden drinkebroer behoort goede fles*. Thou knowest the valiant drunkard, ADRIEN BRAWER, whom I did lately harbour for certain days in my palace, to the imminent peril of my chambermaids and wine-flagons? Well!—Brawer set forth one day to the Graef de Eglentier, how he, when a great ragged boy of eighteen, did once meet in the country a little lad younger than himself, leading to Brussels an ass laden with pictures. “Whither goes the donkey?” inquired Brawer. “He travels thy road—the one which all you jackasses take,” replied the lad. And so charmed was ragged Adrien at the spiritual grace of this answer, that he at once joined company with the little lad, and even nobly permitted him to pay his lodgment and food for several days. Teniers—thou wert the boy!”

* “Ou bien, en créant ce pompeux poëme de la chair, du mouvement et du bruit, où la nature s’élève si haut qu’elle parvient jusqu’à voiler le ciel, Rubens obéissait-il à sa nature toute panthéiste?”—ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE.

"Yea," replied Teniers, laughing, "and well do I remember how valiantly Adrien plied the beer-can, until never a penny danced in my pocket! But I learned many a good lesson from the knave, and cheaply enough I won them."

"Thou art a brave youth, David Teniers," replied the duke, kindly, "and wert born to be a gentleman. I would have fain retained thine old comrade, Brawer, about my court; but the first night he lay drunk in a churchyard; the second, in a wine-shop; and the third, did make such furious riot in his own rooms, that I was obliged on the fourth to give him *congé*. But thou art of gentler nature and better nurture. What sayest thou, Rubens?—shall I take this youngling, on thy word, as first gentleman of my chamber?"

"On my word and faith, you may, your highness," replied Rubens. "No better youth could be found in the wide world than David for the service you give him."

It was thus, reader, (for all his early biographers tell the same tale,) that David Teniers first rose in this wicked world. Nor was the Graef de Eglentier forgetful of his promise; for, on the following day, he summoned Teniers, and said—

"I have promised to pay thee thine own price for a picture, and will. But the subject is no easy one. In a few weeks I shall be married, and will have a picture of Hymen. Many a portraiture of this fair god of Marriage have I seen, but none fair enough—none which did justice to the infinite and exquisite beauty of wedded life with her whom we love."

"*Ey!*" thought Teniers, "this is all well for one who hath never tried the rosy chains: but what saith the Italian proverb which my father taught me?—

Chi non ha moglie ben la veste;

Chi non ha figliuoli ben li pasce.

Well doth the man unmarried clothe his wife,
And well the childless forms his children's life.

"Herr Graef," replied he, "your orders shall be obeyed, and I will employ all the poor skill which God and my small learning have given me to paint the fairest form which ever came from my pencil."

On the marriage eve, Teniers placed before the Graef de Eglentier a painting in which bloomed all the beauty of his fancy and genius. "He had imitated," says the chronicler, "the

graces of Correggio and the colour of Titian. He had made Hymen fair as the antique Adonis; for never were such sweet outlines illumined by a more fascinating smile. Nor had he forgotten the torch; and no flambeau of Love had ever rayed forth a lovelier light."

But the count gazed upon it with a discontented air, and exclaimed—

"This may perhaps be *thy* idea, and that of the dull world's, who know nothing of the true charms of marriage. Poor creatures! But, frankly, it seemes me that the ineffable charm, the thrilling fascination, which I attach to the charms of Hymen, is entirely wanting in thy picture."

Already had Teniers become a courtier, and tact he had from Nature. With a quiet smile, he replied—

"My lord, you are right; for, when I reflect on the miraculous beauty of your young bride, and the rich promise of the lasting bliss which your marriage holds forth, I shame me of this dull attempt. However, I will try to retouch my picture, and it may be that in remembering your lady's beauty I may receive the inspiration needed."

The count consented, and went forth. His lady-love, we are told, "was Flemish by birth, but of Spanish origin, and endowed with a rare beauty, worthy of the pencils of Murillo and Rubens." But, despite her beauty, even on the third day after the nuptials she was a *little* less fascinating; and when, at the conclusion of five months, Teniers brought back, untouched, the portrait of Hymen, it was with a quiet smile which indicated more than a mere knowledge of Art.

"By Our Lady!" exclaimed the Graef de Eglentier, "thou hast indeed marvellously embellished the picture, and gone far beyond my *beau ideal* of Hymen. He is a thousand times more smiling, livelier, and more graceful than before. But, still, Teniers, you have not exactly comprehended Hymen as *I* understand him. You have made him rather a Love, than the sober god of Marriage. There should be a quieter—perhaps a *little* sadder—expression in his air:—in short, this picture no more pleases me than did the first."

"Sir count," replied Teniers, "know that it is not my picture which has changed, but your own soul. That which was too little for the ardent *lover* is, I perceive, too much for the fickle husband"

"Nay, by Heaven!" exclaimed the graef, "for the honour of my lady, this is too much! Take the gold, and leave thy picture, Teniers. I can criticise thy pictures, but am no match for thee in bandying words."

"With your leave, sir count, replied Teniers, "I will *not* leave the picture. Grant me but a few days still, and if you do not profess yourself satisfied with what I then produce, call me the veriest charlatan in Art living."

With these words, Teniers again sought his atelier, and soon produced a curiosity in Art which, according to the praises lavished thereon by contemporary writers, must have been unrivalled. Seen from a distance, it appeared charming; but on approaching it, the features became sombre, sedate, cold, and even harsh, when viewed very closely. The history of this "philosophic picture" having been reported to the archduke, he purchased it for his gallery, and, to use the words of DUFRESNEY, "placed it at the end of a gallery, in a sort of alcove. To ascend to this alcove, it was necessary to mount *a very slippery stair*, before attaining which the picture appeared charming, but once crossed, lost all its charms."

CORNILLE SCHUT, the Artist-Poet, is the first who narrates this story.

From this he gives us a second narration, explaining the singular influence which this very picture subsequently had upon the life and fortunes of Teniers.

One of the most beautiful and accomplished maidens who graced, at this time, with her presence the court of the Archduke Leopold, was ANNE BREUGHEL, daughter of the celebrated painter, VELVET BREUGHEL, who, at his decease, had left her, with a large fortune, to the joint guardianship of Cornille Schut, Rubens, and Van Balen.* Under the conduct of Cornille Schut, with whom she resided, Anne frequently made little excursions in the country or walks in the city. One day, her guardian led her through the ducal gallery to view the new picture of Hymen, near which, as they approached, Van Balen beheld Teniers himself, and presented him in due form to Anne. At

* The reader versed in Art will remember VAN BALEN as a painter whose style exhibits, to a remarkable degree, the study and influence of the Venetian school.

this instant, according to Schut, who was present, the young couple stood "*on this side of the slippery and perilous step.*" After a few words on the weather, on sunshine, music, and painting, Anne glanced at the Hymen, and Teniers exclaimed—

"Lady, would it please you *to pass with my aid this step?*"

"Oh, certainly," replied Anne, (her chronicler adds, in good-humoured roguery, "*She said this, perhaps, without reflecting.*")

"I take you at your word," replied Teniers, and gallantly extended his hand. But the young maiden blushed, though hardly in anger, and refused the proffered aid. Cornille Schut smiled, and speaking rather as a friend than a guardian, exclaimed—

"But Anne, my child, why wilt thou not pass the step?"

"Nay," she answered, "and why should I, since, on the other side, the lovely picture loses all its charms?"

Teniers felt his heart throb and pulse beat at these words, and, half unconscious of his boldness, exclaimed—

"It may, indeed, change to others; but for you and me, lady, *never!*"

And overcome by the confession, he saluted Anne gracefully, and went hastily forth. And Anne looked on the ground and blushed, and spoke of other matters.

But old Cornille Schut smiled meaningly.

The next morning Teniers entered, with a faltering step, the large antique study where, amid all the apparatus of an artist, sat the old poet, painting a cameo-picture in a wreath of flowers, by Seghers.

"Master Cornille," exclaimed Teniers, "I pray you tell me how a lady's love may be most readily won?"

"By verses, my son; sweet verses of love. Tell her that thou diest in despair, and that thou wilt leave home and life for her sake—

*Wel over der heiden, wel over den sant,
Met droeviger hert ende sinnen;
Wel mach ick ghevinnen het vaderlant,
Maer trouwe liefde noit ghewinneu,*

Well over the heather, well over the sand,
With sorrowful heart I rove;
Oh! well may I win me a fatherland,
But never the maid I love.

Then the maiden will pity thee, (mine ever did;) and after a little blushing and a little hesitation, she will sing thee merrily back—

And go if thou wilt over heather and dale,
And wander through valley and plain;
But ever shalt know from the nightingale,
That thy lily-bell loves thee again! /

“Ah, Master Cornille!” replied Teniers, “could I make verses like yours, I might well, indeed, be sure of winning every maiden’s heart. But though I am in love, as the archduke says, ‘like a madman,’ I can never hope to win the love of the wealthy Anne Breughel.”

“Whew—w!” whistled Master Cornille; “are you there, my bird? Well, I am not the sole tutor of Anne; she hath yet twain. If they say naught, then am I not against you; but I warn you, my young springal, that our wills united will never bend Anne. Ah, she would have her own way an’ it rained thorns!”

From the atelier of Schut, Teniers went to that of Rubens. “My best friend and master,” he exclaimed, “tell me, I pray, how one may win a maiden’s love?”

“By painting a portrait which sets forth her charms and forgets her defects; a portrait which proclaims to the world her beauty and your own genius,” replied the enthusiast in Art; “for thus, in one work, both are elevated. And not merely in canvass or marble can this be done,” continued the all-accomplished and ready-witted painter: “let every word which you speak in her praise to others be a reflected portrait of her perfectness, and bear the impress of your own wit and talents, as if inspired solely by her.”

“Ah, that I had your skill in painting, either by words or on canvass!” sighed Teniers. “But what skill could ever add to the charms of Anne Breughel?”

“*Ey Schepper!*” laughed Rubens, on hearing the last word. “Blows the wind in that quarter? Well, well! ‘*Een vrome vrouwe is een groot goet*,’—‘A good wife is the best of goods,’ saith our Flemish byword; and of all good wives, I believe that the world has none better than Anne Breughel. But go and ask her grave old guardian, VAN BALEN—he whom they call the philosopher. Perhaps he can cite thee from Plato, or

Domenic of Flanders, some right reverend old texts on the subject. For myself, Heaven help me to aid thee!"

Teniers found Van Balen in his study, copying on copper his great picture of St. John preaching in the wilderness. "Meijster Van Balen," he said, "I pray you, of your wisdom, give me this advice: How may man best win the love of woman?"

The old painter glanced up kindly from his work to the handsome features and downcast eyes of Teniers as he held in his hands the looped hat with its long white plume, and replied—

"*Crede experto Roberto*, trust to experience, my son, and believe that I speak the truth when I tell thee that the best way to win a maiden's love is *to love her again with all thy heart and soul*; and deem not, as many foolish men have said, that he who loves truly, loves at a disadvantage. Such counsels aye come from the meddling and hard-hearted, who would fain know as much of others' hearts as of their own. *Plus in alieno quàm in suo negotio vident homines.*"

"Then I should be loved by Anne Breughel," replied Teniers, for I love her to death; and yet much I fear me that my hasty rudeness even at the first interview did banish all kindness for me from her heart."

"*Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est*—'The anger of lovers is but a renewal of love,' replied the good old philosopher, smiling. "Well, I will see Anne, and think it over, my young friend."

Many and weighty were the deliberations which took place between the three guardians, while Teniers and Anne wisely spent the time in wooing. Nor was it until a certain evening, at a splendid supper in the house of Rubens, that the young couple learned the decision of the elders. Teniers was to receive the hand of Anne; but as she was an heiress, the marriage contract was drawn entirely in her favour, reserving for herself and future children not only all her own property, but securing, in the event of her death, all their joint property to the offspring.

The marriage took place, and for several years the pair continued to inhabit the ducal palace. But then Teniers, who longed to rival the great artist-lords of that day, bought an ancient Gothic castle, situated near Antwerp—an edifice which was, we are told, worthy of an artist.

This castle has been preserved for us of the present day, in all its purity, in many of the paintings of its master. It is the

centre of a beautiful sunny scene, inspired with rural poetry and romance. "It became," adds a biographer of Teniers, "one of the most splendid rendezvous for hunting. The Archduke Leopold, the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Marlborough, the Bishop of Ghent, Don John of Austria, and many other illustrious individuals, were frequently honoured by becoming the guests of their still more illustrious artist. Don John became his scholar and intimate friend; for Teniers was celebrated not only in France and Holland. The Queen Charlotte of Sweden wrote to him, and sent him her portrait '*en medaille*,' adorned with precious stones."

Twice was Teniers nearly ruined by his lordly life, and each time did he again win his way to wealth. The first calamity he made up by work—hard, unflinching industry. He did not sell a single horse, nor dismiss even a footboy; and his royal guests found nothing in his *ménage* which could lead them to suspect for an instant that they were not in the palace of a millionaire. It was *at night*, when all deemed him asleep, that he worked, and thus produced, we are assured, in one year, three hundred and fifty pictures.

Thus, for a time, was peace and comfort re-established. Anne was ever the same kind and loving wife, his children smiled around him, and all seemed happy. But his extensive industry had overstocked the market; every dealer had in his hands the pictures of Teniers; every gallery was filled with them. It is said that Teniers remedied this difficulty by one of those ruses which, in his day, were highly applauded. He feigned death; a tomb was erected in his garden, and Anne appeared clad in mourning. So well was the comedy played, that the expected *dénouement* at length arrived. His pictures were quadrupled in value, and Teniers at length rose from the dead to ease and opulence. But Houssaye indignantly refutes the story, as unworthy of Teniers and impossible of Anne. We prefer, ourselves, to believe that the tale originated simply from the withdrawing from sale, or ceasing for a given time to supply the dealers with his pictures.

Many of the scenes of the lordly life which Teniers led in this Castle of the Three Towers are chronicled in his paintings. In one, we see him on a splendid terrace with his family. "His dress is a mixture of the Flemish and Spanish, and he plays the

violoncello with grace, while Anne Breughel opens before him a music-book." Abraham, his brother, wrapped in his cloak, a broad hat proudly slouched across his head, observes them; while around play his children, beautiful as the day. On the wall climbs a monkey, appearing to listen to the music as if fascinated. In this picture, Anne is very simply clothed; her hair falls in graceful wavelets, a rose is at her waist, and on her features play a soft and tender smile—the smile of a mother.

They lived long together, but never went beyond *the slippery stair*. For them, Hymen was always beautiful—

And, reader mine, whate'er betide,
I wish the same to thee.

THE LAST LOVE OF TENIERS.

Quien quiere amor descifrar
Engaña su fantasía;
Descifrar, amor, sería
Medir las aguas del mar;
Mas si se quiere expresar
De esta pasión el ardor,
Que nadie tenga valor
Para hacerlo, no me espanto
Si yo sabiendo amar tanto
No sé descifrar amor.

DON JUAN RODRIGUEZ CALDERON.

THE love of early youth is like the bright, glowing morning-aurora—we gaze gladly on it, not only for its beauty, but because it makes us happy in the hope of a brilliant day. But the love of riper years is dear to our soul, for in it, as in the heavenly evening-red, we recall the gleam and glory of a time now past and gone.

Half of all that we admire or love in this world, after attaining the age of reflection, owes its charm to association—association often dim, undefinable, and even forgotten. How many a bright eye, or soul-stirring gleam of expression, puzzles us at the first glance even more than it charms, because we cannot, at the instant, recall whence or where, in the same or another form, it first attracted us.

And it is precisely this inability to recall the first original form

—the far-flown beautiful spectre—which confers an *attraction* or lends an indefinable grace and mystery to that which we now admire. How many a bar of music, sadly, spiritually sweet, has thus floated to the inner penetralia of our heart, borne on wings not its own! How many a smile has cast the light of heaven into the darkest chamber of thy soul, whose first forgotten radiance was enkindled, it may be, by some young, beauty of other lands and times, now dead or passed away forever! How many a poem would vanish unheeded, did not its rhythm and melody unconsciously recall the once-loved songs which still linger in our memory, not dead indeed, but sleeping!

It were useless to push the question farther; but we may well inquire of those somewhat advanced in life, and more particularly of those who measure time, not by years, but by experiences, if they are not governed in the choice of new loves, new friends, new likings, and new sympathies far more by unconscious, or even conscious, renewals of the Past, than they themselves are generally aware? The most strenuous efforts of Youth to recall only bygone feelings are invariably and unavoidably mingled with hopes or fears for the Future. Every emotion is thus a magnet, from which no exertion can banish the *negative* pole of anticipation in youth, or the *positive* antithesis of memory in age.

In the year of Teniers's life, his last love was thus the Indian summer of his first—a golden reflection, less warm, but not less beautiful; and loved the more in that it seemed destined to pass so soon away. As the alchemist of the olden time raised up in his heart-glass, from the ashes of the dead and withered rose, the lovely phantom—the beautiful reflection of the fairer flower, now faded forever—so did the artist raise from his own heart those dim and shadowy beauties which were of memory and the dead, to lend a grace and a glory, a lustre and a love, to the living. And those who would rightly comprehend the secret of the attraction which he found in the beauty and amiability of *Isabella de Fresne*, must seek for them in the ineffable loveliness and gentleness of *Anne Breughel*.

We are assured, from a thousand little incidents, recorded not only by contemporary writers, but scattered here and there in the works of Teniers themselves, that the period of his first married life was one of most exquisite and unalloyed happiness. It was

during the days of his first love-marriage with Anne Breughel, that he witnessed his earliest triumphs in Art and experienced all the glow and glory of dawning greatness. It was in this happy time that he brought to full perfection, and made his own, that peculiar style first struck out by the elder Breughel, Anne's grandfather, and with which he had become familiar in the paintings of his own father and Brawer. It was during this period that his soul first comprehended, in all their ineffable and silent greatness, the sublimity of the beautiful, of nature, and of God; whether developed in the fresh green prairie with its brooks, or in the strange, ever-bubbling sea of human life with its lights and shades, its merry gambols and grotesque monsters. It was during these days that he lived as a lord in The Castle of the Three Towers, *en bon compagnon* with Don John of Austria, the Archduke Leopold, the Prince of Orange, and many others who were his friends and guests. It was during those days that all which could render life happy, inspire the soul, elevate the imagination, and charm the feelings, combined to lend to his first love and wife, Anne Breughel, that ineffable fascination which spoke in after life, from the tomb, in a new form.

By the death of Anne, he was destined not only to mourn the loss of all those happy associations which her love had drawn around him, but to sink deep into the abyss of mere worldly suffering and comparative poverty. Anne, at the period of their marriage, was a wealthy heiress. Teniers had naught save his skill to depend upon, and consequently all their joint property had prospectively been settled upon the children. Teniers might have evaded this agreement, and in spite of its requisitions almost conscientiously have retained wherewithal to live happily. But this he refused to do. His children, themselves, were in tears at this stern resolution to do them no injustice, and all his friends and relatives, including those of Anne, remonstrated. But he had for all a uniform reply—

“I will not live on the property of orphans!”

In a very few months, his entire property—his plate and arms, his richly-embroidered hangings, and costly works of art, including, of course, his favourite Castle of the Three Towers—was sold, the price to be paid, with interest, to his children, when they should attain their majority. Of all he had once called his own, Teniers retained only a horse, for he felt that he could never

relinquish his favourite custom of riding forth of a morning to observe life and nature, and gather material for the picture which he intended painting after dinner.

And, having mentioned this habit, the reader will excuse me if I pause for an instant to record, from one of the artist's most enthusiastic biographers, an anecdote relative to it. Such was the incredible facility of his execution, that a vast number of his pictures are termed "*after-dinner pieces*," because they were begun and finished in the same evening. One day he had strolled with Don John of Austria, to a gay *kermesse* or village festival. The prince, we are told, returned, charmed with all he had witnessed, and talking incessantly, not only of the jovial merriment, but more particularly of a very pretty tavern girl, whose attractions had fascinated his eye. After supper Don John retired, as did Teniers—the former to his couch, the latter to his easel. But what was the surprise of Don John when he saw, the next morning, on waking, directly before his bed, the entire scene of the *kermesse*, painted with striking fidelity. Nor had the pretty girl of the *cabaret* been forgotten—"she smiled upon her admirer with pearly teeth and rosy lips, worthy of smiling elsewhere than in a Flemish tavern."

But now, farewell to all these bygone and beautiful days! He now no longer studied dances and taverns from the window of his carriage, as it was once said of him, in contrast with Brawer, who lived and drank with his models. He could not even occasionally deign to pour out, "with a white and disdainful hand," to some Flemish boor; for what had been a noble condescension in the great lord, would, in the reduced artist, become mere boon-companionship. He fled to Brussels, and long lived only for memory of his dead Anne, for Religion, and Art. Reduced to poverty, his pictures also fell in value, we are told, to half-price. "With the *grand seigneur*, men had not dared to drive a bargain; but with the poor artist, they only feared lest they should offer too much."

Yet the shadows of The Three Towers ever fell darkly and solemnly, yet pleasantly, upon his soul. Not even the shades of the grave were so cold and refreshing, though he was alone in the world; for he looked not forward to the tomb as the spot where he should again wed, in death, the loved one passed away. A strange presentiment ever haunted him that he should once more

hear the music of that voice, again gaze with undying love into those infinite eyes, which were blue seas of soul and beauty, again feel the clasp of that hand which now pressed his heart only in troubled, tearful dreams; and this not only in the endless Land of Light which lies beyond Death, but *here*, in the busy world of cities and men.

Reader, I have known one who had but little fear of midnight spectres and graveyard phantasms, but who nourished at heart an inexpressible horror at the thought lest he should some day meet, in the full glare of sunlight and amid the bustle of daily, active life, those whom he had once known, but who were now departed. But it was with no sentiment of horror or supernatural awe that this *feeling* (for it was not as yet matured to a thought or belief) swam dreamily through the soul of Teniers. It was such a sensation as that which steals over us when we insensibly anticipate the approach of spring, with its warm breezes, the voluptuous odour of violets, and the thousand-fold half-audible overtures of dream-operas, whose music is lost in sleep.

His daily rides were often in the direction of Perck; and he seldom returned thence without visiting the grounds of the Castle of The Three Towers. One evening, having approached nearer than usual to its gate, he gave himself up unreservedly to all the sad yet beautiful recollections of the Past. Never had he loved his Anne so well as now; and never before had the strange presentiment of which we have spoken pressed so strongly or assumed so vivid a form.

"Anne! my own love!" he sighed. "Oh! if thy spirit again visits earth, come to me, and be mine!"

The rustling of the gravel, as if stirred by a light footstep,—the sound of the rose-bush brushed by a silken dress,—met his ear; and, turning, he beheld in the moonlight a form with features which even in broad day he would have deemed those of Anne. Yet Anne it was not; for, on beholding the stranger, she blushed deeply, trembled, and, without a word, turned abruptly away.

The suddenness of the apparition, and its evident *reality*, combined with the previous feelings of the artist, had, however, well-nigh overpowered him. Long he fixed his eyes in the direction in which she had vanished, as if gazing into another world, and then, with a long, sad sigh, turned away.

"Oh, Anne, my wife-love!" he mused, "I had wellnigh

deemed thee mine own again. But patience!—the dream is not yet out.”

As he mused, he heard from afar a sweet, merry voice, trilling this verse of an old Flemish song :

*Ick heb van jou niet te singen,
Van jou vrouwen en weet ick niet :
Een also leyden mare
Is te nacht in mijn droome geschiet.*

Oh, naught can I tell of your fair young wife,
And naught can I sing of thee :
I only know that she came—o’ my life!—
By night in a dream to me.

“Ha! Hesperus!” quoth Teniers, abruptly reining up his horse; “singest thou?” And, with a clear voice, which rung afar on the evening breeze, over rose-hedges and garden-walls, he replied to the Unseen who had answered his thought—

*Is also leyden mare
Te nacht in jou droome geschiet?
So gaet en drinkt, koel ister wijn,
En melter dan niemant niet!*

And was it an idle tale you told?
And was it in dreaming done?
Then turn to the cup, while the wine is cold,
And sing that song to none!*

The Castle of The Three Towers had been purchased and was inhabited by the Seigneur Jean de Fresne, Counsellor of the Parliament of Brabant. His daughter Isabella, who shared with him its splendid solitude, was a beautiful, spiritual creature, fresh and fair as one of the rose-buds in her father’s park, and remarkable, to those who in after days formed the comparison, for her singular and mysterious likeness to the departed Anne Breughel. The favourable impression which she had, from the report of numerous friends, formed at an earlier period for Teniers, was exalted, after her removal to his once home, into the most enthusiastic and glowing admiration. From the favourite handmaid of Anne, who had passed into her service, she learned a thousand traits of the noble and gentle character of the “lordly artist”—traits which were confirmed by the memory of every

* “*Harlems Oudt Liedt-Boeck*”—“The Old Song-Book of Harlaem,” p. 69.

neighbour, and attested more forcibly, we fear, to Isabella by the remarkable personal attractions which his portrait, still hanging in the castle, presented.

Were there, perhaps, deeper and more inexplicable sympathies at work, which were capable of bringing her soul more nearly in unison with the departed and the living? We know not. But there was a strange theory current in those days,—a theory earnestly insisted on by the great Campanella, and which the reader may find discussed in many works relative to occult “signatures,” affinities, and antipathies,—that between those who strongly resembled each other there existed a mysterious harmony of thought and feeling. And it was not strange that the youthful and imaginative Isabella—dwelling in the Castle of The Three Towers, and reminded at every step by the portraits of its former mistress, by her mirror, and by the words and actions of her maid, who seemed scarcely aware that she served a stranger, of her wonderful resemblance to Anne—should, in some strange wise, have lived under the feeling that another life and another soul breathed by night and day into her its inspiration.

But, by every portrait of Anne, and in the memory of all who had known her, there was another form,—the form of a noble cavalier, with curling locks and stately bearing,—and where was he now? “He would still have been lord of this castle,” said her father, “had he not been by far too noble, too honourable, too just. In fearing to wrong his children, he has greatly wronged himself.”

We need hardly say that the first sunny morning found Teniers again loitering among the gardens of the castle. At the base of a fountain he was surprised by the old Counsellor de Fresne, who, with great earnestness and kindness, besought him to enter and consider himself as once more at home. “Why should you deprive yourself,” said he, “of all the inspiration which your genius requires, and which you have a right to demand? Come, be at least my guest.”

With these words he led Teniers into his former home, and ushered him into that which had once been the favourite room of Anne. No change had been made in its furniture or decorations; the same silver chandelier hung from the gilded and frescoed ceiling; the same silken curtains trembled in the morning

breeze; and the same lute—Anne's lute—rested in a corner. But at the extremity of the room he beheld an attraction which, more powerfully than the decorations or the lute, drew back his soul to the Past, or, rather, blended the Past and Present in one. Whether a golden ray of hope from the Future gleamed forth at the sight we know not.

At an easel, painting, sat Anne's counterpart—the maiden whom he had so recently met by moonlight in the garden. Yet the resemblance was not that accurate and identical similarity which would induce a careful observer to mistake one for the other. Isabella was younger, lighter, and less grave than Anne in her bearing. But in her features, in the blonde hair “falling in long waves,” and in her tender and naïf glances, she was all-identical with the one passed away.

No look could have been more modest, no salutation more seemly, than that with which she greeted Teniers; but the expression of the one and the tone of the other both conveyed that singular and indefinable feeling with which we first meet one who has long been familiar to our deepest thought. And in the chime of the voice—that mysterious tone or *timbre* which, perhaps, indicates to the careful observer, more accurately than *any* other personal peculiarity, the true character of an individual—Teniers recognised a likeness, indicating a more than physical resemblance.

“My daughter would also fain be enrolled among the artist-guild,” said the old counsellor, smiling. “In faith, she lacks not talent, though I fear she needs a master sadly. Therefore, I pray you, Mijn Heer Teniers, to give her the advantage of your artist's advice, that the poor child may boast with me of having had the best teachers in all things.”

“And that I can well say, father,” replied Isabella; “for it is to your counsel and instruction that I owe all which I possess worth knowing.”

“*Niet te veel, niet te veel*,—not so much, either,” answered the good counsellor, laughing. “Sure I never taught thee flattery. Well, I leave you to your scholar, Heer Teniers. I must depart. *Tot wederseins*: I shall meet you anon.”

Waving his broad, Spanish beaver, the stately counsellor lifted the embroidered hangings from a door and disappeared, leaving the artist alone with one who had long cherished for him

in her soul a deep love, heightened by all the inspiration of indefinable mystery and reverence.

And the days passed by like a dream at the Castle of The Three Towers. But who can analyze the secrets of the human heart? Teniers, fascinated, bewildered by the charms of Isabella, we are told, still feared to abandon his heart fully to *Love*. Whether it was that, with the noble shame characteristic of such a nature, he would not offer his poverty against her wealth, or that he hesitated to take advantage of a love which was only too ready to respond to his own, we know not. But the fascination was terrible; it weighed upon his soul. The *cameriste*, or waiting-maid, of Isabella ever bore herself toward him as if no change of mistresses had taken place, and increased the illusion by inducing Isabella to array herself as Anne had done—in the same plumes, with the same coiffure, and in the same colours. With the same unmoved air as of old, she announced to him that “My lady awaits you, sir;” and the same honours were ever rendered him as if he were still lord of the castle. Wishing to break the spell, and fearing to involve his feelings too deeply in a love which might possibly be opposed by the counsellor, he bade a sad farewell, tore himself abruptly from this scene of mysterious fascination, and departed for France.

He had intended to travel in Italy, but at Lyons he retraced his footsteps. Love—burning, overpowering love—love for the dear one passed away, yet who seemed to live and breathe for him alone in a new form, led him back to his own land. “All is lost now,” thought he, “if I win thee not, my own darling—my undying bride. It is she! it is Anne! it is Isabella who calls! I come, dearest—I come!”

On his return, a letter from the old counsellor awaited him. It was brief, but seemed to give a ray of comfort. “Come, sir!” it said, “come again to us! Even our peasants are anxious to see once more their true lord, and my daughter Isabella finds that a single lesson in painting is not enough to bestow perfection, even from such a master as yourself.”

It was again a fair summer’s night when Teniers re-entered the grounds of the Castle of The Three Towers. The odour of the roses was still fresh and inspiring, and a full moon cast its light, as before, on the scenery—and the soul. As he lingered for an instant by the borders of the little lake, he saw a boat,

containing two female figures, approaching the shore. The one was the maid, the other Isabella. But never had the illusion seemed more perfect—never had Teniers realized before so perfectly the presence of her whom he had lost. The boat touched the border, the maid vanished with a light step and a smile, and Teniers, forgetting all in the illusion, sunk to his knee, and grasping her small white hand, pressed it to his lips:

“Anne! oh, my own Anne!—Isabella! pardon me!”

“Anne, if you will,” replied Isabel, with a sweet smile; “Anne Breughel, since you deem me worthy of the name.”*

Teniers pressed again her hand, and arm in arm the lovers sought the castle.

“In three weeks,” says his biographer, “they were wedded. The old counsellor vainly opposed a few scruples, but soon yielded. Teniers again took up his abode in the castle, and lived as he had done of old. Isabella de Fresne, dazzled by his original genius and his noble manner, was devoted to him to the last. She knew that she ever recalled to him his first wife, and that she was loved for the sake of another; far from regretting it, she even sought to resemble more and more, in all her habits, the departed Anne, so that in one, her husband loved both.”

It may be objected that, in chronicling the legends of Teniers as a lover, we have forgotten his characteristics as an artist. Those who regard him as a mere, though excellent, painter of village scenes, of popular life, or of grotesque monsters and *diablerie*, have not looked beneath the surface or into the depths of his genius. It is an excellent axiom of the present day, that literal imitation is not the great problem of Art. But Teniers was not a literal imitator, as were Mieris, Dow, and Terburg. With him all was life—ininitely varied, active life—with its sunshine and storms, and infinite omnipresent spirit. To the true critic, even the works of Leonardo da Vinci are not more infinitely animated, or, in a word, more Pantheistic, than those of Teniers.

In the heart of the meanest boor, as in the angel, there glows a spark of endless life. Each is manifested in its sphere, and the greatest artist is he who, in portraying man, makes him so

* Arsène Houssaye.

truly human that we never forget a single attribute of his nature. "To reproduce man as God has made him," says a writer, "is a mission full of dignity."

For those wild grotesques, so frequently met with, of Teniers, generally representing the temptation of St. Anthony, and which appear to be a less delirious form of the feverish and diabolical insanities of his connection, HELL BREUGHEL, we have an admirable defence by the poet JULES LE FEVRE: "All is serious," says he, "for the man who scrutinizes and sounds; and even in the extravagances of Teniers I find as great a profundity of abstraction as in the transcendental allegories of Plato. This panorama of fearful caricatures called into being, and around the saint, by his feverish abstinence from all pleasure, may be regarded as a series of emblems. Did not the breaking away from the flesh, and declaring a war to the death against all earthly feelings, bring into existence those inexhaustible monstrosities which the satiric Fleming has revived? This Rabelais of painting thus shows us distinctly of what impure elements those idols are formed which we are so often tempted to adore. These carcasses of reptiles are only the true forms of those passions which twine themselves around us, reduce us to crawl in the marshes of vice and there wallow until we die. There is not one among the hideous marionettes of this burlesque drama which cannot teach the thinker as stern a lesson as the most solemn parable. And the moral which we should draw is this: that if we are not to yield to our passions, neither should we seek to destroy them. Let us be their king, *but not their executioner.*"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

IN WHICH THE OLD DILIGENCE THUNDERS AND RATTLES ONWARD UNTIL IT REACHES THE TOWN OF ARLES; CONTAINING *DIVERS TRAVELLERS' TALES AND TWO BALLADS.

Keinem hat es noch gereut,
Der das Ross bestiegen,
Um in frischer Jugendzeit
Durch die Wett zu fliegen.

Die Schoene Magelone. TIECK.

And never yet did man regret,
When he was old and gray,
That he while young had wandered long
In countries far away.

The Fair Magelone, by TIECK.

TRA LIRA, *tra lira, lira, lira, lira!* On we go, over hill and dale, by hamlet, tower, and town. The postilion cracks his long whip cheerily, and the bugle rings out a merry chorus. Once more, reader, we are off in our old diligence—off by land or sea, or where you will, high or low—in search of adventures. I long for a rattling ride—for speed and motion. Let us start!

—No; let us stop!—for there by the roadside trudges a pretty peasant lass, with long, black eyes, rosy cheeks, and *such* a neat foot and ankle. The poor thing is tired, and has far to go; let us give her a lift. See, as she smiles, what pretty lips and pretty teeth! Too full, do you say?—not a seat left? Oh, reader, pray take her in your lap! you are a good fellow, and obliging; I said so from the beginning. There, now—do you find her too heavy? Of course not.

And on we go! “It is good travelling,” say the Germans, “with your own whip and with a friend’s horse;” therefore, postilion, lay on the leather, and scud like the storm-cloud; or if you prefer it, go like Faust’s demon, “as quick as the transit from good to evil.”

"I have travelled much in diligences," said Wolf Short, "and have met more than once with odd adventures therein. One of them was in giving away a bride."

"What!—a wedding in a wagon?"

"Fact. I was travelling with two friends (one of them a clergyman) in an American stage-coach in the far West, when, as we stopped at the door of a small country tavern, a young lady and gentleman got in, who were evidently lovers, and quite as evidently very much agitated. Now, a stage-coach, I know, is not a diligence, but only its first cousin——"

——"Well!"

"There was something in the appearance of both which deeply interested me, and I soon contrived to win confidence. As I had anticipated, they were eloping. We had not gone more than a mile, ere the Lord-Ullin father of the bride appeared in hot pursuit. As I had made up my mind that the lovers were a congenial couple, (for *he* wore canary kids, and her bonnet had a buff trimming,) I determined to aid them."

"That was very noble in you!" cried CORALIE.

"Unfortunately our driver was a friend of the old gentleman pursuing, and on learning the state of the case, he obstinately refused to go a step farther. It was unfortunate, for as my friends suddenly remembered that they were in great haste to proceed, one of them was under the stern necessity of knocking the driver from his seat and of taking the ribbons himself."

"Bravo!" cried young C——.

"It has always been a matter of regret to me that the unfortunate man, in falling, broke a leg. But we had no time to stop for surgery, and our new driver was a first-rate whip. We went like a hurricane, until the company within were shaken like marbles in a mill. Suddenly a bright thought entered my head. 'This gentleman,' said I to the lovers, and nodding toward the clergyman, 'will marry you.'

"'Of course, I will,' said the clergyman. There was no use in his refusing, nor did he feel inclined to, for the bride's father owed him a bad debt of one hundred dollars, and his blood was up.

"So he began, and went on very well, excepting three or four jolts and tumbles, which rather detracted from the dignity of the ceremony. Joining hands was a difficult matter, for we re-

quired all our hands to hold on with. But our friend the driver, who had contrived not only to steer his cattle, but also to witness the ceremony by occasional glimpses through a hole, pulled up for a second, and so that matter was disposed of. When the old gentleman at last came down on us, he was astonished to find a son-in-law in the coach."

"And how did he bear it?"

"Like a trump, and paid the parson his debt for a marriage fee; after which, we all returned to the old gentleman's house and made merry on the fat of the land. He had excellent Madeira, and some very fine old Bourbon."

"HEINE," said Von Schwartz, "has written a very witty song on love in a diligence, in which he says that after riding with a lady, they ended by finding Love, 'the blind passenger,' seated between them. You all know that in Germany a chance passenger is termed 'blind.'"

"And I have heard," said Adrien, "that there is at the present day a wealthy gentleman travelling about France in a diligence, which forms his only earthly home. It contains a kitchen, library, wine cellar, and sleeping apartment."

"I have heard of him," said C——. "He originally had a beautiful garden on the roof, with a vase at each corner, and a fountain playing in the centre; but he was obliged to relinquish this, for the rude boys, as he passed along, threw stones at his flowerpots, and smashed the crockery."

"Cousin," said Mrs. C——, "do pray be choicer in your language."

"*Mille pardons*," exclaimed the rapid young gentleman, with a glance at the Wolf.

It is certainly a great advantage for any gentleman to travel with friends in general and relations in particular; albeit he is wont to miss many of those eccentric *bamboches* and odd events which seem to be the peculiar property of the solitary prowler.

And apropos of little incidents, reader, I will tell you of a small chemical "sell" which once occurred to me, and which the sight of the "properties" therein referred to has just recalled.

It happened a few years since to MEISTER KARL to be wending his way one summer evening through the streets of London. He had engaged to meet that evening a party of friends at the

soirée given by that illustrious nobleman, BARON NICHOLSON, Lord Chief Justice of the Judge and Jury Club. At a corner of the Strand he was accosted by an individual clad in the garb of decent poverty, who earnestly entreated him to buy a little glass bottle containing several very minute copper coins.

"But I bought some of you yesterday," replied the Meister.

"Can't have too much of a good thing, sir," replied the hawker. "Only a penny, sir—beautiful bottle, never seed the likes, I des-say—containing two werry little browns, each of the value of the sixteenth and fourteenth diwision of a farden separately. Vot you doesn't require yourself, your friends may want."

"But I tell you that you've sold me some already," replied Karl, trying to push on.

"Sell you again, sir, *p'raps*," was the reply. "Now, *do* buy *vun*—only a penny. Besides," he continued hastily, as if fearful of being overheard, "if you'll only buy *vun*, I'll tell you how to get them coins out vithout breakin' or bendin' the little bottle. It's a great dodge, sir, and you may grow rich a bettin' on it."

The last idea was irresistibly ludicrous. Karl forked over the lucre; the hawker pressed into his hand a small slip of paper, and vanished.

It was not until late in the evening that the Meister bethought him of his bottle and the secret. Displaying the former to his friends, he inquired if any of them could inform him how the coins could be extracted without bending or breaking the glass. The entire party declared themselves ignorant, and one daring individual offered to bet a supper that it could not be done.

"I can do it," replied Karl.

"But how?" chorused all.

"I don't know," was the reply, "but wait a minute: the secret is written on this folded paper."

In breathless silence the mystic scroll was opened. On it appeared, in coarse, irregular characters—"NITRIC ACID WILL DISSOLVE THE COPPER!"

The young traveller who pursues alone the tenor of his way will by no means invariably find it *even*. He cannot at times

help a feeling of sadness when he recalls home and friends; and if he have not the faculty of readily forming new ties, his case is often sad indeed. I remember a little ballad by Count Albrecht von Schlippenbach, in which these longings are well described:

IN DER FERNE.

Nun leb' wohl du kleine Gasse,
Nun ade du stilles Dach!
Vater, Mutter, sahn wir traurig,
Und die Liebste sah mir nach.

Hier in weiter, weiter Ferne,
Wie's mich nach der Heimath zieht!
Lustig singen die Gesellen,
Doch es ist ein falsches Lied.

Andre Städtchen kommen freilich
Andre Mädchen zu Gesicht,
Ach! wohl sind es andre Mädchen,
Doch die Eine ist es nicht.

"Andre Städtchen, andre Mädchen,"
Ich da mitten drin so stumm!
"Andre Mädchen, andre Städtchen!"
O wie gerne kehrt' ich um!

FAR FROM HOME.

Fare thee well! thou lane so humble,
Quiet home, farewell to thee!
Sadly gazed I on my parents,
And my Mary gazed on me.

Here so far, so far I wander,
Still for home and love I long;
Merry sing my wild companions,
But it seems a hollow song.

Other cities oft receive me,
Other maidens oft I see;
Other maidens are they truly,—
Not the maiden loved by me.

"Other cities, other maidens!"
Here so lost and sad I stand!
"Other maidens, other cities,"—
Give me back my Fatherland!

Other cities, other maidens!—courage, young one! the time will come when, by the snug fire-side, or in the cosy parlour at home, all these lonely hours will return gilded with many a pleasant thought, for they will bear with them memories of travel and of beauty. Those who sing "home, sweet home" so dolefully when far away, are generally the very ones who exclaim with most zest when returned, "Ah, Jim, those were great times that we used to have there up in the old *Rue de la Paix*—hey?"

But, as I remember, we had started with this chapter in our old diligence, and were madly careering onward, Heaven knows whither. For want of a better place for the nonce, let us suppose that we are travelling among the old cities in the South of France, for I know of few pleasanter, or better worthy examination.

ARLES—Marseilles—Nismes—Montpellier! Those names fall gently and softly on the recollection, like spiritual bank-notes on

the Sabbath of the soul into the charity-box of memory. Take one land with another, there are few which present such an agreeable combination of natural beauty with romantic associations of the past, as the South of France.

ARLES—the *Arelas Civitas* of the ancients—rivals even Avignon in the number and interest of its attractions and legends. Originally selected by Julius Cæsar as the capital of that domain which he had wrested from Marseilles, it speedily rose to great importance, and received from him the name of JULIA, which name Constantine afterward changed for his own. It was for many years the favourite residence of the latter emperor, who adorned it with magnificent buildings, and bestowed upon it many marks of a predilection subsequently increased by its becoming the birthplace of his daughter, Fausta the Fair. It was during his journey from Arles to Rome, when about to join battle with Mezentius, that the celebrated apparition of the cross in the heavens, with the inscription, IN HOC SIGNO VINCES, was witnessed by him; in commemoration whereof he had struck, on his return to Arles, a medal, bearing on one side a radiant cross, and on the other the words ARELAS CIVITAS.

Under Charles the Bald, Arles was elevated into a kingdom, BOZON being its first monarch. In the thirteenth century it attained its culminating point. Possessing a vast commerce, and celebrated for its manufactures of weapons and jewelry, it speedily became the metropolis of the South of France. Archbishop Turpin, the friend of Charlemagne, died there, and was buried in its cemetery—the most celebrated place of interment during the Middle Ages in Europe. No wonder that its reputation should be so widely extended, since it was generally believed that the corpses deposited within its limits were protected by divine interposition against desecration by witchcraft or the hand of violence. It was even thought that this miraculous protection began to operate as soon as any person had determined that his remains should be laid in this campo santo!

Gervais de Tilbury, who wrote in the thirteenth century, gives, in his book "*De Mirabilibus Mundi*," a curious legend relating to this belief. And be it borne in mind that he vouches for its truth, having himself witnessed the occurrence:

“It was the custom for those dwelling near the Rhone, above Arles, to consign the coffins containing the bodies of their defunct friends to its stream, placing first a sum of money beneath the head of the corpse, well assured that a divine guidance would keep them clear of all rocks or sand-banks, and arrest them in their course directly opposite the last house in Arles, where men were always in waiting to receive them. When any of the boatmen on the river met with one of these mysterious death-barks, they saluted it with the sign of the cross, and suffered it to float onward unmolested; nor would they for worlds have meddled with the funeral gold which it contained, for it was believed that the guardian angel of the deceased sat upon the coffin as steersman, spreading his wings for sails.

“Now, certain graceless knaves dwelling at *Beaucaire*, fearing neither God nor man, beholding one day a stately coffin coming down the Rhone, resolved to plunder it of the burial-money; which heathenish and most vile act they incontinently effected, having gone forth in a boat and robbed it in the middle of the river.

“What was their astonishment to see the coffin, though floating at the time far from any bank or impediment, at once stop in its course and remain spinning round and round on the spot where the heinous deed had been committed. And there it remained for many days; nor could any force send it down the river one jot, until—the strangeness of the deed having excited inquiry—the thieves were detected and the money restored, after which it quietly swam on its course.”

This Arlesian burying-field must have been very beautiful in its day, if we judge from the sarcophagi now in Paris and Marseilles. The proverb, *Ditior Arelas sepulta quam viva*—“the buried Arles is richer than the living”—though applied at present exclusively to the supposed inhumed riches of the city, originated in the great splendour of its *campo santo*. The vast number of its tombs is thus alluded to in the *Orlando Furioso*:

*Della gran moltitudine che uccisa,
Fu d'ogni parti in questa ultima guerra,
Se ne vede ancor regno in quella terra
Che presso ad ARLI, ove il Rodano stagna
Piena di sepolture é la campagna.*

Of all the wealth and beauty of this Arlesian city of the dead—

of all its fair sarcophagi, temples, churches, arches, tablets, and tombs—how little remains! Laid waste by the vandal liberality of its different consuls and prefects, who could conceive of no more economical and agreeable gift to Louis XIV., and to many notables of a subsequent era, than the free right of plunder in their churchyard, the traveller now seeks in vain among a score of tombstones and a mass of fragments for some trace of its ancient glory. “The dead ride fast,” says Buerger. Is it not sad to see their monuments—those last faint struggles for an earthly immortality—perishing so rapidly after them?

But a glorious souvenir of the past still exists in the Roman amphitheatre of Arles; said to be the best preserved and most perfect erection of the kind in existence. The reader who cares to be informed as to its past and present appearance, or to become learned in the *vomitoria*, *velaria*, and *hospitalia* of this lordly slaughter-house, and to learn on what occasions it was signalized by the presence or patronage of Constantine, Honorius, and Childebert, may consult *Les Bords du Rhone*, or Frossard’s learned work on the Antiquities of Arles. I only recollect sitting there alone one silent, sunny morning, listening to the birds chirping and fluttering over the old gray ruin, and trying to recall snatches of troubadour poesy, and scenes from *Le Dernier Roi d’Arles*. The higher the mountain the smaller the chalet, and not unfrequently the greatness of the place is in inverse ratio to the thoughts which it awakens.

But the glory of Arles is its cloister of Saint Trophime. Let the scholar whose soul is imbued with the mysterious beauty of the Middle Ages linger long amid the shadows of its Norman arches and Gothic ogives, for in all Europe he will not find another place more likely to inspire in him the sentiment of romance, and memories

“Of the dim, distant days of king and knight.”

I have lingered there at even-tide, when the shadows of its quaint columns fell across the darkening aisles, when the bat flitted through the quadrangle, and the echoing footsteps of a chance passenger sounded like the tread of an armed knight. Of all the religious edifices which the hand of the Middle Ages has placed in the South of France, the most remarkable is this cloister of Saint Trophime.

“Christian Art has here displayed all the richness of its original genius, all the immensity of its conception, all the resources of its ardent and fantastic imagination. All the prodigies of the Middle Ages are here accumulated, grouped, pressed into lines, and exposed, like the paintings of old masters in the Louvre, to public view.”

This church and cloister, founded originally by the Archbishop Virgilius, A. D. 301, dedicated by him to Saint Trophime, the first propagator of Christianity in Gaul, pillaged by the Saracens, and destroyed by the Northmen, was finally rebuilt with great splendour in the eleventh century. The cloister is a complete summary of the history of the Middle Ages. Four galleries, each erected at a different period, furnish perfect illustrations of the four great epochs of Christian Art. In the Northern Gallery, we have a grand specimen of the stern and simple Romanesque, representing admirably the majestic purity of the early church. “In the Eastern Gallery,” says Alphonse B., “a sentiment of Oriental luxury has glided in among the traditions of antiquity. A greater originality of style and boldness on the part of the artist here indicates that change in the manner of the age and the new developments in religion which mark the transition era. But in the Western Gallery we see the Gothic—the sentiment of the beautiful, mysterious Middle Age in all its glory; while in the Southern, the determination of style fully illustrates the condition of the church during the fifteenth century, when convulsed by dissensions and new forms of belief.” Yet, despite these architectural differences, a certain picturesque unity pervading the whole, prevents us from feeling that want of harmony usually resulting from a mixture of styles. The rich profusion of ornament in which the cloister abounds favors this unity; and, when the shades of twilight swim around, suppressing lesser details, that the imagination may more than reproduce them, we gaze about us and wonder that man could ever have created aught so dream-like and lovely. The walls and columns wrought into elaborate statuary and tracery are no longer mere places for ornament, but have become ornaments themselves.

In this cloister the lover of Romantic Art may revel in the contemplation of all the beauty and mystery of that singular era. All the personages of sacred history stand before him in mute procession, living in death and animate in stone. Here ogives,

trefoils, chevrons, rosaces, niches, mascarons, lobes, and all the quaint traceries of Gothic Art are scattered with no unsparing hand; while the student who sees in such ornament, not the work of Art, but the mysterious hieroglyph, will find innumerable symbols pregnant with occult meaning. Here are the knight and the dragon of Mithraic origin, the two battling warriors, and other emblems found in every perfect Gothic church, and which the Middle Ages inherited from Arabian and Persian sources—emblems typifying the eternal contest of good and evil, combined with other mysterious symbols, whose meaning has, perhaps, long been hidden in the grave of some old monk or long-bearded Freemason of the olden time.

In the Southern Gallery, the Legend of St. Martha slaying the Tarascon is quaintly represented on the impost of a pillar. This sculpture was pointed out to me and explained by Monsieur Frossard, the antiquary, who kindly acted as my cicerone in exploring the beauties of Saint Trophime. And as the reader may not have heard the legend to which I refer, I will take the liberty of narrating it:

“Centuries ago, one of the most terrible monsters in hell availed himself of the negligence of Satan’s porter, who had incautiously left the gate open for an instant, and escaped.

“This monster was a dragon, bearing on his back a *carapace* or tortoise-shell shield bristling with fearful spines; his paws were armed with enormous claws; his head was a horrible medley of those of man, the lion, and the tiger, while his jaws displayed many rows of teeth—long, sharp, and glittering as sabres.

“After long journeying in the air, and over earth and seas, the monster settled in a cavern near Tarascon, a town on the Rhone, not far from Arles.

“He soon laid waste the country, devouring, however, only women and children. And on the day of his arrival at Tarascon, so great was his thirst that he nearly dried up the river.

“So great was his audacity that at length he often prowled about the walls of the city, and one Sunday, as the inhabitants were quietly returning from church, he dashed in among them and bore away MADELEINE, then famed throughout France for her beauty.

“At this time, two women and two men who had been cast away at sea in a crazy boat, without oars, sails, or rudder, were carried to the shores of Provence.

"To conduct them safely, Saint Michael placed his golden lance in the middle of their bark for a mast, and the Virgin had cast thereon her veil as a sail.

"These wrecked and saved were Saint Lazarus the Revived, Saint Maximin, Saint Martha, and Mary Magdalen the Converted.

"The first went his way to Marseilles to preach the gospel, and afterward became the first bishop and patron of that city, as did the second at Aix.

"Mary Magdalen went her way to Sainte Baume, while Saint Martha bore her sacred torch to many different cities.

"Moved by her miracles, the inhabitants of Taraseon prayed her to deliver them from the monster. And followed by them, she sought his den by a path wet with blood and strewn with human bones.

"Armed only with a little cross of wood, Saint Martha entered the cavern. The monster, roaring with rage and terror, retreated before her to the inner bound of his cave. Flames and smoke rolled in terrible clouds from his throat, and he suddenly darted upon her, uttering a yell which shivered the rocks around. But—oh, wonder of wonders! he fell back at her feet, no longer a dragon, but transformed to the lamb of Saint John!

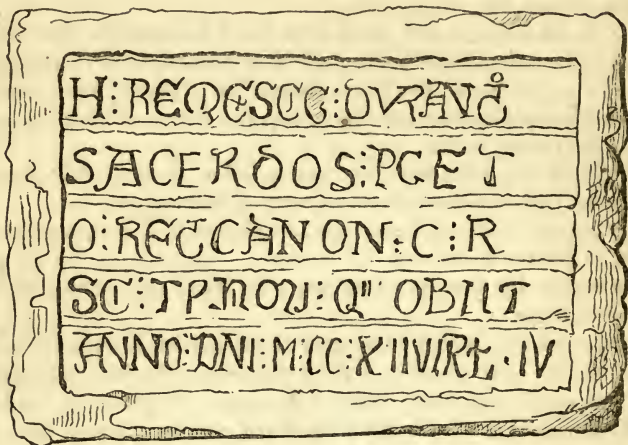
"'In the name of Christ follow me!' said the saint, and binding him with her girdle, she led him forth and delivered him to the people. In consequence of this miracle, the Tarasconians were that day converted to Christianity. In memory of which, King René instituted a festival and games on the 14th of April, 1474, which are still observed."

In this procession is drawn a terrible effigy of the monster. Within it are four men, who move the figure in so strange a manner that the games are not always without danger.

In the sculpture to which I have referred, the scaly monster (with the legs of the unfortunate Madeleine hanging out of his mouth) turns up his eyes in amiable expectancy at the fair saint, who with uplifted girdle (some naïve old chronicles say that it was her *garter*) is about to smite, subdue, and lead in lamb-like captivity the monster.

Around the galleries are arranged scores of old tomb-tablets, many of them commemorating the abbots and monks who many centuries ago passed as lords or vassals among these galleries, and, it may be, wore with their feet the very pavement on which we

now stand. Several of these inscriptions I copied; one was as follows :—



The meaning of which I humbly conjecture to be—“*Here rests Durant, a priest, sinner, and canon of the royal cloister of St. Trophime, who died in the Year of our Lord one thousand two hundred and eighteen.*”

It was at the grand altar of this church of Saint Trophime, and on the third of September, A.D. 1455, that King René was wedded to Jeanne de Laval, daughter of County Guy XIII. and of Isabel de Bretagne. The festivals and merry-makings which succeeded this royal marriage are still celebrated in lay and legend among the Arlesians.

It was in the Abbey of Montmajor, near Arles, that the Donatists were condemned, A.D. 314, and Constantine made this celebrated reply to those who solicited, on the part of the heretics, a revival of his opinion :

Judicium meum postulant, qui ipse judicium Christi expecto!

“They demand a reconsideration of me, who myself await the judgment of Christ.”

Since writing the above on Saint Trophime, I have raked up another old legend of the Aliscamps, as the Arlesian burying-ground was anciently termed. The authentic text of this legend is said to exist in the archives of the Vatican, whence it was copied in 1779 by the historian PAPON.

“When St. Trophime had assembled all the bishops of Gaul to consecrate the Aliscamps as a Christian burial-ground, no one would fulfil the office, on the plea of humility. Then Jesus Christ himself appeared among them, and blessed the cemetery. During the consecration, heavenly music resounded over the plain—music so sweet, that many vestal virgins there buried lifted up the lids of their tombs to listen more distinctly.”

I need only add, in confirmation of the above, that the Archbishop Michael de Morieres, who, in the year 1203, addressed a letter to all Christendom, recalling the tradition, assures us that in his time heavenly music was frequently heard floating over this city of the dead.

But enough of monkish legends: let me not close this chapter without paying homage to a far more attractive subject, for which Arles has for centuries been celebrated—I mean the wonderful—yea, the marvellous—yea, the transcendant beauty of its women. In the blindness of forgetfulness, I spoke of the church of St. Trophime as the crowning glory of Arles——

——But what are temples of stone and mortar compared to fair young temples of flesh and blood—those chosen sanctuaries of love and beauty?

What, O my hearers, is a Gothic oriel window, though termed by Gervasius the “eye” of the church, when compared with the black eye of a brunette, or its winding tracery to her flowing tresses? And what are its beautiful mouldings to the delicate moulding of well-formed features and of lithe and limber limbs?

Or what the portal of a church, though it be like that of Florence, fit to be the gate of heaven, compared with that fairer portal a pretty mouth? What is a rose-window to a rosy cheek, and what are *consoles*, though sustaining the effigies of saints, compared to the consolations of love which sustain our souls?

Osculari virgines dulcius est donum—“Sweet is the privilege of kissing girls;” and may the Meister’s malediction fall on him who would refuse them heartfelt, chivalric devotion and admiration! Against their weakness, what strength avails?

Adam, Samsonem, Loth, Davidem et Salomonem.

Fœmina decepit, quis modo tutus erit?

The English of this Latin, fair lady reader, is, that as Adam, Samson, Lot, David, Solomon, in the plentitude of their wisdom,

yielded to the charms of your sex, it is therefore incumbent on all moderns less wise to do the same. Love to the lovely!

And who knows what gentle thoughts and melting associations may have swum through the soul of my fair lady reader as she passed with me through some of the darkened alcoves of this Sketch-Book? Who knows? *I don't—I wish I did!*

Oh what sweet forms fair ladies souls do shroud,
Were they made seen, and forced through their blood!*

And perhaps—but no! The Master dare claim no reward for faithfully worshipping the sex, for it was his duty. Should any feel inclined to reward him, he respectfully refers them to his “other self,” Wolf Short, who was born in the city of Philadelphia. “The Christian children born in that place” (saith Gabriel Thomas, in his “Account,” London, 1698) “are generally well favoured and beautiful to behold. I never knew any with the least blemish.” Of late years this freedom from defect has extended to the mental faculties (so Wolf declares)—and to the moral. And the Wolf is rather a “Christian child” than otherwise.

Ladies—dear ladies—pray grant me one more “last word.” I presume that you don’t understand Latin—for

L'enfant qui est nourri de vin,
Soleil qui luiserne au matin,
La femme qui parle Latin,
Ne viennent pas à bonne fin.

The infant fed on wine and beer,
The sun which shines at daybreak clear
Or lady speaking Latin tongue,
Are never well, but end in wrong.

Therefore I must suppose that you do not quite understand what *Flavius Constantinus* meant when he declared, “*Mulieri imperare res desperata.*” I will tell you. He meant that as it is impossible to govern a woman, we had all better settle quietly down under your gentle rule, and make the best of it!

And therefore the Meister modestly moves along the even tenor (or baritone) of his way, much hoping, greatly fearing, and little daring. For he dreads, if he were venturesome as was

* *Marlowe. Hero and Leander.*

HEINZ VON STEIN, that the fate of that bold robber might be his. And as this is no bad ballad, he will even end with it this chapter and his "confidences:"

HEINZ VON STEIN.

Es zog von dannen der wilde,
Gefürchtete Heinz von Stein;
Er zog von dannen und kehrte,
In einem Wirthshaus ein.

Er setzte sich stolz zu Tische,
Und herrschte "Bringt mir Weiu!"
Husch lief mit Glas und Flasche
Des Wirthes Tochterlein.

Da ward ihm ach! so wehe—
Er seufzt: "O Holde mein!
Wie wär's gäbst du ein Küsschen
Dem tapfern Heinz von Stein?"

Sie sagte: "Wollt ihr ein Küsschen
Von einem Madel fein,
So musst Ihr vor allen Dingen
Ein hübsche Junge sein."

Das wurmte den Ritter sehre
In seinem Herzen drein;
Er grollte: "Was bin ich schuldig
Für deinen sauern Wein?"

Drauf ritt er trotzig heime:
Und kehrte nimmer ein:
Das ist die schaurige Mähre
Vom wilden HEINZ VON STEIN.

Out rode from his wild dark castle,
The terrible Heinz von Stein;
He rode by the door of a tavern,
And gazed at the swinging sign.

He sat himself down at a table,
And called for a bottle of wine;
Up came, with the flask and a corkscrew,
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then he sighed with a deep love-longing,
And said—"Oh damosell mine!
Suppose you just give a few kisses
To the val-i-ant Ritter Von Stein!"

But she answered—"The kissing business
Is entirely out of my line,
And I certainly will not begin it
On a countenance ugly as thine."

Oh then the bold knight was angry,
And curséd both coarse and fine,
And asked her how much was the swindle
For her sour and nasty wine.

And fiercely he rode to his castle,
And sat himself down to dine;
And this is the dreadful legend
Of the terrible HEINZ VON STEIN.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

IN WHICH THE COURIER, DEPARTING FROM HIS PRESCRIBED
IRREGULARITY, DELIVERS A REGULAR COURSE OF TWO LEC-
TURES.

French and English Lectures
A Familiar Lecture to my Lady Readers.

SUBJECT: A MARRIAGE.

In world there is no bale or bliss,
Or whatsoever that it is,
But at the last will overgang,
Suppose that many think it lang.

SIR EGER, SIR GRÆME, AND SIR GRAYE STELE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS! November hath begun—the yellow leaves rustle around, and the foot of Beauty, in her daily walks, treads on a movable and changeable carpet of that which, whilom, was summer's greenery. Clouds flit more frequently at this season over the sky above, as well as over the heaven of your souls, and the ever-contented man can now frequently sing—

It raineth
God saineth.

And the mysterious yellowish-purple pinkishness which lingers at dewy or frosty eve over the western sky, foreshadows gently the Indian Summer, or, as the French term it, "L'Été de Saint Martin," (the summer of Saint Martin.)

It is heralded by clear frosty nights, lit by the far-streaming, brightly-beaming, meteor-gleaming; by the moon which shines nowhere so happily as o'er our own fair city; by the scattering evening calls and morning visits, in which friendships and acquaintances, dissolved during the warm summer-tide, are once more united and confirmed; by the more frequent advent of operas, operettas, concerts, musical soirées, dramatic nights, tragedies, comedies, comediettas, burlettas, and vaudevilles, farces, pantomimes, ballets, and other theatrical amusements too numerous to mention—including the exquisitely entertaining volunta-

ries and improvisations, forming no part of the regular performance, and set down in no bills, but which are not the less, on that account, universally admired.

Of all days the pleasantest should be the cold, bracing, sunny days of Autumn. Look into your hearts, and you will find that more golden souvenirs are linked to the chain of its associations than charms to the chatelains of the most highly-jewelled of my auditresses.

For my own part, ladies, I do most solemnly affirm that I wouldn't exchange the dreariest half of November for the sunniest smiles of May, nor one of its cloudy Sundays for the merriest *matinée* of a dozen winters.

And, having thus argued you into a good humour with the season which is too late for peaches and too early for camellias, I take my leave of *Autumna* and proceed to analyze—(not the *Ann Elise* to whom the chemist devoted himself)—but to dissect, investigate, set forth, expatiate upon, and explaterate, or, in plain lantern language, *matagrabolize* for your benefit, an exquisite little bit of authenticity, which occurred in Paris just three years, three days, and thirty-seven minutes (not to mention the four odd seconds) since. Dating back, of course, from the second at which this paragraph meets your eye.

It is of a marriage, (you all like to hear about marriages,) and I believe that I am neither unguarded or rash in my assertion, when I state that it was of a gentleman to a lady. It was not the marriage of your beloved courier, nor even one of his flock. Had it been the latter, I should have, *ex cathedra*, published the banns, and thus spread myself forth as a *banner*. It was not the wedding of a German, for the lover had never once told the lady that he considered her “as unattainable as the stars;” nor of a Gipsy—for the wedding-party did not dance in a hall paved with eggs and sugar, as do the *Zincali*. If you are really curious to know what the couple were, I may be permitted to inform you that they were—*French!*

Yes, French. And the young gentleman was a poet, and the bride a widow. But she was

Amiable as an Angel,
Handsome as an Houri,
Fair as a Fairy,
Sweet as a Sylph,

Graceful as a Goddess,
 Peerless as a Peri,
 Nice as a Nymph,
 Dainty as a Divinity,
 Enticing as an Enchantress,
 Soft as a Syren.

Nothing on earth could, in fact, be compared to her, with the exception of my lady readers. Moreover, she had the reputation of having *the tin*—otherwise known as *argong, gelt, spicunia*, brass, spoons, ready, needful, or pewter. Some people term it, Moss, Buttons, or Dativus, but they are Germans, who begin all things capitally, and end plurally, yet are honest hearts withal, who can drink with Pedro Grullo, "*in folio*."

Therefore, you will agree with me when I say that the poet, like the words or the Germans above quoted, begun capitally with such an excellent, model widow. And when he had ended plurally (*id est*, had become "*me and my wife*") the Beauty took him aside, and, with great modesty, many tears, and intense reluctance, informed him that——

And here let us pause. Young ladies! whenever *you* have any such revelations to make, let me suggest that they invariably come with greater propriety, through the medium of a third person, before marriage. There are some husbands so lost to all sense of "what's what," as to bitterly regret the absence of much which, in the eyes of true love, doesn't appear to be of the slightest consequence.

For the "vidder" informed the husband that she had deceived him on declaring that her fortune amounted to sixty thousand crowns, (of five francs each.)

"Well, darling!" he replied, sealing the expression with a kiss—(they were alone, ladies)—"well, darling! it isn't of the slightest consequence. I am not rich, it's true; but we can live. What if you *are* poor? Fiddle-de-diddle! *Parbleu! Troun de l'air!!* Who cares? I don't! not a bit! Haven't you got all the treasures of your beauty left you? These silken tresses? This nose? These limbs? These teeth? And this complex ——"

"Ah!" interrupted the bride, "my colour, my hair, and my teeth are fabrications."

"How curious!" cried her husband-lover—(ladies, may you all get such a one!)"—"why, my own dear love, how unfortunate

you've been ! How I pity you ! 'Pon my soul, I love you a million times better. Poor little sing, did it loose its *tooseys* ? I don't care, dear, for *that*. Don't trouble your head about such a trifle. Isn't your mind left, with its rich stores of intellect—its high soaring genius—its—its—its—knowledge of cookery and unruffled placidity of temper ?”

“Ah,” replied the bride, who seemed bent on making a clean sweep, or a clean breast of it, (it's all one to me, which,) “Ah ! but I'm subject to *fits* !”

“Oh, you poor dear !” replied her compassionate husband, “how lucky, then, that I married you—I who know so well how to take care of such attacks ! *Some* men can't. Kiss me, puss !”

Now when it came to this, the widow could stand it no longer. With several tears, divers embraces, sundry sobs, and quantities of kisses, she informed her husband (who thought that one of her fits was just coming on as a sample) that he had misunderstood her !

“As how ?” inquired that remarkably excellent and immovable young man.

“Why, love,” replied she, “I said that you were deceived as to my fortune, and so you are. It isn't sixty thousand crowns (of five francs, or one hundred sous, or five hundred centimes each)—but *eighty* thousand *per annum*.”

“Good !” replied the husband. “So, then, dear, don't be angry ; but I was only about to remark that, with such an income, you can keep up a first-rate supply of paint, teeth, hair, fingers, and so forth.”

“There you're wrong again,” she answered. “I said that my teeth, hair, and complexion were fabricated—and so they are—but the Lord fabricated them !”

“Bravo !” replied the husband. “Not that I care, on my account, for money. I *trust* that *my* love goes beyond that, or beauty either. But with a sound frame and a fortune, you will have so much less to suffer from those painful fits.”

“Why, child,” replied his pretty young wife, “I was talking of fits of love and convulsions of happiness. You wouldn't have me cured of *them*—would you, dear ?”

This, ladies, is the finale of the wedding. The finale of our lecture is given in the following verses—

"LAUD THE FAIR."

Oh, that I had his heart and hand,
Who, in the German Fatherland,
 Long centuries ago,
Won for himself a glorious name,
By giving all to Woman's fame
 That poet could bestow!

What better theme could minstrel ask,
Where seek a nobler, gentler task,
 More flattering to his pride,
Than to extol those Spirit Flowers,
The Dames—who've blessed this world of ours,
 Since that old Master died?

Oh, praised be Woman—maid or wife—
The Aurora of our future life,
 The Spirit of our Soul;
A light of God to darkness given,
A lovely bud, which fell from heaven,
 To grow 'neath Heaven's control!

Full many a stormy age hath fled
Since that old minstrel joined the dead—
 A blessing on his name!
The rainbow world oft changed its hue,
But still his words for her are true,
 And Woman rests the same.

An angel in Earth's fetters bound,
The sunlight of its dreary ground,
 The starlight of its Night;
A golden flower, a dainty shoot,
Upspringing from Life's grosser root,
 As if for heavenly flight:

Woman! to me thy lovely eyes
Are but a reflex of those skies
 Where all thy sisters dwell.
Oh, Love, in Life unchangeable,
Oh, Love, what Life thy power can tell!
 My song is sung—Farewell!

Another Lecture to the Ladies.

SUBJECT: "SPIRITUAL KNOCKINGS."

It's a no use your knockin' at the door any more!

It's a no use your knockin' at the door!

WHO DAT KNOCKING?

Au clair de la lune,
L'aimable Lubin;
Frappait chez la brune,
Qui repond soudain,
Qui frappe de la sorte?

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE.

BONJOUR, MESDEMOISELLES! My compliments to you, fair auditors, and, through you, to your mammas. Put *no* faith in a man who neglects your maternities; for of such a nature is the hypocrite and fool. Hypocrite, I say; for how can he pretend to be able to sincerely appreciate the excellence of one woman, or the sex in general, who limits his deference and devotion exclusively to the young and lovely? A great philosopher has declared that he who has studied only the rudiments of a science is ignorant even of its rudiments; and no man hath any claim to true regard from a sex which he knows only from its younger or rudimentary elements. A fool is he, moreover, since he is thus disqualified from following an admirable maxim, teaching us that

He who would the daughter win
Must with the mother first begin!

BELOVED! the subject of our present lecture is that of Spiritual Knockings—known to those singular geniuses and gallant gentlemen, the Rosicrucians, as *TRARAMES*, and defined in a tight, little, parchment-bound quarto, printed at Leipzig, in 1678, treating of Magic, Diablerie, and similar trash, as "*Trarames umbrarum sunt et spectorum invisibles auditæ tamen actiones*;" which signifieth, "*Trarames* are the invisible yet audible actions of ghosts and spectres." But, if you, my gentle auditors, imagine that I intend wearying you with *Trarames*, or Rochester knockings, or spectral scratchings, or theurgical thumpings, and similar hobgoblinism and spookishness, you are trimly mistaken. In a word, I simply propose examining into the nature of those

spirits which cause such frequent and violent knockings at—our hearts!

Remember, then, if you please, that your lecturer assumes, as far as all personal experiences of this nature are concerned, to be a spotless lamb, who has had neither glove of victory nor mitten of defeat. The Childe's destiny is his, and he can gently sigh with Sir Galahad—

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!—
For them I'd battle to the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in church and shrine—
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine!

These are the words, dear ladies, of Tennyson's Sir Galahad—a gentleman most inappropriately named, since it is amply evident, from his own confession, that—vulgarily speaking—he never *had a gal*. But, to proceed:

Love—true love—my hearers, is the passion, sentiment, or emotion, which causes these *knockings of the heart*, and is, in a more or less diluted form, experienced by all the widely-spread families of the human race, except Frenchmen, Turks, and Chinese. Known only in a strange, rough state to the ancients, it subsequently assumed an entirely new form and spirit. It was only of later ages, my friends, that it received, formed, and became identical with gentleness, courtesy, and all that is heightened, gallant, and chivalric. As the flower is ripened into the still more beautiful and glorious fruit, so Love, which had previously been but a splendid passion—or brilliant blossom—under the genial sun of modern civilization, was rapidly matured into a thousand developments, of which the world had previously not the slightest knowledge. With the march of mind, or progression of intellect, and hand in hand with Art, Science, Piety, and Political Economy, it rushed onward into many lands, until, finally, taking its way, with the star of empire, westward, assumed, in your snowy bosoms, the highest, clearest, and most refined form which it has as yet known.

But we have not as yet defined Love—the primitive cause of all these heart-knockings; and in faith 'tis no easy task. There be many roads to Rome as well as a certain better place we wot

of, and, perhaps, every young lady now listening to me has an altogether peculiar and singular definition of the same. As your lecturer, I beg leave to give my own ideas as to the manner in which I imagine the *mal d'amour* attacks its victims. And this I do in the words of *Sir Gruelan, in the Trouveur Lai*:

Love—sovereign Love—mysterious and refined,
Is the pure confluence of immortal mind;
Chaste union of two hearts, by *virtue wrought*,
Where *each* seems *either*, in word, deed, and thought;
Each singly to itself no more remains,
But one will guides—one common soul sustains.

That quotation embodies my own sentiments, and a remarkable specimen of fine writing it is. But the *feminine* world at large, were they to narrate their own impressions and experience, would, I fear me, individually confess a very different conception of the subject. It would appear that the spiritual knockings of King Cupid had sounded as many tones and semitones on their hearts as the hammer of an eccentric German musician on one of those curious wooden instruments, termed, I believe, a xylo-tone. Madame Anatolie, if asked for her definition of Love, would probably laugh, and refer me to the Dictionnaire d'Amour. Miss ONE would call it a cause, the effect of which is an establishment and carriage. Miss TWO, do. Miss THREE regards it as a valuable auxiliary in schottisches and German cotillions. Miss FOUR, borrowing unconsciously from the ancient philosopher who discovered that the soul was a tone, would say that it was the musical sympathy of two harmonious souls; which would be, in fact, the artistic form of my own ultra-refined Platonism. Miss FIVE, I am very, *very* sorry to say, regards it as nothing but

A delicate, sly flirtation,
By the light of a chandelier;
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near.

Shocking! Miss SIX, as the boon companionship of two good-humoured, careless souls, alternately petting or pelting each other incessantly with puns and bon-mots. Misses 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 believe it to be the unbroken and absorbing admiration of their personal attractions. Miss TWELVE, like the ancient *belle* in the old ballad, imagines that the soul of Love consists in letting

a lady have her own way—and a very good way it is, when Reason takes the helm.

Miss THIRTEEN is inclined to think that pure, disinterested affection is best manifested by zealous attention at the supper-table, and its crowning test displayed in capturing for her the most beautiful bouquet—the largest and finest *bon-bons*—and in bringing, exactly at the right time and place, the first glass of iced champagne. (And a very sensible young lady she is, too.)

Miss FOURTEEN would find it difficult to define her position, or explain her views. Dim visions of fast-looking angels met in droves in fashionable streets of a Sunday afternoon—faint souvenirs of long rows of handsome young gentlemen, seated smoking in dreary continuity before the first hotels—fluttering phantasmæ of immaculate coats, and still more immaculate “cwavats,” surmounted by heads of hair intensely *soignée*—the sum total standing in church, exquisitely upright, behind a prayer-book in every direction around her. Such are some of the imperfect ideas which swim in shoals across the Mediterranean of her imagination. She has never as yet analyzed humanity, or discovered any difference between one *gent* and another. Her ideas of this business are all *en gros*—none *en detail*.

Miss FIFTEEN experienced her last twinge of the tender passion in an omnibus. Such a nice young gentleman as he was! pulled the check-strap for her with such vigour as to almost draw driver and horses through the hole—received her sixpence with an electric thrill of joy—paid the driver, and, oh, the chime of his voice, as he melodiously, musically, and mellifluously inquired, “*Ticket, miss?*” They have since been introduced, and now meet daily and delightfully in the same manner. “For since that hour they ride in cabs no more,” as Dante remarks. I need not tell you, my friends, that her ideas of love are all conveyed by the medium of a “*bus*.” These vehicles she regards as perambulating Paradises, and the words “Cinderella,” “Gen. Taylor,” “Kipp and Brown, Broadway and Twentieth Street,” as intensely delightful and spiritually comforting inscriptions, mysteriously typifying, like Hesiod’s cosmogony, the birth of young Love. *Vive l’Omnibus!*

Miss SIXTEEN believes Love to be a plant of intellectual and literary growth, which requires frequent showers of blue ink, and refreshing breezes of sonneteering sighs, or—to transplant the

simile from the garden of poetry to the drawing-room of romance—she treats it as a flower whose true destiny is—not to flourish sweetly out in the fresh, bright *world*, in the brilliant sunlight of life, but to be immortalized—duly begummed and poetized—between the hot-pressed leaves of a millefleur-scented album! *Peste and malapeste!!* Oh, my beautiful friends, beware of chaining love with lyrics—putting him to sleep like an invalid between the sheets of a book, or binding him with ballads—

For if *bound*—he should only be bound in your arms!

Miss SEVENTEEN has been engaged seventeen times, and consequently no longer attaches any extra attributes to love or lovers. If pressed for a reply, she would languidly, sleepily, sweetly, and prettily answer, from *La Rochefoucauld*—“*Dans les premières passions les femmes aiment l'amant, dans les autres elles aiment l'amour.*” Bless her dear heart! Yes, ladies, bless her, for the flames of many flirtations have purified her soul, (this being a fire which the burnt child never dreads,) and she now loves for true love, *per se*.

Miss EIGHTEEN has always and only flirted at watering-places—in strange cities—or while travelling. The marriage contract is to her dimly connected by mysterious ties of spiritual affinity with hotel bills and *cartes de diner*; and words of love, if not breathed during a moonlight walk of the creamiest description possible, must of course be whispered in a parlour half full of strangers, on the deck of a steamer, or in a railroad car while bolting through a dark, subterranean tunnel. Cupid nestles, according to her ideas, in a trunk, and Hymen sleeps with a carpet-bag for a pillow. When married, she will start with her husband to summerize in Heidelberg and Baden Baden, with a slight *detour* in returning, *via* the Nile and St. Petersburg. She also is a very nice young lady, indeed, but labours under an error in supposing that no promising young cavaliers are to be found about town during the winter.

Miss NINETEEN will probably marry a “fast man.” She will tell you that ——— was “*tight*” four nights since, and that ——— had to carry him home; that ——— had a great time with the watchman, and will narrate all the particulars of the row, (where under the sun she learns them I cannot imagine,) and wonders how any gentleman *can* frequent Pat Hern’s. She

is afraid that ——— plays too high, and knows all the particulars of the accident which happened to ——— in the run out on ——— street. She is better “posted up” than you would ever suppose on the last divorce-case, and is deeply initiated in the mysteries of elopements. Like all true female amateurs of fast beaux, she is strikingly correct in her own deportment, as such demoiselles invariably are, strange as it may seem; and I can assure the gentleman who marries her, that despite her merry laugh at his autobiographical recital of wild deeds, when the noose is once tied, he will have to *reform*, and no mistake! No more late breakfasts and mint-juleps, billiards and Congress-water, for *him*! When he wanders, with his little *cara sposa* cosily hooked to his leeward arm, he may drearily glance at the single-named signs, recalling suppers that were, and mournfully murmur, “*Et in Arcadia ego!*” Serves him right, for she will make him infinitely happier, if he chooses so to be, than he ever was before.

Miss TWENTY, who loves in social life alternate storms and sunshine, presumes and hopes that her lover and husband will be the bearer of intolerable misery and ineffable happiness. Like the Russian wife, she will almost quarrel with her partner for not treating her cruelly, and would, from her impressions of human nature, be bitterly disappointed in a man who is not occasionally a brute. Like the French lady, she would dearly love, once in a while, a *bonne querelle* for the sake of the subsequent reconciliation. Excitement is her life—and a strange life it is. My friends, there are many such in this world. I blame no one, for Nature gives us our temperaments; but, to use the words of a great moralist, *diable m'emporte* if I see any sense in it:

Better on silent seas secure to sail,
Than tempt the horrors of the adverse gale.

Miss TWENTY-ONE will inevitably be smitten at a card-party by some gentleman as well versed as herself in the History of the Four Kings. The struggle will be severe, for when Greek meets Greek the *diable a quatre* generally ensues; but, finally vanquished, she will surrender her heart, exclaiming, in the affecting words of the “OPERANO ITALIANO”—

Iddio! La gameo is blocked up-o!
Io sono beat ———o!

As for Mesdemoiselles TWENTY-TWO, TWENTY-THREE, TWENTY-FOUR, and TWENTY-FIVE, they have no views of their own, but will experience the spiritual knockings of Love precisely in the manner which may prove most agreeable to their pa's, ma's, aunts, friends, and cousins,—agreeing to a degree with Miss TWENTY-SIX, who only goes a step beyond—dares not call her soul, much less her heart, her own—and will accept the lover, and none other, whom Mrs. Grundy, or Mrs. Grundy's grandpapa, may see fit to appoint. Such, briefly, my friends, are a very few specimens of the ways in which the Grand Auctioneer, Cupid, raps with his hammer on young hearts, previous to disposing of them. Let me sincerely trust that all agitations of this nature which you are to experience may be of the most agreeable nature, conducing only to the most fortunate results, and that never—never—may any of you find yourselves heart-broken !

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

HUMMING AND WHISTLING.

WHISTLING aloud to keep his courage up.

He whistled as he went for want of thought.

*Wie sich einer stellt,
Also seine Pfeife gellt.*—GERM. PROVERB.

It has been well-remarked by an observant philosopher that when the external world fails to supply noise, Nature hath kindly remedied the deficiency by providing a mysterious ringing in the ears—a ringing for which an Irish gentleman was wont to apologize to his friends, “trusting that the noise didn't disturb them;” and so our minds, when wearied by a constant succession of objects, or the painful consciousness of one subject, or, indeed, the entire *want* of either, clutch nervously at the first trashy trifle, turn it over, and, by constant repetition, strive “*to think it out*,” or exhaust it, and thus attain the semi-oblivious state similar to that caused by yielding to “a singing in the ears.” Half the oaths and imprecations uttered when alone spring from a desire

to benumb, in an abrupt counter-irritant, our consciousness of some sudden disagreeable thought or pain.

I have met with one, who, at the early age of six years, had acquired a singular habit (suggested, we believe, by a biblical text) of thinking "I AM, I AM: *well! who am I?* but then *I am*," and so on, in weary succession, until the idea of existence, and of the significance of all external objects, was lost in a momentary waking stupor. Edgar A. Poe, in one of his wild tales, speaks of one who would read over a sentence repeatedly until every vestige of meaning had totally disappeared. Of the two instances, we, however, prefer the former, as casting more light on the incomprehensible *ecstasis* of Plotinus and the later mystics. I need hardly add that the boy in his riper years read FICHTE; it was his mission.

But there is a lighter and more amusing class of these opiates, which are current in the world at large, and may be met at every crossing. There is the little Frenchman, with his continual shrug and grimace. Rain or shine, joy or sorrow, it is always the same shrug—the same grimace. It is the make-weight, the fly-wheel, the adjuster, of all his mental and physical excesses.

There is a young lady—and a very pretty, light-hearted young lady, too—who repeats on all imaginable occasions—

This world's a bubble,
And full of trouble,
And they are best
Who are at rest.

There is the marquis, who invariably hums—

Malbrouck s'en vaten guerre,
Miron ton miron ton, ton taine!

There is the gentleman, immortalized by Dickens, who found consolation in all affliction in

Rumpty, tiddity—tol de rido!

There is Thackeray's Marquis of Crabs, who, according to *Chawls Yellowplush*, "always wissled. I believe if he'd been told that he was a-going to be hung in five minutes, he'd a only wissled."

We knew a gentleman, who, on every variety of occasion, invariably sung one verse of some mysterious lyric. The verse in

itself was well enough, but by dint of singing it to a careless, lilting tune on all manner of wild occasions, he had utterly perverted its original meaning. One morning he sang it to a friend :

And he who once hath raised his eyes,
Oh, soul of love, to thee,
From that day forth beneath the skies,
No other sight can see !

"What do you think of that for poetry?" he once inquired. "*Think!*" replied the friend, in whose mind it was associated with all manner of reckless fun and worldly indifference, "think!—why, that it's the drunkenest, God-forsakenest piece of verse ever written!"

I knew a gentleman who was, during a voyage to the West Indies, exposed for three days, in a storm, to the danger of instant death. To divert his mind from fear, he strove at times to pray—at times to think on subjects and scenes far removed from the scene of peril. But do what he would, by night or day, there was one wild fragment of verse which continually buzzed and hummed about him like a musquito, driving afar all other thought—all prayer. And it was the *Sauf-lied*, or drinking-song, of Dirk Hatteraick, in Guy Mannering :

And three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men were we :
I on the land, thou on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree !

"When I began," he said, "I could not for my life remember more than the first line ; but by the third night, I had recalled it all !"

I have met with one who occasionally took a stoical glance at the world, and seemed to conclude that all was sad. He said naught on such occasions, but sighed forth, "*Ah, well!*" Such a doleful "*Ah, well!*" heard man never. The spirit of La Trappe breathed through every letter, and its concluding long breath was like a despairing sigh from the realms of darkness :

Hope for a moment bade the world farewell.

With many men, cigars and snuff supply the intellectual vacuum which others ingeniously fill up with verses, sighs, shrugs, whistling, and table-drumming.

I have heard of another who understood not a word of Latin, but had succeeded by some odd chance in picking up the first line of Virgil. Henceforth, on every occasion it became his spiritual consolation. Was a pig stolen, or did he make a ten-strike at ten-pins, his emotions invariably vented themselves in the same hexameter. News being brought him of his wife's death, he sadly sighed; and, pursing up his lips, all unconsciously repeated

Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Such, reader, are a few of the methods by which the o'ertaxed spirit relieves itself. Myriads of additional instances might, doubtlessly, be added—for this is a matter in which almost every man goes his own path; and I imagine that few exist who do not, in one form or another, at times give unconscious indications of mental excess. Wherewith I take leave, humming my own favourite refrain :

And if the wine, the wine be sour,
Oh, then, drink Malvasie!
And if my lips, my lips are sweet,
Then come again to me.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

A STORY WHICH ENDS AS IT OUGHT.

BALMY zephyrs lightly flitting,
Shade me with your azure wing.
On Parnassus' summit sitting,
Aid me, Clio, while I sing.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

*Ruft um Hilf die Poesei,
Gegen Zopf and Philistrei!*

BURSCHEN HERAUS.

YES, my friends—a story ending as it ought, and which the Meister trusts may prove more acceptable to his fellow-travellers than it ever did to himself!

But it hath one great crowning recommendation—"La tante en permettra la lecture a sa niece!" (The aunt may conscientiously permit her niece to read it.)

But I have yet another motive for perpetrating the following tale. In the *Ragionamenti Fantastici* of FRANCESCO ANDREINI DA PISTOIA, termed the *Comico Geloso*, alias *Il Capitano Spavento*, and imprinted at Venice in the year 1612, we find that, in constructing a house, not only lordly halls, rich libraries, splendid sleeping-chambers, gorgeous alcoves, admirable armouries, and beautiful boudoirs are to find place, but also apartments of a far humbler description—such as wood-houses, pantries, kitchens, and other institutions demanded by our daily needs and requirements. And I quote the work with more confidence since in it, and in its similar contemporaries, I do most clearly discover the original of that so-called Euphemism which, under the auspices of John Lyly, became as fashionable at the Court of Queen Elizabeth as did the Transcendental lingo at a later day under the care of Emerson, Alcott and Co., in Boston. GIAMBATTISTA BASILE, of the Neapolitan Pentamerone, and Andreini da Pistoia, have in fact the same relation (or a much nearer) to Euphuus Lyly, as the German models and Carlyle have to their American imitators. I say nothing of Pietro Aretino, La Veniero, and others; for, though they afford material for illustration, I find nothing to parallel them in modern times.

Therefore, I, after doing my best to build up chapters in every style of masonry and architecture, find myself obliged—fearfully *volens volens*—to do something in the Rococo, frippery, filagree, renaissance-run-to-seed style of romancing. It was no pleasant task, Miss Readeress, I can assure you; nor could I ever have accomplished it, had I not first taken that apparently needless seventeenth-century bite at *Il Capitano Spavento*!

There is a certain Euphemism now wellnigh a century old—the language of souls without heart, of hearts without feeling, of feeling without taste, of taste without refinement, of refinement without delicacy—which holds its own in our magazines and second-class novels with a tenacity and vitality which seems to give vile promise of a hateful immortality. Its only merit is, that it never breathes aught irreligious or impure; and its deepest defect, that in reality it is atheistic and infamous.

Under one form or another, the same accursed De-Genlis-Marmontel-Jane-Porter-toast-water is ladled out to us by bucketfuls on all occasions and for every sort of requisition. And a dreadful majority of those who are ever beseeching for something new, still continue, like Warren's lunatic, to carouse on the slop, and fancy it Burgundy. When Faustus desired to turn back to piety and purity, Mephistophiles, we are told, prevented it by ordering a fiend to present himself every day, under the guise of a beautiful woman, to his embraces. And every day the demon, unknown to Faust, assumed a new female form. And so it is with *you*, soulless amateurs of twaddle! who receive with renewed joy your Lauras, and Miss Mortons, and Anabel Fitz-Snivelles. So with you who revel in your Percy Mortimers, De Grevilles, and dashing dandies. *It is always the old devil under a new guise.*

“Ring the bell, sound the gong, draw the curtain.” Here goes for a race after humbug with the best of you, and the devil grab the hindmost!

Cecilia de Romigny, a scion of one of the noblest families in England, was left at an early age heiress of a vast estate, and endowed with every personal or intellectual charm which could bestow grace or attract admiration. Having been strictly educated in a French convent, and rarely seen even by her uncle, to whose decease she was now indebted for her vast wealth, it is needless to state that she was totally ignorant of the world, and had been so fortunate as never to have engaged in any of those “affairs of the heart” which, however they may tend to promote the happiness of those concerned when submitted to the strict guidance and consent of parents or guardians, can never prove other than detrimental when conducted by inexperienced young persons without the approval of their legal protectors.

Not that Cecilia de Romigny was hard-hearted, or naturally insensible to the power of the tender passion. Aware of the importance of her wealth and station in society, and sensible that these might be materially improved by a prudent alliance, she would willingly have bestowed her heart and hand upon any one thus capable of insuring her ultimate and permanent welfare.

From this she was withheld by the consideration of a singular item in the will of her late uncle.

This was a bequest of ten thousand pounds to a young gentleman whom the testator had known in his travels under the assumed name of Henry Wilton. This person had rescued her uncle, at the risk of his life, when attacked by robbers in Calabria, and watched over him during a long illness in Florence. Touched to the heart by his numerous good qualities, among which discretion, prudence, and piety shone pre-eminent, he determined to effect, if possible, a match between Wilton and his niece; and, a few days before his death, actually addressed a letter to her intimating his wishes on this subject.

Cecilia had never seen Henry Wilton, but, *of course*, cheerfully acquiesced in the will of her uncle. But an unforeseen impediment threw itself in the way. Wilton had not been heard of for several years; and, despite of the strictest search, not a trace of him was to be found. In this unfortunate state of affairs, she prudently resolved to dismiss for the present all thoughts of marriage, trusting that at some future day the unknown favourite might make his appearance.

There was also a clause in her uncle's will relative to a debt of ten thousand pounds due to him from a young gentleman named George Maury. This debt, which was originally much greater, had been contracted on behalf of a relative who had subsequently cruelly deceived him. By industry and economy, he had succeeded in reducing the debt. With Maury the uncle was personally unacquainted, owing to the constant residence of the former abroad; nor was he, indeed, desirous of a meeting with him, not wishing to press his debtor or drive matters to extremes. In the will the debt was forgiven in consequence of the upright intentions manifested by young Maury.

Two gentlemen were seated, engaged in earnest conversation, in an apartment situated in the Faubourg St. Germain. The room was neatly ornamented in that most exquisite of styles known as the *Rococo*, or *Baroque*. The doors and wainscot were covered with idyllo-mythologic carvings, inspired in their execution by the refined taste which prevailed during the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. The walls were covered with carefully-executed sketches from the sculptures of Bernini, or the paintings of

Watteau, Boucher, and Van der Werff, which, in connection with furniture of the same era, produced an impression which might have induced the spectator to imagine (were such extravagant flights of fancy permissible) that he had been transported back to that golden age of Literature and Art. At the extremity of the room stood a well-filled and elegantly-gilt bookcase, whose top was further ornamented with a collection of Dresden porcelain curiosities and the busts of Pope and Boileau. Not the slightest trace of the barbarous Gothic taste, or of the romantic and extravagant Germanism, so ridiculously popular at the present day, was to be discerned in this elegant *sejour* of taste and refinement.

"I understand, my friend," said the younger of the gentlemen to his companion—a remarkably handsome man, whose every movement was characterized by that imposing formality and ceremonious *hauteur* which seems unfortunately destined, at the present day, to be soon swept away among the neglected relics of things that were—"I understand that you are about to undertake a voyage to England—the land of our birth!"

"Such is, indeed, my intention," replied the elder; "and having been informed, by my London correspondent, of the death of my creditor, Mr. Romigny, I propose, when there, entering into some final arrangement with the heirs regarding the debt."

"Are you as yet acquainted with the final disposition of his property?"

"I am not. At one time, travelling under my assumed name of Henry Wilton, I became acquainted with a Mr. Romigny, who might possibly have been my creditor himself. But the affair of the debt compelled me to be silent; and I forbore to ascertain. There are many of the same name; and this, I am inclined to think, was another."

We imagine that it would, after this, hardly be necessary to inform our readers that Mr. Wilton and Mr. Maury *were one and the same person*.

Cecilia de Romigny sat in her boudoir, touching with skilful hand her lute, whose awakened chords added yet another charm to the delicately modulated intonations of her dulcet voice. Her song was a plaintive, simple lay:

The evening winds are sighing,
And Mary sits alone;

She sighed—the evening breezes
Sighed in the selfsame tone.

And, as the breeze was sighing,
There sat the fair Marie :
She heard its gentle whisper—
It sighed—and so did she !

And as the evening breezes
Sighed in the selfsame tone,
There sat the gentle Mary—
And Mary sat alone.

A knock was heard, and her favourite page entered. "Permit me, madam, to announce a gentleman, and to apologize for my faithless memory, which has failed to retain his name."

The gentleman entered. At the first glance, a blush rose to the cheek of Cecilia; for she could not fail to detect in the noble form before her the traits of Henry Wilton, as described by her uncle. Ere he could recover from the astonishment into which her transcendant beauty had thrown him, she spoke—

"I am glad to see you, sir; we have long sought for you; and are now ready to give you your deserts."

But the gentleman, to her astonishment, appeared any thing but gratified at this intelligence.

"I am aware, madam," he said, "that, in coming to England, I have risked my personal liberty; but, I am here with the intention of sacrificing all I own, to the last farthing, in the liquidation of my debts."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Cecilia, fairly bewildered, "are you then Mr. Wilton, or Mr. Maury?"

"Miss de Romigny—I am both Mr. Wilton *and* Mr. Maury."
Both burst into tears !

The village bells were ringing a merry marriage peal. Throngs of happy peasants, in holiday-attire, were seen wending their way to the hall. Hogsheads were set running, and beeves were roasted whole; for Cecilia de Romigny had wedded Mr. Henry Wilton—alias MR. MAURY!

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

REFRAINS.

Summer Night in the City.

REFRAIN NO. 1.

THE city is not without its charms even in summer—the hot, stifling summer, when floods of scorching light roll back in fierce reflection from whitened walls and cedar roofs. For over the city, as over all this broad world of towns and towers, mountain, forest, and sea, falls the slowly darkening eventide, and over it, as over the bark of the far-sailing mariner, shine the stars. Pleasant is the silent summer night in the city—for it recalls the vanished memories of hours long passed away!

The noise and tumult of the busy day is hushed, and voices in the street are few and far between, like the hum heard in the forest after the roar of the storm-wind has swept by. Here and there, from half-screened windows, flashes forth a bright light, and the ringing laugh, or the sweet notes of the piano, delay the footsteps of the promenader. Pleasant is the silent summer night in the city—for it recalls the vanished memories of hours long passed away!

In the city, as in the fair country, the evening wind bears on its wings sweet perfume of flowers. The rose and the linden, the honeysuckle and the grape, hang in myriads of little gardens. Close thine eyes—thou art again in the Castle Garden of Heidelberg, thou loiterest “*unter den Linden*” in merry Berlin, or art by the Villa Réale of Naples! Pleasant is the silent summer night in the city—for it recalls the memories of hours long passed away!

I am in the crowded concert—the voice of the sweet singer rises above the waves of the orchestra, like Aphrodite, the Beautiful, above the roaring sea. From the concert I go forth to the silent, moonlit street, and wander homeward, like the deep-souled poet, “*alone with the night.*” Pleasant is the silent summer night in the city—for it recalls the memories of hours long passed away!

Late, late in the night, we pass by the silent homes where those we love dwell. Do their ears catch the sound of our footsteps, or are we floating dimly—sweetly—in their dreams? Does the last flash of the light in an upper window send a thrill to thy soul? Pleasant is the silent summer night in the city—for it recalls the vanished memories of hours long passed away!

Can this be the spot where I stood a few hours since, in all the glare and light of noontide? And in after years, when from the twilight of life a slowly darkening eternity closes over me, will its approach be as cool and pleasant to my soul, when I remember the noonday of my youth? Pleasant is the silent summer night in the city—for it recalls the vanished memories of hours long passed away!

The Light of Heaven.

REFRAIN NO. 2.

It is dark when the honest and honourable man sees the results of long years swept cruelly away by the grasp of knavish, heartless adversity. It is dark when he feels the clouds of sorrow gather around, and knows that the hopes and happiness of others are fading with his own. But in that hour the memory of past integrity will be a true consolation, and assure him, even here on earth, gleams of the light in heaven!

It is dark, when the dear voice of that sweet child, once so fondly loved, is no more heard around in murmurs. Dark, when the little pattering feet no more resound without the threshold, or ascend—step by step—the stairs. Dark, when some well-known melody recalls the strain once oft attuned by the childish voice, now hushed in death! Darkness, indeed—but only the gloom which heralds the dayspring of immortality and the infinite light of heaven!

It is dark, when, in later life, we tread the scenes of long-vanished pleasures—pleasures pure and innocent, whose memory has often thrilled our soul—whose voices, like those of some phantom-band, are ever sweet and sad; but never sadder than when chiming with the after echo—"We return no more!" Ring as ye will, sweet voices, there are loftier joys awaiting in

the golden Eden-Land, which lies beyond the sunset of life, and is gladdened by the light above, in heaven!

It is dark—very dark—when the grim hand of sickness has passed fearfully over us with its deathly magnetic stroke, and left behind the life-enduring sorrows of blindness, decrepitude, or debility. It is dark—sadly dark—when we are neglected for the fair and comely who abound in this gay and heartless world. Cheer up, thou poor sufferer, for there be those among the angels who love thee, and thou wilt yet shine fair as they, when touched by the light above, in heaven!

It is dark in the heart of man all over this fair, green world. It is dark beneath the noonday sky—dark in the sunray, the moonbeam, the starlight. But, for the true heart and trusting soul, who lives in the life of love and gentleness, there beameth ever a light of joy from Heaven!

Be Wise in Time.

REFRAIN NO. 3.

ARE her eyes black and sparkling—her hands small and soft—her voice musical and bewitching? Does the sidelong glance of those long eyes bewilder thy soul? Does the accidental touch of that hand bring a strange pleasure? Dost thou scan the undulations of that lithe form with unwonted care? Wouldst thou fain bury thy cheeks in those perfumed tresses! This may indeed capture Love, but never retain him. Beware her charms—be wise in time!

Is her wit brilliant and apt? Has she a ready jest for every chatterer, a keen reply to all—saving only delicate and grateful compliments for thee? Does she bear herself confidently where weaker minds would sink? Can she flatter thy weaknesses, and attract thy deepest admiration? Is she learned in every music, even to that of sighs? Can she speak every language, even to the language of Love? Can she paint a loving heart—a beautiful future. Beware the charmer—be wise in time?

Has wealth showered over her its golden blessings? Would the gift of her hand bring with it affluence and comfort—the assurance of a life of indolence and pleasure—the envy of many,

the hollow friendship of all? Ah! beware lest the sweet wine be tinctured with a venom, which, like the old poison of Milan, can infuse a life-enduring torture in thy veins! Beware, lest the key of the treasury, like that of *Di Carrara*, shoot the needles of remorse to thy soul! Beware the gilded bait, when the gilding is its only charm, and be wise in time!

Dost thou love because she has known thee from early childhood—because it is the will of others who love ye both—because ye have met and seen much together in wild or adventurous travel in distant lands? Pleasant indeed are such ties; they speak to the soul like the voice of a guardian angel, who *wills* that such love shall be. Yet even this will not insure thee certain or lasting happiness, and, ere thou yieldest, reflect—and be wise in time!

There is a love which cometh not of any of these—a love which is fairer than beauty, deeper than wit—though it were of the soul, brighter and more precious than gold, and tenderer than any earthly tie. There is a love, sanctioned by true sympathy of soul, and guided in its course and made immortal by unwearied watching, by reason, and by true wisdom. And when thou hast, after long search or by strange fortune, met with this love, be thankful that thou wert patient, and that thou hast been wise in time.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

YANKEE STORIES.

It has more than once happened to Meister Karl, during his tourifications, trapesings, tramps, trudges, and travels through this wavy and windy world, to be blown and thrown into many a canny country corner of good old New England. He has seen a Thanksgiving family-festival in all its glory, and taken part in a Fast-Day which *was* a *fast* day and no mistake,—“one of the days we read of,” when there is more steaks and stews than starvation, more preying than preaching—where folks were thankful and merry withal,—albeit there are many Fast-Days to the Eastward which are kept solemnly enough. And there are cer-

tain families which compound on this day between fasting and feasting by eating a sort of *tea-dinner*, rather late for the one meal and rather early for the other, yet combining all the special excellencies of both. And it was one Fast evening, after such a meal, that I heard the following stories, which I have since committed to paper, and now place in this my Sketch-Book, that New England may not be forgotten amid my records of the merry memories of the past.

The first of these stories, which I give in nearly the same words in which I first heard it narrated, is one of a bear-hunt—a by-no-means unfrequent occurrence in the wilder districts of Yankee-Land:

Jedediah's Bear-Hunt.

"DID yeu ever hearn tell of my bear-hunt up to Madawasky? No! Sin and sugar! where were you brung up?"

Such was Jedediah Claflin's expression, as he leisurely stretched out his legs in the bar-room of the "Cockroach on Crutches," and stared at his auditors, as if not to know him, and all thereunto pertaining, were to be themselves unknown to the last fraction of a degree.

"Neauou, Jedediah, jest yeu tell us all about it!" said Sympathy Bullard, the bright daughter of the landlady. "It's sartin fust-rate, ef yeu tell it."

The compliment was not lost on Jedediah, and with a long, loving leer, and the eccentric exclamation of—"Yeu 'tarnal critter!" he "propelled" on the following story:

"Yeu see, Uncle Si, he had a haouse and a pesky big piece of woods up to Madawasky, a reasonable ways from the frontier. Naow there was me and Cuzzin Ephe, and Royal Parkins, used to go up and get in wood for the old feller, and great times we used to have—mind, I tell yeu—for he hadn't nobody but a Penobscot 'senep'—that's a he-Injun, yeu know—and the senep was a 'cute boy, but he wasn't everybody, and couldn't reckon for mor'n one, as times went!"

A long puff of cigar-smoke ended the sentence which commemorated the senep's abilities, and the auditors whiffed likewise; and the wind which was whistling about, and without the windows, gave an extra sigh in sympathy.

"Wal—one morn'n we were up among the trees, makin' the chips fly like hornets arter a skule-gal, when I noted the senep prick up his ears like a filly in fly-time, and grunt like an old sow when she heers swill runnin'. I didn't say nauthin'—but mind, I tell ye I never heerd that senep grunt but what somethin' come of it, and sometimes twice as much. So I went on choppin' just as regular as a horse chawin', when the fust thing I knew, the senep up head and grunted again. I—— couldn't hold in no longer—

"'Beans and brimstone!' sez I, 'what's in the wind naow.' And the senep didn't say nothin', but leaned on his axe and looked up to the clouds, as ef he was called fur and couldn't cum. Bimeby he comes down from prospectin' arter his mansion in the skies, and sez—

"'Uh!—me spec bear.'

"'With that he went on choppin'—and mind, I tell yeu, that axe of his'n run jest as fast as cider when it's bust the bung-hole.

"'Where is the bear, you infernal heathen?' sez Royal Parkins, sez he.

"The senep was agoin' to answer, and say that he wasn't a heathen, (they'd made a Catholic on him up to Canady,) but he hadn't got no further than 'Uh,' when we heerd jest such another grunt comin' out of the tree I was choppin' on; and I thought, at fust, I'd broke into some Injun's winter-quarters, and that he was answerin' senep in his own tongue. Fust thing I know'd, there was an everlastin' big graowl, and ker-slop cum a bear right daown among us. Ef yeu ever did see a craowd fetched up into etarnal scatteration, yeu'd a seen it then, and no mistake—mind, I tell yeu!

"Senep was the fust man to gather up, and he made at the bear with his axe, as if there warn't grace enough agoin' to save him. Cuzzin Ephe, he put arter Senep and Royal, and I arter Ephe. When the bear found that every man's hand was agin him, he scuttled off and went up an oak-tree, jest as easy as gin and sugar. He brung up in the crotch, and sot there turnin' up his nose and growlin', jest as ef he'd got among common people.

"Wall, we chopped away, till I thought the tree was agoin' to break off short as a goat's tail. The bear he begun to teter, and we cleared the track to be daown on him, when the fust thing,

daown he come chewallop on us. Royal hit him an almighty lick with the back of the axe, but he didn't mind it no more'n nothin', and broke off for tree number three. 'Twant no tree nuther, for all there was left of it was a big chunk of an old hollow stump. Daown the beast slipped into the log, like a ramrod into a shot-gun.

"Ephe and Royal begun cuttin' away, and Senep couldn't do nawthin' else, so he kept a-pitchin' stuns and chips ento the stump, till I raily thought he'd wedge the critter in alive, beyond redemption. But he hadn't no patience, and 'fore we knew what we were 'bout, out the devil come, tarin' arter us madder'n a bull among bumble-bees. I never did see such a ragin' dragon, nor the rest on em' nuther; so we all agreed, without consultin', to flee from the wrath to come, behind a wood-pile hard by. Senep was the fust man to right about face with his axe.

"'Cuzzin Ephe,' sez I, daown among the logs.

"'I'm a-hearin', Jedediah,' sez he.

"'Feller-countrymen,' sez I, 'let's up and at 'em. A little more grape, Cap'n Bragg!'

"With that we recovered, and turned on the inimy. The bear felt as fine as a fiddler, and as full of fight as Tom Walker's wife did when she wrastled with the devil. Ef you ever did see a fight, it was in them days. The bear hit Senep one lick, and barked his leg worse'n scalin' off the kiver of a pot-pie, but the Injun wouldn't do any thing but give one grunt, and that was more fur grief at tarin' his old tow pants than fur his hide. Ephe laid into him with his axe as regular as a mill-wheel, but didn't help much nuther, till the Senep run and brung a likely-sized pole that was half-way log. Slump he let it come daown onto the bear's neck, and the fust thing I knowed, Royal was settin' onto one eend, and Ephe on t'other, jest as easy as grease, with the old bear a-squealin' like seven singin' skules.

"I cort hold of the critter's hind-legs, and ef I ever had trouble a-holdin' on, et was then. But Senep cum up with his axe. When the bear seen him, he grunted agin, and Senep begun a cussin' of him in Injun. When the bear heerd that, he gin reight up, and Senep knocked him in the head straight-wise.

"'Ugh,' said Senep, 'my grandfather killee he grandfather, my father killee he father, and now me telle him that me killee him—he make sick right off.'"

The general astonishment of the audience, and the "dew tell" of Miss Sympathy, gratified Jedediah not a little. And as the conversation once more went on, and the wind roared again and sighed without, he turned to his neighbour the squire, and said—

"Fact—I always heerd that a bear could talk with an Injun, but I never believed it afore."

A Legend of Salem.

FOR a long time Meister Karl believed the following to be an original and ancient Yankee story—a belief which was, however, greatly shaken by the discovery of a German proverb, older than New England itself, or, at least, older than the Pilgrim settlement. The proverb alluded to being, *Ich strafe mein Weib mit guten Worten sagte jener Bauer, da warf er ihr die Bibel an den Hals*—"I punish my wife only with good words, said the peasant, and threw the Bible at her neck." But—what is written is written, and, though forgotten, may not be lost :

Put up your whittling—put away your knives,
And hear my story, you with scolding wives !

Far in the land where wooden nutmegs grow,
And codfish dealers loud their trumpets blow ;
Where liquor laws and pumpkins never fail 'em,
A deacon lived—hard by the town of Salem :
A man well known for his extreme sobriety,
Also for his sharp dealings and his piety.

This deacon had a wife—a comely creature,
Well shaped in form and mighty nice in feature ;
A. No. 1, in every thing reported,
And so the deacon found her—while he courted ;
But after marriage, madam proved a tartar,
And used her pious husband like a martyr.

The best of spees oft turn out half a swindle ;
The deacon's hopes and love began to dwindle ;
The prettiest pups too often we find fleas on ;
The deacon wished to bring his wife to reason ;
But, though she slapped his face, he never whipped her,
"For that," said he, "was dead against the *Scripter*."

But to the minister he went his way,
To state the case, and hear what he could say ;

To show the wounds received from his Eliza,
And find some Christian method to chastise her.
He wish'd to whip the Old One round the stump,
But didn't see quite how the cat would jump.

The parson gave that counsel which all spouses
Inclined to scold should pin up in their houses:
"Seek only with good *words* your wife to better,
And if she scolds away, why, then, just let her.
Anger with anger well we know must jibe ill;
Chastise her with good words—they're in the Bible."

A sudden light broke in upon the deacon;
He learn'd off-hand what some would think a week on;
As one small match can light great 'lumination,
So one small wrinkle makes great rumination;
In all his nerves it thrilled like an elixir:
"*Chastise with words!* Jemima! how I'll fix her!"

As he his much-loved home at last was nearing,
The following phrases burst upon his hearing;
"You all-fired lazy, nasty, dirty sinner!
Is this the way you make your wife wait dinner?"
And, entering, his head received a stoker
From that light implement, the kitchen poker.

At other times her spouse had sought the distance,
But now his wrath was up—he vowed resistance;
"Chastise her with good words!—just wait a minute!
Where's the big Bible with the good words in it?"
Full at his wife the brass-bound tome he sped,
And knock'd her o'er the table, 'bout half dead.

Reader, my stick is whittled—story's over,
And you may go to grass, and feed in clover;
But just note this, ere all the tale is ended,
The deacon's wife recovered and amended.
Now you may lay this volume on the shelf,
And, if you choose, go and reform yourself.

A Legend of Marblehead.

THE following legend is one of that peculiar description which admits of no *alias*, and consequently compels the calling an individual by his right name, in print,—a highly illegal and dangerous proceeding. I believe that there are few Marbleheaders who are not familiar with the tale:—

'Tis known that in the town of Marblehead
 The girls are pretty, but the boys ill-bred;
 Besieging wand'ring wayfarers for money:
 "Give us a cent, gaul darn it, or I'll stone ye!"
 Thus matters stood some forty years or so;
 Nor were they greatly changed a week ago.

Now, in this town
 Of base renown,
 There dwelt an individual named MANN, who
 Being wealthy, always dressed in garments bran new.
 And as his friends and near relations
 All occupied distinguished stations,
 His brother having held the sheriffalty,
 He kept his head great ways 'bove commonalty.
 Familiar treatment he would ne'er permit,
 Yet was a man withal endowed with wit.

It happened once, when tired of daily trading,
 That in the country MANN went promenading,
 To gaze upon the fields of wheat and barley,
 And this he did all in the morning early:
 To watch the blooming bean and new potater,
 And recreate his soul with smiling natur.

While walking thus, (attend to me, I bid you all,)
 On the high-road he met an individual,
 Peeping and creeping,
 A raving lunatic, just 'scaped from keeping;
 Rattling his chain, and shouting like demented,
 Pleased that his keeper he had circumvented.

At such a sight, MANN, you may s'pose, was frighten'd;
 His heart seem'd bursting, and his neckcloth tighten'd;
 The very air around him seem'd to thicken,
 For well he knew he'd shortly get a lickin'.

The lunatic perceived the fear he stood in,
 "Come on," quoth he, "I'll mash you like a puddin',
 Cut you to chowder,
 Grind you to powder,
 Give you a touch of all life's earthly ills,
 From being throttled, down to paying bills."

"Here is a scrape,"
 Thought MANN, "and no escape!
 But words, *sometimes*, they say, will parsnips butter,"
 And thus, with trembling voice, he 'gan to stutter.

"Now, say, what's the use
 Of all this abuse,
 Of cutting up, and thus behaving rioty,
 And acting with such awful impropriety?"

Indulging so in thoughts of death and slaughter,
 Of course, my friend, you *know* you hadn't order.
 And as for hidin' me,
 It needn't be tried on me,
 You know you wouldn't,
 Besides you couldn't.

I am a MAN—my name is MANN—and you,
 Of course, would stand no chance against us two."

"Yes," quoth his foe, "but I'm the Lord's anointed,
 And from my cradle upward was appointed
 To roam the roads until it could be said
 That I had thrash'd two men of Marblehead;

 This is my mission,
 Reveal'd in a vision:
 You are a double man, a double you;
 But I'm *beside myself*—we're two to two."

Exclaiming this, at Mr. Mann he darted,
 And maul'd him half to death before they parted.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

IN WHICH THE COURIER TRAVELLETH INTO GHOST-LAND.

FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.

All over doth this outer earth
 An inner earth enfold;
 And sounds may reach us of its mirth
 Over its pales of gold.
 There spirits dwell—unwedded all
 From the shapes and shades they wore;
 Though oft their printless footsteps fall
 By the hearths they loved before.
 We mark them not, nor hear the sound
 They make in circling all around;
 Their bidding sweet and voiceless prayer
 Float without echo on the air;
 Yet often in unworldly places,
 Soft Sorrow's twilight vales,
 We meet them with uncover'd faces,
 Outside their golden pales;
 Yet dim, as they must ever be,
 Like ships far off and out at sea,
 With the sun upon their sails.

ONE evening, in Heidelberg, the Courier had been discussing
 with his friends the numerous spirit-legends of that haunted

town. The well of the sorceress, the witch-gate, and the spectre-horse of the Neunheim ferry, had all been marvelled at, when Meister Karl suddenly bethought him of a spiritual communication written lang synce, and which he hastened to find. Ices were brought, the Wolf ordered a fresh bottle of Burgundy, and KARL, smiling at the associations awakened by the faded ink of his manuscript, began in a solemn voice—

“My friends, are ye tired of earth? Then let me lead you away among the dim shapes and silent mysteries of Wonderland:”

I speak of the early time, when the world was utterly lonely and silent. As yet, the forests of Northland were unbroken, save by the power of the tempest; for the axe of the woodman had not then sounded, nor the oar of the Vikingir been heard on the Northern Sea.

The giant NOR lay in a vast cavern by the shore of the Baltic. And he felt the breath of the evening wind as it moved sadly and wearily among the mighty oaks; for it had come from the forest, and bore upon its wings the mournful voices of the dark-green trees. And the voices spoke to the giant father, and said, “Why are we thus neglected? Among our branches no spirits dwell; our beauty is unsung; unheeded and unloved, we bloom and wither; and our lives are very short, for no Hamadryads protect us who dwell here in the far Northland.”

And the voices died away; but the giant Nor was troubled in spirit at the wail of his loved ones.

From the depths of the far distant blue, even from the outer courts of Asgard, the dwelling of the deities, came the voice of the gentle Braga, the spirit of poësy, whose soft, flowing words are as mead to Odin, the father of the gods. And he said to Nor, “Thou art alone, but we will give thee a son who shall be as a father to the spirits which were born from the dark-haired Asa. From the hills and forests, from the valleys and plains of the south, shall they come; and when they dwell in these lands of thine, they will be yet more beautiful than before; and the men who come after will call this race the ELFIN, and their father the TEUTON.”

And it happened even as the gentle Braga had said. Northland was no longer desolate, but filled with the spirits of Faërie. Hill and dale, mountain and river, tree and fountain,

had each its guardian spirit. Deep in the earth dwelt the Gnome and Kobold; far, far from the light of day they built themselves gold and silver halls, lit up with ever-gleaming carbuncles.

In the hard rock dwelt the Duergar and Dienez, who were thought in those days to be harder and sterner than the rocks themselves; while the rivers, lakes, and fountains were the homes of Undines, Naiads, Nymphs, Melusinæ, and Wasserelfen. But even in this soft and gentle element were found those fierce and gloomy sprites, the Kelpies, who delighted in troubling mankind. So said the men of an early time. Heaven forbid that I should speak aught against any of the dwellers in FAERIE! No word against the Gnomes of the Mountains! I sat among the rocks in moonlight in Nibelungen Land, and heard their voices humming in the caverns. And in mystery, in beauty, and dimness they led me down:

For seven days
 Heard I in the hill
 The iron hammers;
 For seven days
 I listened there
 To the songs of the Gnomes.
 For seven days
 Heard I gold and steel,
 And the fire which sounded
 Like the cries of many men.
 Deep in the earth
 Lies the land of the Gnomes;
 In that country
 Are neither trees nor meadows;
 Moonlight and starlight
 Shine not upon them.
 Birds do not sing there;
 Barley does not grow there;
 Bees and flies
 Saw I never there.
 They see no clouds,
 Yet sometimes rain
 Falleth upon them,
 Down through the rocks.
 But it is very light
 In the Land of the Gnomes,
 For they have bright stones,

Which flash in the dark
 Like the eyes
 Of an angry wolf:
 So the house is lighted.
 Their land is very broad,
 For under all the earth,
 And the great sea also,
 Dwell the Gnomes.
 When it is cold on earth,
 It is warm in that country.
 When the summer is hot
 The Gnomes bear heavy garments.
 In that land
 Is much iron and gold:
 Therewith they make
 Fine swords and helmets.
 There in that land
 Saw I many men and women,
 Many fair maidens,
 Brave knights and good harpers,
 Who had left the green world,
 And dwelt merrily
 In the houses of the Gnomes.
 There we feasted
 With mead, wine, and beer.
 Naught had we to pay,
 For the Gnomes love men.

The Undines, too, like all elementary spirits, are of a kind and gentle nature, living, loving, and delighting in all good. Such was that mild maiden so sweetly drawn by the gifted fairy-analyst, La Motte Fouqué; such, though man had belied them, the *Wild Ladies* who sang to Von Troneg Hagen; such the fair Nymph of Lurlei; such the gentle siren of Naples; and such the water-damosell of the great magician Göthe:

Und wie er sitzt und wie er lauscht,
Theilt sich der Fluth empor;
Aus dem bewegten Wasser rauscht
Ein feuchtes Weib hervor.

In the element of fire dwelt the pure Salamanders and Saldini, who are, say the Rosicrucians, more beautiful and reserved than their relations of Air, Earth, and Water; and nearly allied to them the familiar spirits termed Penates, born, according to Paracelsus, of Fire and Air.

How shall I describe ye, O beautiful Sylphs! Bright dwellers in the aerial element, how can I tell the unutterable longing, the deep yearning with which my heart inclines to your celestial company! Whether ye revel in the rose-perfumed cloud which, at glowing dawn, hangs over the golden gardens of Istamboul, or with sister Peris wing your way far, far above the sun-painted rainbow and crimson-gleaming flame of the western sky, still my heart follows and is ever with you. Yea, for AGLA, the fairest, is in your band: Agla, whom I have twice seen in dreams.

It may be that some will look upon the old Northland legend of the birth of the Elfin, and of the four elementary tribes, as trifling and obscure. And truly the followers of the gifted Plato, who are said to have learned many notable things relative to the dwellers in the Unseen, have given us another and more satisfactory account, which I—albeit my skill therein be but small—will set forth to the lovers of fairy lore.

This outer world, which is but the object of the invisible, is formed from matter which, in the beginning, was harmonized into shape by the occult virtue of spiritual numbers. In the beginning the Triad was born from the Monad, as it is declared by Proclus in his scholia: "*Toto enim in Mundo lucet Trinitas, cujus Unitas initium est.*" Hence it follows, that in the generation of all phenomena, a perfect and peculiar number was allotted to every element and every principle. Fire, Air, and

Water are derived from the scalene triangle. A cube is the figure peculiar to earth, and the icosahedron to water. At every intermixture of these elements, and consequently at every new creation therefrom, a new number is generated, representative of a new IDEA, developed in the Monad.

The objective form of the numeral is changeable, and subject to annihilation. But the corresponding IDEA, as partaking of the nature of the primary Monad or Demiurgos, is, in its essence, intelligent and also eternal. But when its duties are performed, it retains no longer a distinct personality, but is reabsorbed into the original element, and thus, though eternal, is to all intents annihilated.

Thus, the four glorious companies of elementary spirits are forever shut out from a share in those eternal joys allowed to man. And so it often happens that the remembrance of this inspires them with wayward and wilful fits of that which, in mortals, were despair. And a misapprehension of the cause of this hath often caused men to confound them with the dwellers in the dark abyss.

Yet this is wrong, since they do God's will cheerfully. If this remembrance of their final annihilation be awakened, they are not unfrequently hostile to man. Thus it hath ever been accounted dangerous to meet them on a Friday :

This is the day when the fairy kind
 Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
 And the wood-maiden sighs to the moaning wind,
 And the mermaid weeps in her crystal grot ;
 For this is a day when a deed was done
 In which they had neither part nor share :
 For the children of clay was salvation wrought,
 But not for the forms of Earth and Air.
 And ever the mortal is most forlorn
 Who meeteth their race on Friday morn.

But there is one way remaining by which the Elfin tribes may obtain this boon. If one of these spirits should wed a human being, then, by virtue of that passage in Holy Writ which declares a married pair to be *one*, they may, by becoming mortal, attain to immortality. Thus declares the spirit-read Count Gabalis.

Beautiful elves, who dwell in the golden glories of the far land of light, must ye then stoop to the level of degraded mortality to

attain, with the children of earth, those joys which spread broad and wide beyond the grave? And is it true (as the old Arabian declared) that ye do dwell in this earth disguised as mortals? For he saith that here and there in this world, but few and far between, dwell the houris of Elf-land.

O thou who readest these dream-reveries! if ever among those gentle demoiselles, whose friendship or love has given many a golden hour to the weariness of life, thou hast seen ONE whose every look, glance, and smile seemed to tell of a higher and brighter land; whose thoughts and wishes, ever aspiring to the spiritual and unseen, seemed to fix more and more indelibly upon her love the character of the unattainable, then know that thou hast seen a true spirit-maiden, even a veritable Elf!

O friend! knowest thou not that there are myriads around thee in this world, in whose mysterious eyes and outward-glancing souls may be traced the gleam of the infinite and the impression of a previous life? Some who live and act in the feeling of the good, beautiful, and true, though darkened by the shadows of life and sense? Of such are the Sylph and Naiad, or Salamander, rising from the downward-born elements of God! Others, who live and move only in the strange, the grotesque, and ever-changing, who grasp at *no* idea as others grasp it, the serious reality of whose souls rests on the feeling of the incongruous and laughable. And these were merry Goblins, wild Gnomes, fantastic Elves, roving Will-o'-the-Wisps, Red-caps, and Koboldi. Strangely, and wildly, and wonderfully, they circle through the world, with their quips and cranks, their gambols and gaudrioles, their fantasie, bizarrerie, and burlesquerie. O friends of my soul—light of my life! doth the air of life press too coldly and thickly upon you? And of such were Richter, and Rabelais, and Hoffman, and Pater Rush, and Tyll Eulenspiegel, and Sterne, and Swift, and Robin Goodfellow, and Abraham a Santa Clara, and Jerome Bosch, and Höllenbreughel, and Callot, and Tabourot, and the Seigneur des Accords, and—of all who arrive at a comprehension of the mysterious life-problem by reading it up the middle, down the sides, and finally reversing it! Ye quaint, fantastic souls! how little does the world, when it splits its sides with roaring at your oddities, comprehend either your nature or that at which it laughs! But it is only the outer form, the last tincture of your cabala, which provokes laughter. Only

the scum on the surface; for beneath *that* lies a deep, unfathomable gulf of high-pressure mystery, and fourth-proof wonder and adoration.

There are many, too, who have never written or painted; nay, who have never attracted particular attention from their nearest friends by act or word, yet whose whole life is to themselves a mystery, a whimsy, an incomprehensible, serio-comic problem. I know that strange gleam of the eye, that twitch of the lip. Yes, it was brave in Elf-land!

Burning daughter of love, thou wert once a *succubus*, and wafted on the wings of night; and hot longing, didst steal from sleep, hearts and new lives. Man of dulness, known in society as a bore, *thou* wert an *incubus*; there were nine of ye then. Miser, whose soul is with thy gold, *thou* wert once a *Leprauchaun*, and didst heap even as now. False and deceitful heart, dealer in scandal and bitterness, thou wert among the *Paraëdri*, the evil ones. Thou, my pretty child, whose life passes among pinks and hyacinths, jessamine flower-seeds and the hot-house, *thou* wert a *Peucedanum*, a spirit of woods and gardens.

But there is *one*, the Gloriana, the queen of Fantasie and Faërie, whose glances are not for all, whom every one may not safely meet. That one is

THE FOUNTAIN FAY.

Ye gentles all, who love your life,
Beware, beware, the water wife!

She singeth soft, she singeth low;
Her lute is the mountain streamlet's flow:

Her harp, the pine-wood's mournful moan;
She sits by the fountain and sings alone:

And her songs like musical rivers roll;
Beware, beware, lest they drown thy soul!

Ride where you may, ride where you will,
The Fountain Fay can meet you still.

He rode alone in the silent night;
She swam like a star to his left and right.

He rode by the linden blooming fair ;
Dame Nightingale sang, " O youth, beware !"

He came to the fountain within the wood ;
The Fay in her beauty before him stood.

In the starlight, silver-sparkling glance,
Her sisters swam in the Elfin dance.

Alight, thou minstrel brave and gay !
And sing us thy sweetest, choicest lay.

He sang so sweet, he sang so long,
The flower-buds open'd to hear his song ;

He sang so gently of maidens and love,
He ripen'd the fruit on the boughs above.

I ask no more for lute and lay
Than a kiss from the lips of the Fountain Fay.

She kiss'd him once—to the minstrel's sight
The world seem'd melting in golden light.

Once more—and his soul to the land of the Fay
In beauty and music seem'd floating away.

As she kiss'd him again, the spirit had fled ;
He lay in the moon-rays cold and dead.

From above a musical whisper fell :
Green Earth, with thy valleys and lakes—Farewell !

Ye who shun the regions of poësy,
Of beauty, romance, and fantasie !

And who think there can be no world like this
Beware of the Fairy—beware her kiss !

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

IN WHICH MEISTER KARL, FORGETTING BOTH FRIENDS AND FOES, SITS HIM DOWN AND ELABORATES SEVERAL EXPERIENCES, BOTH REAL AND FEIGNED, CONCLUDING IT WITH THE LAST WHIFF OF HIS PIPE, AND IN MUCH THE SAME MANNER.

Past and Present.

CENTURIES have roll'd away
 Since I saw my natal day;
 And have now, in different forms,
 Lived in sunshine—lived in storms.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS. *N. Y. Albion.*

IT has been the object of the author to impart to the reader in this book his literary and personal experiences. And he has sought to be guided solely by absolute truth.

And wherein doth such truth consist? There are certain towns which I have never visited, yet which I know right well by reading and by report, by romance, rumour, and relation. And there are others which I have visited, and of which I know nothing—not even enough to write a guide-book for them.

And there are divers men and women whom I have never seen, yet whom I know right well by their labours and letters, by their daguerreotypes and similar “documents.” Meanwhile, there are others, whom I meet “day in and day out,” who are all Coptic to me.

And it seems very strange, and, I may add, slightly unreasonable, by which I mean “deucedly foolish and impertinent,” for the world to insist upon it that I “*know*” Fitz Noodle, Esq., or Blondina Tulle, or any other of the fluttering flock of fools, and that I stand in no relation whatever, express or implied, to those great, glorious, jolly, genial souls, in thinking on whom I have lived, whose nearest, dearest thoughts have been *my* thoughts, whose tastes have been *my* tastes, and who have

merely been separated from me by the trifling obstacles of space and time.

Separated!—*are* we separated? In the hot, noisy, garish day, in the bustle of Wall Street, in the Rue Richelieu, in the crowded Strand, they are not away from me. I catch here and there, in the hurrying throng, glimpses of the long-departed. In their own or in others' faces, they peep at me for an instant and vanish in the living tide as a flickering moonlight gleam is lost in the dancing stream. Seek to find them, and they are not there—for it is their pleasure to glance at you but for an instant, to know how it goes with you on earth or during business-hours, and to glide away.

O reader! I have friends among the departed whom I sometimes tremble at the thought of meeting again on earth—not in the dark night or alone, but in a busy crowd at noonday. They are ever about us, queer fellows that they are, and incessantly giving us the dodge. They fear to be caught, and yet continually risk it. Only last week I, Meister Karl, did very nearly catch one, too. I saw him—the living, breathing form of a jolly good fellow, who took it into his head, some years ago, to leave life, ladies, and Lafitte claret, and retire to a very elegant rosewood coffin. He was passing, on his last appearance in Broadway, beneath a building on which men were at work. Suddenly, a thousand of brick fell from above, one of which penetrated his beaver and his brain, and *so*—he died. Died—as had been prophesied in the early almanac of Creation—“with a brick in his hat.”

And he last week glanced in the likeness of a living man at me as I was rushing past the Astor House. “And now,” thought I, “for once, I will catch a ghost.” He ran briskly through the crowd, but I kept my eye on him until he had turned his head, when I caught him by the shoulders and held him fast. Yet lo! as he looked around, it was *he* no longer, but a very irascible Frenchman, “travelling on a shape” which I had greatly disturbed. So I bowed and let him go.

And there was *Pat*—a bright, “smart,” lively Irish waiter, impudent as the devil, but somewhat better looking, who “waited” on me at the Club, and died ere I departed. And not only died, but it was even debated one afternoon in the smoking-room whether he were not damned also—Charley Flynn

betting a dozen of champagne on the affirmative with Old Chisel, the Rev. Dr. Smiler to hold stakes and decide. And yet, very recently, while dining in a restaurant, who should come up, of all birds in the air, but PAT.

"Pat, you rascal!" said I, reprovingly, "ain't you ashamed to be out of your grave in this indecent manner at five o'clock in the afternoon?"

"Sure, an' I hav'nt been *did* at all!" he replied; "an' if I was, I'd rise to wait on yer honour!"

I knew he was lying, but I gave him two shillings. Of course, he never appeared again, and nobody about the house knew any thing of such a waiter. Moreover, I heard lately from the best authority that Pat did really die, and was buried long ago. None but an Irish ghost would have ever had such impudence.

And there are others who live again in other shapes, yet whose souls blush forth at times in the olden form, even as the Aurora is the same though seen in different lands. Such was that beautiful, gentle, merry little Lady Blanche, who, with her mother, so kindly nursed Wolf Short when he was sick in Milan. Wolf used to call her "Launch," from a droll, abrupt fashion she had of dashing out with any thought which chanced into her little noddle. Poor Blanche!—she died herself at Genoa, and the Wolf had a very beautiful monument placed over her grave.

Now, in England we subsequently became acquainted with a lady who often and strangely reminded me of Blanche. One day, while speaking of ships, she said—

"Did you ever see a launch?"

I stared at her, bewildered with strange recollections and by the odd, half-significant tone of her voice. She burst into a loud peal of laughter.

Now, *I* should like to know what she was laughing at.

On another occasion she remarked to Wolf—

"I suppose that in Paris you were a constant visitor at Pere la Chaise?"

"And why?"

"Oh!—nothing—only—that you have such an exquisite taste in tombstones."

"Yes," thought I, with an uneasy thrill, "he *has* an exquisite

taste in tombstones, as *some* folks have a very good right to know." And with this I looked at Wolf, indulging a percussion-cap glance and a trip-hammer nod, nor will I swear that the ghost of a wink did not travel athwart my left eye. She came near going to the grave a second time with laughter—not that it would have made much difference to her, either.

But there are very few of the departed who are bold enough to "face the music" of their former life in this *vis-à-vis* manner. Some early make themselves felt in eccentric coincidences, in suddenly-awakened memories, in books :

Oftentimes a look or smile,
Forgotten in a kiss's while,
Years after from the dark will start,
And flash across the trembling heart.

Reader, what think you of the following story, noted down from the experiences of a congenial Danish friend ?

"Years ago there was a dry old fellow whom I used to meet day after day in a certain library. Now, we spoke but little together, and yet were intimate friends withal; for we were both in the same line of reading. And by *dry*, I mean droll; for he was by no means dull, and could make punch like one of the Faithful.

"The last time I met him, he handed me (I know not why) a slip of paper on which was written that motto of Koerner's—*Vergiss die treuen Todten nicht*. 'Forget not the faithful dead.' And within a few days he was among the departed, having, as I was credibly informed, died while in the act of reading.

"Now, it happened not long after that, in another library and in another land, I wished very much to consult a work which I could not find in the catalogue. Vexed at not getting it, I earnestly wished my learned old friend alive, since he could surely tell me where it could be found. And this done, I sent the librarian for something else, when he to my astonishment returned with the *first* book which I had desired, though he knew not himself that he had done so. And when I opened the work, the first thing which I beheld on the title-page, written in a trembling hand, was Koerner's motto—'Forget not the faithful dead !' "

How often, in passing through picture-galleries, do the eyes of the departed gaze solemnly, yet gently, on me from their frames, as if looking down from golden windows in the mysterious castle of D'outre Mort! They speak not—their eyes move not, and yet their gleam is not stolid, but rather filled with the awful intelligence, the eternal intensity of soul which inspires the Egyptian sphynx.

Not but that they sometimes depart from this rule, and that with a vengeance. Did I not myself, one evening, as the shades of twilight fell around me in the Gallery of Munich, see the portrait of Pietro Aretino (*il Divino*) indulge in a diabolical, prolonged, wicked wink at me as a loving young couple walked past us, squeezed arm in arm, and looking into each other's eyes as only German lovers *can* look?

But of all interviews with the departed, commend me to those furnished by *memory*. Those in the gift of imagination (and with which, reader, you have been very bountifully “bedoozled”) are, I admit, admirable; but they lack that truthfulness so essential to a perfect æsthetic conception. With many, it is true, the visitations of memory are apt to induce melancholy, and it may be, at times, a fine madness, as was the case with that unfortunate knight, Henry von Hohenneck—so beautifully sung ages ago by the Minnesinger Hartmann von der Aue, and in modern times by Henri de Longfellow:

They come, the shapes of joy and wo,
The airy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more.
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight.
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers.
I would not sleep! I love to be
Again in their fair company.
But ere my lips can bid them stay,
They pass and vanish quite away!

And there are those beautiful phantoms, born of Sir Imagination and Dame Memory, which are the most exquisite of all, and, it may be, the most reliable, as indicating in their shadowy refinement some prophetic sense of our own life to come. With such as these is Meister Karl and friends of his ilk peculiarly

beset, having been on more than one occasion so be-haunted and be-devilled by them with waking fancies, that the "antique buster" was fain to take refuge in song. And, as ensample thereof, you have here a ballad, and in mine own original Dutch, at that; to which there is, however, mercifully appended a translation for the benefit of those whom a due regard for their teeth has deterred from learning the Teutonic tongue:—

Die Zwei Freunde.

Ich habe nur zwei Freunde auf dieser Erde hier,
Und immer in der Mitternacht da kommen sie zur mir.

Der erste liegt begraben im fernen Span'schen Land,
Der zweite war ertrunken bei Alfante's Strand.

Ihr Kommen ist mir Wonne—Ihr Scheiden bitt're Pein,
Wenn beide wieder weichen im gold'nen Morgenschein.

Der Erste bei Kobolden macht sicheren Gewinn,
Der Zweite ist vermählet mit einer Meer göttin.

Was kummert mich das Sterben wenn ich nur Freunde hab',
Im Wasser—in der Erde—in feucht und trockenen Grab?

Und sterb' ich wie ein Heiliger der geht in's Himmelreich,
Und schwing ich an dem Galgen—mir ist es alles gleich.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

Translated from the German of Meister Karl by Meister Karl, or, as Matthews says, "From Himself by Himself."

I have ^{one} two friends, ^{one} two glorious friends, ^{one} two braver could not be,
And every night when ~~midnight~~ ^{the} tells ~~they~~ ^{me} meet to laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves two years ago in Spain,
The second drowned near Alicante,—while I alive remain.

I love to see their dim white forms come floating through the night,
And grieve to see them fade away in early morning light.

The first with gnomes in the Underland is leading a lordly life,
And the second has married a mermaid— a beautiful water-wife.

And since I have friends in the earth and sea—with a few, I trust, on high—
'Tis a matter of small account to me, the way that I must die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or swing in the triple tree,
Or die in my grave as a Christian should, is much the same to me.

Next to seeing ghosts is the glorious faculty of having lived in all time or "anywhere." Truly, reader, he who can commune at will with the spirits of ladies and gentlemen of olden

time, must commune also with the ghosts of their garments, weapons, and other arrangements which go to make up their individuality, not to mention houses, lands, and the regular succession of events. Only make the first step, and there you are, all right!

And it was thus that it came to pass that Meister Karl, the courier, saw in days of old much which in modern times was vouchsafed only to the Count St. Germain and Co. Bear with him awhile, while he communicates one or two of these antique experiences,—the first being an old Legend of Meister Karl's youth, forming a remarkable narration in the modern French feuilleton style of originality.

There stood in the olden time a lordly castle, whose golden summit gleamed far o'er land and sea. A lovely garden breathing perfumes lay around it like a fair wreath, and therein sprang fresh fountains in the rainbow light.

It was on a lovely May morning in the latter part of the twelfth century, that a solitary horseman, who was no other than the Courier himself, might have been seen gallantly mounted on a fiery Andalusian barb, wending his way from the northern gate of the above-mentioned edifice. He bore a sword by his side, a lute at his back, vengeance in his heart, and *sacrè Dieu!* on his lips! In that castle dwelt a proud king, rich in lands and conquests, who sat upon his throne, dark and ghastly pale. For his thoughts were Terror—his glances, Rage—his words, Lashes—his writing, Blood.

This amiable individual had just turned the Courier-minstrel out of doors for presuming to enchant the queen, nobility, and gentry of his establishment with a few of his choicest lays and ditties. A very ungentlemanly proceeding, to say the least of it, on the part of the aforesaid monarch, and indicative of great want of taste, if we are to believe the testimony of an old black-letter chronicle, which distinctly asserts that his performances were "*tres doux et fort plaisant a oir*," or, in plain English, "real stunnin'." Oh, wonderfully had the minstrel swept the strings; ever richer, sweeter, and more mustically rose their clang. The voice of the assistant tenor streamed forth with heavenly clearness; the baritone of the Courier came in like a mysterious chorus of spirits. The courtiers in listening forgot their mocking jests, stern warriors bent in reverence, and the fair queen, melting

in melancholy pleasure, threw the Courier a rose from her bosom.

Which was the signal for a grand tableau! For up jumped the monarch, fired with rage and jealousy, and whipping out a five-pound Bowie, plunged it into—not the Courier—for it was not so written in the book—but into the breast of his unfortunate assistant. Out poured, instead of golden songs, the red blood.

The Courier departed. A palfrey with gold and minever trappings bore the corpse. But he had not ridden far ere he turned, and smashing his lute on a marble column, cried, in a loud voice, which echoed terribly through castle and garden—

“Wo to ye, proud halls! The sweet song, of the minstrel, the music of the lute, shall never peal in ye again. Sighs and groans, and the timid step of the slave, shall echo in ye, until the avenger overwhelm ye in ruin and desolation!

“Wo unto you, beautiful gardens in the fair May light! Behold the rigid features of this murdered youth! Wither away, let your fountains dry up, and be forever waste and deserted!

“Wo unto thee, reprobate rapsallion of a murderer, thou curse of merrie minstrelsie! In vain shall be thy strivings for the garland of a bloody reputation. Thy name shall be forgotten and sunken in eternal night—yea, melt away into empty air like a death rattle!”

These were the expressions used by the Courier; and it would seem that Heaven lent a willing ear, for when he travelled, three winters ago, from Marseilles to Montpellier, he stopped for a day on his route near the place where the unfortunate affair happened, and to see how the curse had worked.

The walls had fallen, the halls were destroyed. Only one tall column remained as evidence of vanished splendour; and as a few enterprising men in that vicinity propose running a railroad over this very spot, it is highly probable that even this last vestige will soon have departed.

Around, instead of garden, lies dreary heather-land,
No tree spreads forth its shadow, no spring bursts through the sand.
The grounds have gone to thunder, the monarch gone to —— worse!
Departed and forgotten—this was the Courier's Curse!

Then the Courier wandered onward over valley and mountain,

plain and river, sometimes through the merry greenwood by dingle and dale, or by quaint old cities. Many and wonderful were his adventures. He slew giants, rescued forlorn damsels, killed a dragon, and had several fights with the police. Sometimes he was a minstrel, and his songs were welcome in castle, convent, and cot. He sung on the Wartburg with Klingsohr and Heinrich von Ofterdingen, and in the chateau of Taraseon with King René and his Troubadours. He was hand in glove with that mad fellow Vidal, knew Raymond de Maraviglia and Bertrand de Born, and has seen King Richard. Ah, my friends! that Minnesinger Troubadour era was a brave time, and bravely did Meister Karl enjoy it. Well speaks Carlyle of that tuneful chivalry, that high, cheerful devotion to the godlike in heaven and to women, its emblems, on earth. "For those crusades and vernal love-songs were the heroic doings of the world's youth, to which also a corresponding manhood succeeded."

Mit Degen und mit Speere
Waren sie stets bereit,
Den Frauen gaben sie Ehre,
Und sangen Widerstreit.
Sie sangen von Gottesminne,
Von kühner Heldenmuth,
Von lindem Liebesinne,
Von süsser Maïenbluth.*

With long swords and with lances
They led a lordly life;
They sang of beauty's glances,
In many a minstrel strife.
They sang of armour ringing,
Of heavenly grace above,
Of May-flowers fresh up-springing,
And gentle ladie's love.

Then the Courier became a knight, a restless military adventurer. He was a *lanzknecht* in Germany, a *condottiero* in Italy, a *franc compaignon* in France, and a *reistre* during the days of the League. And this roving, independent life has ever had such charms for him, that even at the present day he prefers careering freely and recklessly—a black rider through the domain of literature—to quietly tilling its grounds or settling down peacefully among its bourgeoisie. Nay, he would even prefer, as in the present chapter, sweeping in as a sort of literary freebooter and dashing down a page or two of ill-gotten German plunder before his readers, to plodding on with a load of duly-inspected, marked, and approved translation or original matter! Bear with him, gentle readers, and condemn him not for the faults of his youth! Remember that he was the friend of DANTE, and twice lent him money which the great poet accepted with thanks, saying, "You

* UHLAND, *das Mahrchen*.

know, my boy, that I shan't repay you; for I admit without blushing, &c. &c., that any tin which once goes into *my* pocket, never comes out again." A remark which he subsequently embodied in the following touching words in the xxvii. c. of his *Inferno*:

Ma perciò che giamai di questo fondo
Non ritornò alcun, sì odo il vero,
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.

"For since, if I hear truly, nothing ever returned from this abyss, I, fearless of disgrace, thus answer thee."

Goethe wrote the same idea (or stole it) in other words:

Nix kumm heraus der stove-pipe nix verstay.
Nothing come out and nothing understand.

— *Ergo bibamus!* therefore let us be cheery? But I will bet a little bottle of *lait de Colombe*, or even of *Bouquet de Caroline*, ('tis all one to me,) to a wanton glance of Platonic affection from my first fair lady reader, that she does not know how the expression, "Hurrah for h—l! who's afraid of fire?" first originated. Listen! It was the triumphant "Eureka" of Dante, when the idea of writing an *Inferno* first flashed upon his mind. And never shall I forget the memorable evening when he first announced to me his intention of "bringing something out" before long. We were both seated on the identical stone opposite the cathedral, and which is to this day pointed out to the stranger as the "chair of Dante." The great poet held between his teeth, cigar-fashion, a bunch of violets. Twitching away the bouquet, and slapping his hand violently on his thigh, he exclaimed, after uttering the above-cited expression, "Yes, *Messer il Corriero*, mark my words! I'll yet write a book which shall make such a fuss in the world, that you'd think that h—l was laying eggs."* Saying this, he arose, flung the corner of his cloak over his left shoulder, and vanished, leaving me seated on the stone, and with my legs stretched out over the pavement,

* The reader will doubtless agree with me that DANTE must have derived this quaint figure of speech from the legend of King Ortnit in the German *Heldenbuch*, or from one of the Siegfried Dragon stories. It might have been communicated to him by one of the German workmen employed (according to Vasari and the Chronicle of Ghiberti) in the erection of the cathedral around which my friend Dante was so fond of strolling. Hell itself was always represented in mediæval Art as a monster, (*vide* Mrs. Jamison's "Legendary Art,") the conceit being founded on the scriptural allusion to the "jaws of hell."

like a pair of notes of admiration at his stupendous genius!! Three young ladies had tripped up in succession over them, ere I thought of arising and of "sloping" likewise.

But I remained quiet for the same reason that the English bard, who sang in praise of early rising, laid in bed until noon. I had no motive for getting up, and so I chanted—

Si qua sede sedes, et sit tibi commodæ sedes
Illa sede sede, nec ab illa sede recede!

If where you sit should prove a pleasant seat,
Then still sit still, nor from the spot retreat.

And finishing the seedy couplet with a whistle, I resigned myself to contemplate the groups of citizens who strolled by; the solitary young ladies who had come out for a snifter of fresh air, and the ghosts who, imperceptibly to mortal eye, stole invisible and unseen around, gliding, sliding, and shooting here and there, in and out, up and down, or unconsciously, as it were, this way round the corner nevertheless, by-and-by, yet, notwithstanding. All of these classes interested me, particularly the penultimate, or last but one!

But after bandying compliments with the various Ghitas, Biancas, Vincentias, and Mariolinas who passed, I thought of the many spectres of the past, present, and future "big bugs" of this world, who were flitting about in such ungrammatical confusion. And, firstly, I observed a group composed of phantoms, though not of substantives, in *on*. There was Aaron, Solomon, Agamemnon, Solon, Bion, Phocion, Bacon, Newton, Johnson, Addison, Crichton, Porson, Buffon, Montfaucon, Crebillon, Tillotson, Fenelon, Massillon, Warburton, Warton, Leighton, Walton, Anacreon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Byron, Thomson, Chatterton, Xenophon, Clarendon, Haydon, Gibbon, Robertson, Allison, Nelson, Allston, Vernon, Washington, Napoleon, Wellington, D'Argenson, D'Augon, Denon, Belon, Mme. Blessington, Sampson, Scarron, Maintenon, Biron, Bourbon, Petion, Loison, Casrubon, Charron, Del Rincon, Johann Raphon, Prudhon, De Crillon, Danton, D'Erlon, Melanethon, Mondyon, Perignon, Bourguignon, Montholon, Rapon, Fulton, Cymon, Pyrrhon, Perion, Pantaleon, Orion, Meliton, Jefferson, Du Jon, Bignon, Véron, Antiphon, Wilkinson, Phillipon, Audubon, Wilson, Muggleton, Hutcheson, Simson, Littleton, Paxton, Ferguson, Macpherson,

Mason, Jonah Barrington, Porson, Watson, Amphion, Bellerophon, Mammon, Actæon, Autoleon, Bergeon, Ammon, Abbaddon, Kit Carson, and Phaon.

To these succeeded a miscellaneous multitude of secondary abstractions; among which or whom I observed Capon, Suction, Paragon, Phlogiston, Hyperion, Try-it-on, on dit, Carrion, Cornet-à-Piston, Demon, Poison, On, Stanley, on! with an horrific lot of other *ons*, which would induce aberrati-on and confusi-on, if I should go on. I only remember, as a parting fact, that the last to whom I gave my benison was the celebrated *Polisson*, who bore on his arm the pale and peerless beauty, *Mlle. Bon-ton*; but both were unfortunately a little “sprung,” having lingered long at the spring of *Helicon*!

“’Tis well,” said I, as the wild fluttering train swept on invisibly through houses, posts, and passengers, (I saw Crebillon myself fly straight through a black-eyed beauty, who did not seem in the least aware of being made a thorough-fair,)—“’tis well!—ye have flitted your brief hour on earth, or ye will do it at least some future day, (for it makes very little difference *when* a man lives, seeing that he can only live *once*;) and now ye swim on circumambient waves of ethereal nothingness around the reality of dreams! Some day I shall be with ye, and then live only in the lazy fantasies of some after-coming friend, or haply as a damaged tombstone, which, when flat, may serve at noon as a table for rustic bread and cheese, or by moonlight as the *rendezvous* or trysting-sofa for enamoured young couples. Let ’em *went*!—

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring;
And ever upon old decay,
The greenest mosses cling.

Let her went, let ’er rip, letter B, let ’er cirkelate! Sessa—let the world slide! I understand it not: the dim mysteries of being have not been opened to me nor to my friends, nor have I an idea beyond the Beautiful as coessential with Goodness and Truth—all other inventions, whether patented or otherwise, being Shams, Flams, and Crams, and most fully described by the Turkish word *Bosh*, **٩٠٢** or *empty*—a word which, to the everlasting disgrace of the Russians, is in their language applied to things divine.

And as I sat thus musing, behold there came, "moseying" along, yet another ghost. As he approached me, he paused, and, gazing up into his face, I recognised the spirit of the ancient astrologer STROZZO STROZZI, who died in the year 1048. I greeted him, and rising, led the way to the ancient Baptistery, or Church of St. John, which was then, as now, one of the most interesting buildings in Europe. We entered, and pausing, I pointed to that quaint relic in the pavement, which has in all ages puzzled travellers and antiquarians: I refer to the figure of the sun, surrounded in a circle by a verse which may be read either way, "and does not make much sense any way,"—

EN GIRO TORTE SOL CICLOS ET ROTOR IGNE.

"You," said I, addressing the ghost, "are said to be the author of the inscription. Now tell me, if you please, in plain words, avoiding all manner of Van Buren non-committalism, what the mischief it means; that is, if it means any thing, and if not, what the deuce did you put it here for?"

Something like a wink trembled in the left eye of the ancient, as he replied—

"The books of Livy were lost; but the Poemander of Hermes remained. Had I placed there, O Maestro Carlo, a plain, sensible, one-way hexameter, embodying a scientific fact or moral maxim, it would have been swept away long ago. I placed it there, O signore, that it might NOT be understood, and ages shall come and go, and nations pass, and the ashes of empires be swept away by the housemaid Time into the dust-heap of oblivion, ere *it* be comprehended or *I* be forgotten. The German and the Norseman, the Scythian and Yankee, will see it and remember it, because they could make nothing of it. English tourists, who have forgotten their note-books, will tear off their starched collars and copy it thereon rather than lose it; guide-books will explain it, and *some folks* who think themselves everlastingly cute (and ain't) will put it into books of travel, and feel considerably mean at reflecting on the many things current of which they can make nothing."

And with these words the Shadowy Form faded away in the broad moonlight. I gazed after him, and as he evaporated, a feeling stole over me distantly akin to that of one who has been *sold*.

"Venerable man!" said I, "thou too art one of 'em—one of the mighty brotherhood who have engraved their names on the brass of centuries, for thou readest the human heart 'like a book,' and canst cut into humbug 'like a knife.' *Omne ignotum, &c.*—not what we see, but what we *don't* see, is what we most admire; and that which is most attractive to man loses its charm unless enveloped in some suggestive mystery. What were beer without froth—nuts without shells—learning without labour—Madeira without mould—maidens without muslin? Our very selfishness is centred not upon our soul and heart of hearts, but upon the ornaments, graces, beauties, and gim-crackeries which gather around and hide our manly inner being, and attract our every thought, even as the devotion of the worshippers in this Baptistery of St. John is drawn by the symbols and marbles of the newer Roman faith which they behold around, but give no heed meanwhile to the stern old heathen temple of Mars which lurks enclosed in it—a wall within a wall."

Let it slide, reader—let it slide: this chapter, at least, I trust, has broken no brains; for, most assuredly, they who have condescended to be puzzled therewith have got none. He who wrote it was *fidèle* both in French and German, rejoicing greatly when he heard the dinner-bell, and was glad in summer when the wind blew north-west. And he loved to see brothers join together in unity—"habitare fratres in unum," (as the monks did when they combined at a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, to pitch the father abbot out of the window;) so that he made many friends even among the non-existent, and all for thy sake, O reader and friend!

"*Et parcatis mihi*"—and pardon him that he writes as others think, and is so careless "*scribendo ad dominationem vestram*"—in writing to your magnificence, for it is his custom "*quod sum socialis cum amicis meis*"—to be merry with his friends. *Valete!*

Ita vixit ille rector,
Er wollt's nicht anders han;
Vale semper bone lector,
Lug du und stoss dich dran!
Gut Gesell ist Rinckman!

So lived that jolly preacher
Who would not stop to pick;
Farewell to thee, good creature;

Take care—and *then* fall sick !
Oh Rinckman is a brick !!

And as the epitaph said of the man who died on his birth-day—
“Go thou and do likewise.”

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

SHORT'S PHILOSOPHY, IN WHICH CHAPTER THE READER IS REQUESTED TO EXERCISE GREAT PATIENCE FOR SEVERAL PAGES.

It is not in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it: it is the gift of God, and a true feeder always brings half the entertainment along with him.

STERNE.

MORE than once have I, Friend Reader, during the course of these chapters, given thee glimpses of my friend Wolf Short—of his doings and drivings, failings and thrivings. It may be that thou wouldst have been more grateful had I brought him out less frequently, or had I let him relapse more into that active obscurity from which he delights to see without being seen. But the Wolf is one who, once meddled with, is not readily dismissed. “Facile vocaveris Cacodæmon,” saith the learned and neglected GOLTZIUS, “sed vocatum non facile repuleris,”—meaning that it is easy to raise the devil, and hard to lay him.

My young friends—ye who are just budding into verdancy—beware of wolves—of the terrible “*loups ravissans*,” and particularly of Wolves Shorts. They will lead you astray when older grown, afar from green pastures and daisied fields, over wild mountains and into fair, forbidden gardens; that is, if they choose to bother themselves with you, which is not, on the whole, very likely.

Experience! Experience! Experience!! She is the mother of Wisdom—the aunt of Happiness—the mistress of all that is bad—the nurse of all that is good. Through what blind alleys of folly, over what ruins of recklessness must we grope, and what paths must we travel in, ere we attain the elixir of life—the veritable *Moyen de Parvenir*! And how many there are who break down on the road!

A priest who hath lived a year in jail,
 And a year hath roamed with a pirate sail,
 And a year hath gambled for daily bread,
 And a year by the practice of law been fed,
 And a year hath bullied for ladies loose,
 And a year as hangman hath tied the noose,
 And a year in taverns hath served his time,
 And a year on the highway grown hard in crime,
 And a year been beggar from high and low,—
 Will make a good Father Confessor, I trow.

There is very bad matter in these rhymes, (albeit there are in the original Low German far worse rhymes to the matter.) They indicate a very miry series of experiences; and he who believes that the only pathway to the purer regions, where sublime Wisdom sits enthroned, lies through them, is an ass.

And yet we must learn to distrust much—more's the pity!—not only in individuals, but even in entire races, (meaning, of course, horse-races;) for there is much in many which slays the soul, and is worth noting. Four hundred years ago, moralists held that the following articles were worth about as much as a cat's feather or a hog's horn:—

Bohemian monk or Swabian nun,
 Carthusian shrift, though trebly done,
 A Polish bridge and faith of Wends,
 With Gipsej grief for stealing hens,
 Italian piety and prayer,
 A Spaniards's oath, though deep he swear,
 Fasts which the German keeps alone,
 Or virgin bred in fair Cologne,
 A lovely daughter sunken low,
 A deep red beard—an alder bow,—
 For all thirteen, I well believe,
 No man of sense a rush would give.

With the exception of the "Carthusian shrift," Wolf had had some experience of all the items in this baker's dozen, and had arrived at the same conclusion with old Meister Peter Wetzels, author of the above-cited *Priameln*, as such rhymes were anciently termed.

The Wolf was, in fact, deeply addicted to quaint proverbial literature, which was re-echoed in his thoughts and life; and I have more than once surmised, from his singular choice of books, that he believed that authors who were but little known were best worth reading. "For," said he, "the gold invariably sinks

to the bottom of the pan; and it is with literature as with love—the best part thereof is ever hidden from view.” So that he often read himself to sleep with Frischlinus or Bebelius, and would then lie half an hour in bed the next morning, perusing Sebastian Brandt’s “Ship of Fools,” by way of sermons and soda-water. For he held that there was a time and a place for all things, alleging in proof thereof, not Solomon, as you, or I, or any ordinary sensible Christian would have done, but a certain antique and mirific gloss on the text, extracted, in I know not what year, from some jolly old black-letter, vellum volume, hidden with as much mystery as masonry, in some curious corner of the Heidelberg Library—

Welcher lay sein vasten und andacht
Spart bis an die vassnacht,
Und bis an ain dantz diemuthigkait,
Zu schonen frawen rew und laid,
Und bis in ain weinhaus sein gebet,
So er spilt in dem bret,
Und sein zucht spart, bis er wurt vol,
Fur weiss man in nit halten sol.

Which may be thus Englished :—

He who lays vows and fasting all
Aside until the Carnival,
Or keeps for a dance his humble prayer,
And his grief or sorrow for ladies fair,
And his pious thoughts till he drink or play,
And his prudence till all be gambled away,
And his modest looks or chastity
Till warmed with love or kisses free,
Whate’er he questions or replies,
But few, I trow, will hold him wise.

But wo is me!—I see most plainly in illustrating Wolf, I have gone beyond my subject. What *was* the conclusion arrived at by Peter Wetzels in the recently-cited Priameln? What deep wisdom is latent in the assertion that a Swabian nun, a Bohemian monk, a Polish bridge, &c. are worthless?

It is, that a vast amount of the things, persons, customs, and doctrines revered by the vulgar world are undoubtedly conventional trash; but that the true philosopher, instead of breaking his heart and happiness over it, finds in it all deep cause for dry, humorous reflection, or, better still, for indulging in that

verse which embodies in itself the very ultra-essence of all imaginable wisdom—

Thus runs the world away.

Sic vita—telle est la vie—so we go! On it roars, the mighty tide of being. To-day, O reader, I am happy—to-morrow, thou; and it may be that on the third morning we are both in a red-pepper rage at the good fortune of some dear friend; for every dog is grieved when he sees another slip into the kitchen. But the tide still roars on, and the foolish straws and dust which float on the surface swim as much at their ease as if no abyss lay before them.

And what if there do? O reader mine, if the great majority of the men and women whom we daily meet really believe or disbelieve in immortality, what idiots must they be, to judge from their lives! On the tide roars, however, sweeping with it sticks and dirt, ladies and loafers, Madeira and manuscripts, philosophers and philosophized. Well—as the American Sunday papers joyously say—“*Let her went!*”

Yes, “let her went,” or “let her slide,” (’tis all the same to me.) When Hamlet has for the first time fully and fairly realized the truth of the ghost’s terrible revelation—when the damning guilt of mother and uncle are proved at a flash, and with it his own fearful wrongs,—what conclusion does he, the great, noble, practical philosopher, arrive at?—Why—at “let her went!” of course.

Why let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch while some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away!

And then the great earnest tragedy of Life begins. He does not as other mortals would do, for he remembers that for the present he lives in the world, and for want of better occupation conforms to its customs. He can be splenetic—enraged—fantastic: physical humours will perchance have it so, and even a Titan may have the neuralgia,—but, at the first recalment of his great philosophy, and of the wondrous law of life, they all fade like vapours before the sun, and all that remains is a flock of gnat-like fancies, sporting wildly in the light. So it goes—*Let her went!*

There are many people—and among them more females than men—who unconsciously live and breathe in the spirit of “Let her went!” I have sometimes thought that such gifted ones, when of a thoroughly heartless nature, (such is not Hamlet,) must be impenetrable to every shaft of other than physical annoyance. Even now I am thinking of one who never lacked in conversation or in life either energy or earnestness. But turn upon her suddenly when making any assertion whatever, even of the most trivial kind, fix your eye upon hers, and the veil would fall. She spoke to make you speak, or she built a barricade of fair words, from behind which she watched unseen your movements. You little suspected it, but, in conversation, she was always looking from the window, and you were always in the street. Her soul laughed to her spirit, and both laughed at *you*. By-the-way, she had a strange laugh, folks said. “Yes—very strange!” quoth the Wolf, musingly. *His* laughs were generally made manifest by an extra puff of tobacco-smoke, or by contracting his nether lip. Detect that lady full in the act of letting the world slide, and she would burst into a sudden, startled laugh by way of covering her retreat. People thought her “a little odd.” So did not the Wolf.

That philosopher has yet to be born who can satisfactorily explain how it is that the world, with a full consciousness of its own experience and a tolerably accurate conception of that of several thousand antecedent years, can still go on casting itself headlong, heart and soul, into the extremely dangerous game of life; or how it is that the great majority of those playing contrive to believe that the game is worth the candle. Wine and woman, wealth and health, books and cooks, will not make existence even tolerable, unless their possessor has got as far as whistling. He who has learned a little whistling, may indeed contrive to keep comfortable and bide his time until a better state of things turns up. Otherwise he is but badly off.

“Oh, heavens! it is mysterious, it is awful to consider!” as Tom Carlyle says, not that we are *ghosts*, but that amid the immensity of moral and mental instruction with which this world is filled, there should be no academies for whistling. Nay—not so much as a mere handbook or hornbook for that all-important purpose; albeit very great libraries are extant which profess to teach its equivalents. Do they so?

Now Wolf Short was an adept in whistling. He seldom spun it out to a tune—sometimes it went not beyond a bar—but it expressed more than an opera. To my mind, it came nearer sphere-music than any other, for it indicated a mind singularly and strangely raised above most earthly misfortune, and open to naught save humour. And one day, as I listened to that marvellous chirp of his, which announced that some mighty disaster or wonderful good fortune had just occurred, (either the death of a pet or the sudden extinction of a lucifer match, an unexpected heritage or the discovery of a lost bundle of regalias,)—it seemed that it breathed forth something like a poem; and if it be not too vain of me, I would say something like the following poem, which was then written extemporal at an interval of an hour between each verse, and a month between the two halves.

MANES.

There's a time to be jolly,
 A time to repent,
 A season for folly,
 A season for Lent;
 The first as the worst
 We too often regard;
 The rest as the best,—
 But our judgment is hard:
 Why grin we, or snivel
 At that which a day
 Sees blown to the devil,
 And vanish'd away.

There is snow in December,
 And roses in June;
 There's darkness at midnight,
 And sunshine at noon:
 But were there no sorrow,
 No storm-cloud, or rain,
 Who'd care for the morrow,
 With beauty again?
 All soon finds its level,
 The grave or the gay;
 Then blows to the devil,
 And passes away.

The world is a picture
 Both gloomy and bright,
 And pain is the shadow,
 And pleasure the light;

And neither should smother
The general tone;
For where were the other
If either were gone?
The good and the evil
Must each have their day,
Then blow to the devil,
And vanish away.

The valley is lovely,
The mountain is drear,
Its summit is hidden
In mist half the year:
But gaze from the heavens
High over all weather,
And mountain and valley
Are lovely together;
Yet brief as a revel,
This lovely array
Must blow to the devil,
And vanish away.

I have learned to love Lucy,
Though faded she be:
If my next love be lovely,
The better for me;
By the end of next summer,
I'll swear on my oath,
It was best after all
To have flirted with both.
But kind or uncivil
Ill-natured or gay,
They'll blow to the devil,
And vanish away.

"Oh look on the bright side!"
A wooden head cries;
"Be taught by reverses!"
A sap-head replies.
Give the gold its alloy,
And unless you are stupid,
Think well of grim Pluto
While worshipping Cupid.
Fine bread hath its weevil,
Sweet sugar its clay,
Until to the devil
They moulder away.

In London or Munich,
Vienna or Rome,
The sage is contented
And finds him a home:

He learns all that is bad,
 And does all that is good;
 And will bite at the apple
 By field or by flood;
 Till Paris and Seville,
 And all their array,
 With the world to the devil
 Have vanish'd away.

—Yea, until Ormuzd and Ahrimanes have pitched into each other like Kilkenny cats, leaving no vestige behind, or until Ormuzd is fairly victorious—I forget which is to be the inevitable result; until Harlequin, Pantaloon, Columbine, and other extreme relies of that which was once in the olden days a vast and wondrous faith, have passed away like a dream.

Reader, did it ever occur to you while gazing in some second-rate theatre at some third-rate Christmas melodrama or pantomime, that you were unconsciously assisting at the last rites of that which was originally a religion? Through the mysteries of the Middle Ages, and hand in hand with that popular and literal Christianity from which it so radically differed, the pantomine myth came with free masonry from the far East, where, in cavernous temples and amid philosophic priests, it had been nursed for ages. And so much of the original form still remains, that we can readily detect in it an ancient Baphometic origin. There are the higher and lower grades of evil, set forth by the master and servant, or, as I last saw it, by the wicked count and his rascally flour-white valet, *Noucun*. Then there is the fair Columbine and her lover Harlequin, who, under the protection of a certain good principle or “brick” of a fairy, undergo much persecution from the Count and Co., yet ever escape, turning the tricks of the evil ones against themselves. At last, the good principle, wearied by the untiring obstinacy of the one couple, and softened by the resolute piety, love, and constancy of the other, resolves on a complete regeneration, which accordingly takes place, and Columbine comes out like a butterfly from the chrysalis, as do indeed all the others. But their natures in this new form, though intensified, are unchanged, and their mutual improvement and “ruination” proceeds in inverse ratio, until the final crises of apotheosis and utter destruction ensue.

The truly interesting character in this world-old story is to me the unfortunate White Face or Pierrot-Valet. Endowed with

miraculous powers, he cannot keep out of the simplest scrapes, and alternates the stupidest blunders with masterpieces of shrewd, humorous rascality, through which, however, dimly flashes a faint diabolical gleam, indicating a soul which in its kernel is any thing but funny. What an epitome is this of the career of most poor knaves, to whom talent appears to have been given simply to darken their disgraces! The curious stoicism of the Heinrich-Heine White Face, and the eternal wink or knowing nod with which he rises phoenix-like from all his flattenings-out, grindings to powder, hangings, and dismemberments, typifies not inaptly the vast fund of practical worldly philosophy which is needed to carry even an ordinary knave through a rascally career. With what a knowing air and "Here-we-are-again-how-are-you?" look does he rise from the caldron in which he has been boiled, and wink to the audience world as if martyrdom were an excellent joke! Reader! that caldron is older than Medea's, and the legend of the Colchian sorceress is a mere filagree, rococo imitation of yesterday, compared with the hoar antiquity of the pantomime kettle.

Modern civilization has, however, given birth to a better variety of White Face, or rather White Face has, with the march of mind, greatly amended his manners. In the ancient time, poor Pierrot (whose misfortunes, by-the-way, always seemed to me to spring less from real wickedness than from following too faithfully a bad master) was unanimously regarded as a scape-grace knave, and as one given over incurably to the devil. Now, however, we are beginning to admit that it is rather too bad to burn Leporello in the same hot-bed with Don Juan; and a few have found, that with a different teacher and a different "broughten up," his invincible humour might be advantageously employed on the side of goodness and truth. We are *in* the world, and *of* it, and must make the best we can of it. The old pantomime myth was born of the absorbing Oriental asceticism which regarded the world and life, with all its joys and sorrows, as idle and wicked, and which saw a sin in every smile, and a bagatelle in the extreme of earthly suffering. In modern times, men are beginning to find that it is possible to be both merry and wise, and that Satan has hitherto been allowed to retain in his armoury many peculiar weapons to which he has neither right nor title. In later times, the drama, that truest reflex of the popular mind, has occasionally given a good turn to poor Pierrot,

for Shakspeare's *Gobbo* is a recognition of his better qualities; and not long since, I witnessed a comedy, "Calaynos," by BOKER, in which the scapegrace, as *Pulti*, fairly redeems himself, although, by long force of habit, he finds it impossible to shake off his innumerable diabolical and infernal associations, and perpetually sings verses about a certain devil, who was very probably himself ere the curtain rose on his reformation.

"Thus runs the world away!" Alas! that so much gloomy sin should rise to its surface, and so much merry wisdom be sunk in its dancing waters! For the true philosopher, as for him of Abdera, the world and life is full of dry wit and gleaming with humour. He estimates the sorrows and pains of life at their real value, (and he who can do this suffers but little;) while, on the other side, the quaint, marvellous, fantastic inspirations of life are a never-ending joy. For him the world is radiant with side-splitting laughter—alas! that so few like him are privileged to detect it. The sunlight and rainbow are excellent jokes to the one who understands them, and bees, and birds, and scenery would call forth frequent "roars from the boxes," if the boxes could only "take."

O reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring;
O gentle reader! you would find
Some *fun* in every thing.

"Ah!" exclaimed Wolf one morning, shaking his head misgivingly at his pipe; "you're a sad dog—a ve-ry sad dog!" Some mysterious sympathy appeared to interest Wolf greatly in the moral welfare of several inanimate pets in his room. Chief among them was an ancient timepiece, which was an object of peculiar solicitude. Often have I heard him in the silent watches of the night addressing to it words of consolation or of reproof, until I could almost fancy that in its monotonous ticking I distinguished monosyllabic answers. When out of time, *Clock* always came in for a scolding, ending with the threat—

"And mind, now! go wrong again, *and, as sure as I live, I'll cut your pendulum off!*"

Humour or philosophy is a neutral weapon belonging to him that finds it, and by no means meriting abuse because men have used it with fearful effect against both truth and falsehood, sacrificing all things to inordinate pride and misanthropy. Such a

man is Heinrich Heine, the German Jew, who is in many respects one of the most remarkable writers of the age, not only as regards his own productions, but on account of the activity and agitation which his writings have at different times excited among contemporaries.

I once had the pleasure to meet at Montpellier, St. RENÉ TAILLANDIER, who has been pronounced by the first literary journal of Germany to be more familiar with the literature of that country than any other Frenchman living. In illustration of what I have said in this chapter on Humour, I will quote an extract from a recent review of Heine by Taillandier—an article which does full justice to the abilities of both writers. Before proceeding further, it may be necessary to state that Heine has, for many years, been subject to incredible physical sufferings, lingering a death in life, between two worlds :—

“In vain has Time kept on his course; in vain has suffering—a frightful, pitiless suffering—laid its leaden hands on the wings of his fantasy; for fantasy has triumphed and flown afar! Behold him on his bed of suffering, as artists have represented him; observe his finely-formed and pensive head, where physical pain seems more keenly to accuse the originality of his inner life; and remark that which rays forth from the delicacy of his complexion—the smile of his lips—the half-closed glance which catches only a faint gleam of light! Whence comes this immovable serenity? It is the victory of *humour* over the cruelest sufferings which can chain the flight of the soul. How great are the contradictions which occur between books and conduct! History can tell us of more than one spiritual writer whose life was a contradiction of his theory. But if, on the contrary, we reproach the poet for having too warmly preached the religion of sense and beauty, with what an incredible facility does he show himself superior to his doctrines! At the very instant in which all that he loves escapes him—when form vanishes, colour escapes—when the worship of Hellenism, with which he seems intoxicated, abandons him to the depth of the abyss, it is then we see him always smiling and calm, recalling his swarms of dreams with a grace which no suffering can change. But, in fact, these school-terms of sensualism and spiritualism are here out of place. I can now understand why these two inspirations continually mingle in the train of his imbroglios. I understand that the

depth of his poesy is, properly, neither an *ideal* enthusiasm nor the intoxication of *material* beauty, but *humour*—that sort of literary mysticism peculiar to the minds of the North; a capricious form of intelligence which hides grief under joy, and tenderness under mockery—a profound and graceful irony, which ascends, at times, to the highest summits of human thought, embraces the universe, and plays equally with heaven and earth, with the real and the ideal. Those who have been visited by this muse have been borne by her away to regions where trouble and care are unknown; for to them all things on this earth below appear transformed by the bold gayety of the dreamer. Such was Henry Heine, as we saw him twenty-five years ago, when, young and daring, he wrote the satanic passages of the *Reisebilder*; or Images of Travel; and such do we find him to-day, triumphing by poetry over grief, and dictating the glittering, sparkling strophes of his latest work. Charming and powerful unity of life, in the midst of so many light works and singular contrasts.”

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

AFTER-DINNER STORIES.

“READ us something from your portfolio,” said Von Schwartz to the Courier. And he was seconded in the request by ADRIEN.

“And let it be something spicy,” added young C——.

The ladies had retired, and the gentlemen had settled down to their usual coffee and cigars. The Meister made no remark; but, laying aside his meerschaum, took up and read the following :—

Contes des Comtesses; or, Tales of Countesses.

THE VENGEANCE OF LOLA MONTEZ.

*Frauen und Jungfrauen soll man Loben,
Es sei wahr oder erlogen.*

BE it a falsehood, or be it all true,
Speak well of a woman, whatever you do.

FRAUEN GUNST, WAR NIE UMSUNST—“The good opinion of a lady was never valueless.” This saying, O reader, is worth remembering! It would have been well for the HERR VON BOOTZ had he not forgotten it.

The Herr von Bootz!—It may be, O reader, that thou knowest not his name! For many there be, of high and low degree, whom I have met walking to and fro over this green and beautiful earth, who knew not the Herr von Bootz; yea, and went down to their graves as only the good go, under rosewood counterpanes, with the date on silver coffin-plates, who had passed their allotted spans in gentle, childlike ignorance of such an individual. But among the number I cannot include many of the residents in the city of Munich, in the year eighteen hundred and forty seven; for they were all, as things went, pretty generally acquainted with him, and knew that he corresponded for

the *Hundsgemeine Zeitung*, chronicling in that great German journal much of the social small-beer, literary large turnips, and political small-potatoes of the day.

He was short in stature, peaceable of disposition, extremely *fat*, and greatly beloved. And I rejoice amazingly when I reflect that he actually ate, drank, wrote, waddled about, lived, moved, and had his being in Munich. For had I proceeded to accurately describe him, you would have called *me* a plagiarist from Cervantes, and accused me of resurrectionizing Sancho Panza.

Now it came to pass, that in those days Lola Montez arose, and was sent unto Munich, not of her own will, but to work out that of destiny. And when Von Bootz had heard this, he mended his pen—though not his manners—and exclaiming—

Every day cometh something new;
But seldom any thing good or true—

wrote down the following item of news for the paper, which was duly published and eventually paid for. [And his pen trembled with delight; his soul thrilled with rapture; his eyes expanded with joy; and his pulse went pit-a-pat with pleasure at being the first to communicate the intelligence:]

“*To-day, THE NOTORIOUS LOLA MONTEZ has arrived in Munich!*”

Unfortunate Von Bootz! Better for thee had it been hadst thou never learned to write! Better, far better, hadst thou never become a correspondent! But best, far best, hadst thou remembered the Italian rhyme:

Parla poco, ascolto assai, e non fallirai!
He that hears much, nor reports it at all,
Shall be welcomed in parlour, in kitchen, and hall.

Morn rose and fell upon the city of Munich. Buds ripened into flowers, and flowers to fruit. Minutes expanded into hours, while hours elongated into days, and all swam forth on the checkered tide of Time into the miscellaneous chaos of Eternity. With the flood swam Lola, and a very good swim she made of it, too, in the good graces of King Ludwig. She put no faith in that wicked verse of Ovid's; that verse which, like so many

others, only tends to give a bad opinion of human nature, and harden hearts naturally gentle and confiding—

Turpe senex miles, turpe senilis amor.

Which means that an “old soger” is a hard case, and that the friendly regards of an old gentleman arn’t worth having. “Nay,” said she, (or might have said,) speaking in one of her numerous native languages—

*Mas vale viejo que me honre
Que galan que me assombre.*

It is better to be the privy-counsellor of a good old king, than be loved by some young fool who would abuse me!

Now, among Herr von Bootz’s peculiarities, the most peculiar was that of being *ein guter Gesellschafter*, which means good company, and a first-rate diner-out. For his good nature was incredible, his appetite invincible, his thirst unquenchable, and his budget of odds and ends inexhaustible. Nor was he without talent, having written “*Der Verschwundene Prinz*,” or “The Vanished Prince,” one of the most amusing and popular modern German romantic comedies. Everybody knew Bootz—he dined everywhere; Count Seinsheim patronized him, all the world invited him. Had he lived one hundred years ago, he would have made a flourishing French abbé.

O thou unfortunate Bootz! how gladly would I turn aside the fearful decree of Fate which I even now perceive hanging like a thunderbolt over thy devoted head! How gladly would I annul the past, and thus prevent the future catastrophe, whither my pen even now tends! But it may not be! Solemnly, darkly, deeply, sternly, irrevocably, like the awful Destiny of the ancient Greek drama, it comes rolling on, overwhelming in its majesty, tremendous in its power,—THE VENGEANCE OF LOLA MONTEZ!!!

QUICKLY and briskly Louis the Poet-king rushed through the streets of his German Athens. His coat, restrained only by the upper button, streamed horizontally behind him; and so rapid was his pace, that had a volume of his own poems been placed on those skirts, it would not have fallen off. Bob, bob, bob went his head, right and left, to the passing salutations of his subjects;

while his great eyes glared like those of Melmoth the Wanderer on all countervailing objects. Among these objects was the Herr von Bootz. Twisting around his head, and with that impetuous rapidity which distinguished his regal style of address from that of other mortals, the monarch exclaimed—

“Good day, Herr von Bootz; call on Lola; take dinner; Countess of Landsfeldt; adieu!”

And with the last word, he was already a hundred furlongs distant.

Was it a dream? Could it be true? Was it some subjective imagining, developed from the transcendental depths of his German “moral consciousness?” Was he *verhext*, or bewitched? Was he *Der Verwunschene Bootz*, and, like his own princely hero, enchanted? Lola! soup! wine! roast and boiled! the king! And yet it must be true! *Here* was the Ludwig’s-strasse, *there* was the Opera-house. Over the way was Kaiser’s book-store, and in the doorway he could even perceive Meister Karl looking on. And far, far in the distance, vanishing as he went, was the figure of His Majesty.

Infatuated Bootz! what demon was it that then whispered in thine ear—“Go! *Ein gutes Mahl ist henkenswerth*,—a good dinner is worth a halter.” And with Lola, too! What dishes—save, indeed, chafing-dishes—couldst thou expect of her? Hadst thou never heard the couplet—

*Grossen Herren und schoenen Frauen
Soll man wohl dienen, doch wenig trauen.*

Mighty lords and ladies fair
Should be obey’d, but trusted ne’er.

Or didst thou hope, with that smooth tongue of thine, to come it over Lola, cause her to forget the “notorious,” and blind her completely? Ah, Bootz! Bootz!

*Quien el diablo ha de engañar
De mañana se ha de levantar.*

He who the devil would fain deceive,
Must rise right early, I well believe.

Yes, Bootz went—and dined. And many days rolled over this great dumpling which men call the world, and each said in sil-

ver tones to its successor—"I have seen Bootz calling on the countess!" *Every day!*

*Wer etwas will gelten
Der komme selten.*

"He who would pass for something, should call seldom." Believe me when I say that hospitality should never be too severely taxed, for 'tis ill work to over-drive a willing horse; and "never be a guest for more than nine, or less than three days." Alas! the only philosophical reflection which occurred to Bootz was, that while the pot boils friendship blooms.

And now a dark, wild change steals o'er the fair landscape of the Herr von Bootzian vision. The sun of Lola's favour still gilds with flashing refulgence the plate and china, but there is in its radiance a touch of fire infernal. How transient is earthly happiness, and with what remarkable dexterity does the pea of prosperity vanish beneath the thimble of destiny!

*Gleuck und Glas!
Wie bald bricht das!*

Fortune and glass
Soon break and pass.

"For there's no trustin' these here princes," as the London tailor said when he sent the bill with the pants to Louis Napoleon. Their love and their good-will, and their "inwites" out to dine, are all variableness and the shadow of turning:

Princes favour, April weather,
Ladies' love, a floating feather,
Luck at cards, or game with dice,
Ever alter in a trice.*

Yet once again, and Bootz was invited to sup with Marie Lola Montez, Countess of Landsfeldt. Never had he been in better appetite; never had the dishes been so good, the wines so delicate, the weather so agreeable, or the lady so fascinating. And Bootz ate. Ate like a ploughman, ate like a dragon, ate like the devil. And still Lola, with fine-drawn fascination, led him on, provoking and titillating at every instant his ready appetite with new dainties. At last——

Changing her mien into the vindictive passion of a veritable

* DAS LALLENBUCH, chapter iv.

fiend incarnate, and smiling as only a fiend or a woman can smile when an old enemy has been well taken in, Lola glided up to Herr von Bootz, and spreading before his astonished eyes an old newspaper, said—

“*Read that!*”

Bootz, read—read the paragraph which our readers have also perused, announcing the arrival in Bavaria of “the notorious Lola Montez.” Need we describe his feelings? Need we describe the hurried and fluent apologies which, with the tact of an old diner-out, he so readily poured forth? With three words Lola stopped them all, exclaiming—

“You are poisoned!”

“What!” gasped Her von Bootz; “*p-p-poisoned!*”

“Yes,” replied Lola, ferociously, “poisoned with every thing. Arsenic; hydrocyanic, crotonic, and oxalic acids; belladonna and stramonium; laudanum, sour-kroot, and lager-bier, with all other deadly articles known to modern chemistry, are at present struggling for mastery in your wretched frame. And now—ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!—I am revenged! Die, wretch! *die!*”

Without a word, the hapless Bootz sank back upon the sofa. Up-girgled from his throat one fearful sound—

“*Gu, gu, goo, oo, oo, guggle, uggie,—OOH!*” Bootz thought that it was his own death-rattle——

But it wasn’t!

Let me draw a charitable veil over the fearful sight which followed. A dreadful thunder-storm, which arose at this instant, lent a dire horror to the scene. Need I describe the wrath and imprecations of Lola, the awful roar of the thunder, the pattering of the rain, and the dying groans of the poor Von Bootz? For the *groans* did indeed die, one by one—as groans usually do. But Bootz *lived*, after enduring an immortal agony for about two hours. For at the expiration of that time, Lola, moved with compassion, graciously granted him a little milk and some warm water.

O reader! if it was necessary to draw a veil over the two hours’ agony of Bootz, what sort of double-quilted drapery should we now cast over the emetical scene which followed? Suffice it to say, that Bootz lived; lived to rid his system of that enormous quantity of poisons with which he had *not* been dosed; lived to write new letters and eat new dinners; lived, I trust, to learn

that, right or wrong, women should only be well spoken of; lived, in fine, to suggest by his story the following moral, written lang syne by great Saint Augustine :—

“ Crede mihi, si totum cælum esset papyrus, et totum mare atramentum, et omnes stellæ pennæ, et omnes angeli scribentes, non possent describere astutiam mulierum.” “Believe me, that if all the heaven was paper, and all the sea ink, all the stars pens, and all the angels scribes, they could not describe the craftiness of women.”

And as it is usual, reader, to conclude tragic entertainments with a farce, let us wind up this narration with a merry pasquinade, which was found one morning attached to the door of the palace of the King of Bavaria :—

Un jour LOLA,
Bel oiseau, s'envola
Vers un pays cheri de LOYOLA.
Elle trouva là
Un roi poète, et puis le cajola,
Et de caresses l'accabla.

Du roi la tête se troubla :
Il affubla LOLA
Dans un beau falbala
Des titres, des bijoux—en veux tu ?—les voilà !

Le ministère s'assembla,
Et voulut chasser LOLA,
Mais e'est *lui* qu'on exila.
La cour bela :

Le bourgeois beugla ;
On siffla LOLA ;
On persiffla le roi, hola !—Malgré cela,
LOLA est toujours là,
Et puis, voilà !
Vive le roi, LOLA, et LOYOLA !

So much, O reader ! for my story—so much for the song.

In Munich first I heard the tale,
And afterward from LOLA MONTEZ ;
I tell you this, that you may know
I got it from the *rerum fontes*.

The Countess and her Poet.

PFAFFENTRUG und Weiberlist
Geht über alles, wie Ihr wisst.

Priestly cheat and woman's wit,
Naught on earth may equal it.—GERMAN PROVERB.

Who serves hys ladye faithfullie
Ne loueth two, ne loueth three;
Ne leman coueteth ywis,
Save she who's troth's yplyghted hys.

JEHAN MONIOT, FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

"BETTER," said the poet to himself, "*better a donkey which will carry me, than an Arabian which throws me!*" Now this was a proverb which he had learned in Spain. Saying this, he left the boudoir of the Countess Clementine, and went to take supper with a black-eyed maiden who was *not* of noble birth.

For the countess was that evening in her "*tantrums.*" Every pretty woman has a right to be in them occasionally.

She has the right by usage and custom, by will and way, *de jure divino et jure gentium*, by authority, prescription, and precedential confirmativeness. And the countess was pretty, *very* pretty.

But alas, my ducks! of what use is loveliness when it ceases to excite love? or of comeliness, when a lover is determined to *go*? *None, none, none.* Fair maiden, hie thee hence; the bells are ringing—*Nun!*

The green-wood echo, the rainbow gay,
And woman's beauty, soon pass away.

Perhaps, after all,—who knows?—feminine beauty is only a flickering deception—a gilded, gleaming zero—the aureole of Folly!

When maidens stand in dancing row,
The fairest leads the floor;
When goslings to the mill-pond go,
The first one walks before.

And perhaps—

* * *

—Now may I become the prey (gloves and all) of the biggest bug-a-boo that ever prowled in Moloch's nursery, if I work any longer on this infamous sentence—this cursed train of nonsense!

And the author was as good as his word. Or somebody else was as good for him. For every other leaf of the manuscript has been *torn out* for the purpose of forming, from the delicately and daintily-bound volume, an album or scrap-book, on whose alternate pages have been pasted scraps of poetry, with other fragments, fractionments, and figments of light literature. And the next page reads as follows, albeit somewhat carelessly written:—

OVERTURE-REVERIE.

(*Sounds from Home.*)

Music sweet,
 Passing fleet—
 Bid Memory waken
 Her loveliest dream,
 Brave shouts on the mountain
 Sweet songs by the stream;
 Yet no vision of beauty
 In memory can live,
 Unless woman in spirit
 The impress doth give.

(*Swiss Air. Jodeln.*)

My love is young, my love is fair,
 Her footstep light as summer air;
 Such beauty well my soul might move,
 And yet 'tis not for this I love.

La, la, la—li u va!

My love is young, but passing wise;
 She reads my first thoughts in mine eyes:
 When I in hers will reader be,
 Oh, naught but love I there can see.

La, la, la—li o la!

And this I mark and this I know,
 She learns my deeds where'er I go;
 And this I too can well descry,
 That she is sharper far than I!

La, la, la—li u va!

Oh, happy should the lover be
 Whose sweetheart has more sense than he;
 The soul of love he ne'er has known
 Who loves for beauty's sake alone.

La, la, la—la li u va!

And on the next page the original narrative again appears. What part or portion thereof is covered up by the preceding

poetry, I know not. Paste, like Brummel's starch, plays the devil—occasionally. And thus the tale runs on:

"JEANNE!" said the countess to her maid, after she had fretted, hummed, laughed, cried, and admired her ring, with the remarkably small white fingers which adorned it—"Jeanne, in which direction did the gentleman depart?"

"Up the street, madame; up—for I saw him!"

"And he saw thee, too, I dare say?" To this question Jeanne replied with the French expression of "*Parbleu!*" Correctly speaking, she should have said, "*Edepol!*" or, "By Apollo!" or, perhaps, "By Pollux!" since that is the classic origin of the gentle oath. But Jeanne was not invariably correct in all her words—or actions. She had run or been sent on too many of her mistress's love-errands to be over particular—(*Raro vaga virgo pudica est*)—and had, unfortunately, never paid very marked attention to that passage of the holy father and saint, Ambrose, addressed to virgins, in which he assures them that silence is a synonym for modesty and decency: "*Claude vas tuum ne unguentum effluat, claude virginitatem verecundiâ loquendi et abstinentia.*"

"He saw her," reflected the countess, "and as soon as she was kissed and out of sight, he of course turned and went down in the other direction. For such is human nature, and thus do men deceive!"

These were her thoughts, and she really believed that they formed a whole, entire, deliberate conclusion. But from the deep, mysterious, wonderful abyss of her woman-soul rose, well-nigh inaudibly, the faint, feathery ghost of a conscience-whisper:

For *I* should have done so myself.

"And it was for *this*," said the Countess Clementine, glancing around at the room, and catching a glimpse of her own beauty in the mirror; "it was for *this* that I had this small apartment of mine so daintily scrubbed and comfortably warmed. It was for *this*," continued she, seating herself at the supper-table, while she inclined her beautiful head and swan-like neck, sipping, meanwhile, like a bird, a few drops of red wine from a silver goblet, "that I ordered my best Burgundy. For *this*"——

And lolling back luxuriously, she turned to her maid, and said—

“Jeanne! put a stick on the fire!”

On the next page, sequentially, I find—

LOVE FOREVER!

Per Deos, valde iucundum est amare mulieres, secundum illud carmen
SAMUELIS poetæ:

Disce, bone clerice, virgines amare
Quare sciunt dulcia oscula præstare
Juventutem floridam tuum conservare.

Quia amor est charitas, et DEUS est charitas: ergo, amor non mala res.
Soluatis mihi illud argumentum. EPISTOL. OBSCURORUM VIRO-^{RUM}.*

Sing, if ye will, of the banquet-hall,
Troll the praises of cards and wine;
I have measured the depths of such pleasures all,
And still found them wearisome, silly, and small,
Unless some young beauty touch'd glass with mine.

Drink, drink, drink, till ye roll on the floor!
Play, play, play, till ye've swept the field!
But five minutes' love, though quickly o'er,
Is worth, ye will grant, five thousand times more
Than all that BACCHUS or chance can yield.

Long live the glass, with its morning-beam!
Long live good fellows, wherever they're found!
But what were the sea, if no sunlight gleam
E'er flash'd on its darkness, e'er waken'd its dream,
Or guided the gay barks which circle it round!

But here and there doth the wine-berry grow;
Beauty all over the earth I find;
Languishing eyes, 'mong the high and low—
More of them, too, as older I grow;
For love never leaves a good fellow behind.

* “By the gods! but it is a pleasant thing to love woman, according to that song of the poet Samuel:

“Learn, O jolly student-friend, to love the ladies dearly!
For then the darling little souls will kiss you so sincerely,
And Youth will ever glide along right merrily and cheerly.

“For love is charity, and God is charity; therefore is love no evil thing.
Settle me that argument.”

ULRICH VON HUTTEN.

The best of hearts and the best of lives,
 The best of songs were all born of love;
 And the best of good fellows are maids and wives;
 And the merriest laugh is where CUPID thrives,
 In the kitchen below or the hall above.

— AND found that he had indeed gained a loss by jumping from the patrician frying-pan into a plebeian fire; or from aristocratic fume into a vulgar *flame*, as the Romans termed it. For actresses are but ashes, danseuses but dust, grisettes but gim-cracks, all maidens but mortals; and a love of low degree can demi-devil it like a duchess—particularly with a gentleman to whom the dew-impearled eye of beauty is ever-moving, be it in May Marian, or an empress.

Upon which point of the womanly-weakness of these poor girls, a reflection strikes me. It hath been usual to compare all such and similar to butterflies, which flutter with wings of crimson-golden sheen through the sunshine and over the flowers of life. But if so, they are *inverted* butterflies. For that beautiful bird, from a worm or *bug*, (as American children term all creeping insects,) becomes the tenant of a cocoon, and eventually a fluttering beauty. But the ornamental pets of whom I have spoken generally retrograde degradingly from a state of quivering loveliness and youthful winginess to the condition of the cocoon, and eventually that of the bug—I mean, of course, to a dull, unprofitable middle age, and a weary, thoughtless decrepitude.

— He received but a dull greeting, found that a string of the love-lute was broken, a seal of the soul-flask opened, and drank a draught of wine which made him recall, with bitter regret, the Burgundy and bright eyes of the countess.

THE next page being pasted over, and adorned with the ballad of

THE COUNT AND THE GRISETTE.

It may not be—it may not be;
 Life is too short to waste with thee;
 I claim no hand which wears no glove—
 So fare thee well, thou vulgar love.

I own that thou art very fair,
 But bad thy taste and worse thine air;
 While every varied glance and smile
 Hints at an education vile.

In vain I seek, from day to day,
A trace of something *distinguée*:
Such trace in thee no soul could find,
In form or feature, style or mind.

Why wilt thou e'er my soul distress
By thy con-found-ed taste in dress?
A garnet robe—an orange shoe,
And facing *green*—good heavens!—with *blue*!

Thy lips are like an opening rose,
But, *Dieu!* when once the floweret blows,
Oh, then thy voice, in dreadful shout,
Flies like some vulgar insect out.

I deem'd that love had power to change,
And lift above her low-born range
One who no taste in perfumes had,
Save for patchouli strong and bad!

And now, thou lost one, fare thee well!
At nobler shrines my love I'll tell;
Lost, lost forever—must it be?
Lost to good style, good taste, and—*me*!

— “THEREFORE, Jeanne, let one of our servants run to the apartments of the Sieur d'Adelstein, and tell his valet that his master's patron, the bishop, is dangerously ill, and desires to see him immediately. If he be in the town, that valet will find him; if he find him, he will first return to his own house; if he return to his own house, he must needs pass our door; and if he pass our door, do thou tell him—any fib thou pleasest which will make him mount the stairs!”

And the countess, having given out her orders with the precision of a general, fell back, lounging voluptuously on her throne-like sofa, drawing up the ermine around her splendid snow-white shoulders, and wondering (as did Jeanne for three seconds ere she left the room) where on earth he could find a more magnificent bust whereon to pillow his good-for-nothing head. Yet I never regarded her as a vain woman, nor was she practically half as vain as her lover.

NATURE had gifted her with great amiability, wonderful beauty, ready wit, and a certain modicum of *energy*. THE WORLD had increased these gifts, and to the increase thereof had added experience. THE FLESH had granted her charity, and THE DEVIL a spice of coquetry, rather too much philosophy, and a

penchant for *light literature*—Adelstein, the poet, being her last essay in the latter article.

“For there is many a good thing in the literary way,” said she, “which never went to press. Great are the sins of omission: let us patronize Genius!”

AFTER which expression comes a poem, entitled

WOMAN'S WILL.

CON la muger y el dinero
No te burles, companero!

Companion mine, ridicule not money or woman!—SPANISH PROVERB.

MANY a charm is round thee,
Many a spell hath bound thee!
Though awhile I give thee leave to range,
Soon, thy wild flight o'er,
Soon, no more a rover,
Back thou'lt fly, and never dare to change.
If thou wilt, go flutter,
Here and there, to utter
Burning vows to all with wanton will—
But thou canst not leave me;
No—nor once deceive me;
And in chains I hold thee captive still!

To some love enchanting
Every favour granting,
Go and sigh—I *bid* thee—'tis in vain!
For no woman clever
Lost a lover ever,
When she *willed* to hold him in her chain.
She who's sure of winning
When the game's beginning,
Throws away, of course, a stake or two;
But when higher aiming,
Bent on bolder gaming,
Back they come, and then she holds them true.

The which verses may be either said or sung; but if the latter, it is respectfully suggested by Meister Karl that it be done to the air of *La dernière Pensée de Von Weber*, vulgarly known as Von Weber's Last Waltz.

PANTING, penitent, puzzled, and appearing somewhat pygmean, (or looking “small,”) the poet Franciscus de Adelstein stood in the presence of her whom he had so weakly endeavoured to cruelly deceive. He had been summoned most opportunely from the

dwelling of his black-eyed pet—just at the instant when he was thoroughly *ennuyée*, and weary of her airs—and consequently, when he had relapsed into a heartfelt fit of penitent devotion to the splendid countess.

This she knew, as any woman would have known it, from his air. And certainly, since the countess had been a woman, (it happened on her eighteenth birthday, as she said,) she had never appeared so meltingly beautiful as at this moment; and this she knew also, though I cannot tell you myself how she learned it, for I do not know. But it is well for me that such was indeed the case, since it enables me to put my poet before you in the most penitent, beggarly, love-struck attitude possible. It was not even necessary to comment upon his reappearance. The lady felt this, and fixing upon him a long, deep, mysterious glance, exclaimed—

“Jeanne, you may leave the room!”

To do this, it was, however, requisite to look from Adelstein to the pretty soubrette. She found it hardest to glance gravely at the latter.

“Sit down,” she exclaimed—“here, by me! Naughty boy! where has he been? Out in all the rain, too!”

[It is with a feeling of peculiar pleasure that I announce to the reader that the poem which was pasted on *this* page came off, leaving the prose in a tolerably legible condition.]

“Adelstein,” said his lady, “in one word, where have you been?”

“I have been,” replied he looking up at the ceiling, into the fire, at the countess’s feet, and all around the room, in search of a lie—“I have been — at — the café.”

“If you have,” she replied, “you did not remain there long. Adelstein!” she repeated, placing her hand as it were inadvertently among some articles of the toilette which lay near on a table, and then affectionately putting it on his bosom—“Adelstein, you have been making love—a *great deal of love*—to somebody else.”

And waxing confident in her assertions, she added—

“To some woman!”

Horror-struck at the accusation, he started back with an air of holy innocence.

"To a woman," she continued, "with black hair. See there!"

Saying this, she pointed to a black hair-pin which stuck in the lappel of his coat, and which had evidently been transferred accidentally, in a warm embrace, from some feminine head.

"*That!*" he exclaimed, "oh! that must have come from your own tresses, of course!"

"My hair," she answered, "is *light*—and my hair-pins are all composed of silver, gold, or similar costly ingredients."

Adelstein here began to feel as if the last plank were giving way beneath him, and already experienced in imagination a rush as of many cool spiritual waters over his devoted head. Almost dead with disappointment and shame, he cast himself back on a sofa, exclaiming—

"All is lost—lost!"

"Oh, not all," exclaimed Clementine; "you *must* call once in a while on me—say once a month. You poets are such *distinguée* visitors, that it would never do to lose you entirely."

"Had she been angry," thought he, "I would have trusted to regain her love. But this *badinage* is death."

And turning somewhat pale and heart-sick, he exclaimed—

"Farewell, Clementine. GOD knows that I have deserved all this and more. But oh! I have ever loved you; *indeed* I have!"

And he turned to depart. But at the door he heard the rustle of a silken skirt behind him—saw a small white hand steal over his shoulder—felt the brush of perfumed curls against his cheek—

Adelstein was a gentleman, and consequently did not at this instant affect, as most gentlemen would have done, an anger or indifference he did not feel. He knew that he was horribly guilty, and had been nobly forgiven. In consequence of which he fell on his knees and kissed her hand, as she exclaimed—

"Will he be good, and not go any more to visit naughty little girls with black hair?"

On the next (and last) page, reader, I find this ballad:

AFAR, afar

Shine moon and star:

How dim they are!

Rise, love, and leave me—the dear night is o'er:

Haste through the garden—remember the door!

Cool blows the morning-wind, flower-life to me:

Adieu to the starlight, to love-light, and thee!

Away, away,
 Ere break of day—
 Thou canst not stay !
 In velvet-black darkness, in silence and night,
 I still saw thee gleaming, my snow-love—my white.
 If in midnight, deep midnight, I still saw thee near,
 Oh, how couldst thou hide if the daylight were here ?

Far gleams the dawn,
 Its first robe drawn—
 Thou must be gone !
 For 'neath yon pale star a rose-beam I see ;
 Light should ne'er shine upon kisses from thee.
 Cold is the moon, but a moon-love is warm ;
 Weaker a sun-love, and broken its charm.

And now thou'rt flown !
 I count alone
 The joys we've known.
 Love is our true life, and life cannot die ;
 Love gives a new life, ere life passes by :
 Ere thou didst love me, but one life was mine :
 Now I have two lives, for that life is thine.

For a description of their marriage *vide* the fashionable morning papers of *that* day, or the *a-la-mode*-upholstery novels of *this*.

As for the black-eyed girl being disappointed of the poet-gentleman "who had lots of money and wore such lovely clothes," she married a penny-postman with whom she has since led a life of checkered dalliance, dealing him out "sumtimes kisses and sumtimes kix."

MORAL.

Birds of a feather should flock together.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

A WREATH OF BALLADS.

What the Young Man saw in Broadway.

I STOOD on the steps of the Astor,
And gazed at the living tide
Of vehicles down the middle,
And people up either side.

And I saw a maid who was "pumpkins"
In a shawl of real Cashmere,
Jump down from the step of a carriage,
While her robe got caught in the rear.

Oh! the robe was of *moiré antique*,
(A very expensive "rag;")
But a skirt peep'd out below it,
And *that* was a coffee-bag.

I knew it had once held coffee,
Though now 'twas another thing;
For on it was "*Fine old Java*,"
Y-mark'd in store black-ing.

And I thought, as she gain'd the sidewalk,
And the "muslin" again was furl'd,
How much those out-skirts and *in*-skirts
Were like man's heart in the world;

How many a Pharisee humbug
Plays a lifelong game of brag;
His words all silk and velvet,
And his heart but a coffee-bag!

And I turn'd me in to the Astor,
For my heart was beginning to sink,
And I told the tale to my brother,
And it rung him in for a drink.

It rung him in for cocktails,
And then to myself I confess'd,
When I thought how I came by the "ardent,"
That I was as bad as the rest.

Ladies' Stockings.

I.

A CLOTHES' line in yonder garden
Goes wandering among the trees,
And on it two very long stockings
Are kicking the evening breeze;
And a lot of fancy dry goods,
Whose nature I cannot define,
Are wildly and merrily flopping
About on that same old line.

II.

And a very sly young lady
At the parlour window sews;
And I *rather* conclude, if you tried it,
You'd find she'd fit into "them" hose;
She's only a half-length picture,
Foreshorten'd below the breast,
But the dry goods which dance on the tight rope
Out yonder, just make up the rest.

III.

So dreamlike, she seems so gentle,
You'd think her too good for earth;
And I feel that a holier spirit
Is banishing vulgar mirth
To its worldly home—by Jingo!
What a flourish that muslin throws!
And how uncommonly taper
Those stockings go off at the toes!

IV.

O eyes! like the sky when it's bluest!
 O hair! like the night without star!
 O muslin and hose! I can't help it!
 Ye still draw my thoughts over "thar!"
 The *lady* alone is substantial,
 The clothes but a fancy ideal,
 Yet somehow or other—confound it!—
 I've mix'd up the sham and the real.

V.

O Love! you're the same old sixpence
 With the poet, the muff, or the brick;
 You go up with a rush like a rocket,
 But come down at last like a stick.
 And let love thoughts be lofty or lowly,
 Platonic, or "flash," I opine
 That they all, like yon dry goods and stockings,
 Belong to the very same *line*!

L'ENVOY.

Be sure that no letter A garden
 Was ever yet wanting in *hose*;
 And Meister Karl thinks that a ballad
 Looks well when it ends with the *CLOSE*!

Ladies' Boots.

A LITTLE glove stirs up my heart as tides stir up the ocean,
 And snow-white muslin, when it fits, wakes many a curious
 notion;
 All sorts of lady fixings thrill my spirit as they'd orter,
 But little female gaiter boots are death, and nothin' shorter!

And just to put you on your guard,
 I'll give you, short and brief,
 A small hotel experience,
 Which fill'd my heart with grief.

Last summer at the Clarendon,
 I stopp'd a week or more,
 And mark'd two "booties," every morn,
 Before my neighbour's door;
 Two boots with patent-leather tips—
 Two boots which seem'd to say—
 "An angel trots around in us"—
 They stole my heart away.
 I saw the servant take 'em off,
 With those of common brutes;
 His soul was all on sixpences,
 But mine was in the boots.
 And often in my mighty dreams
 They swept before my face,
 A lady growing out of them,
 As flowers grow from a vase.
 But ah! one morn I saw a sight
 Which struck me like a stone,
 Some other name was on the book:
Those boots were not alone!
 A great tall pair of *other* boots
 Were standing by their side,
 And off they walk'd that afternoon,
 And with them walk'd—a bride!
 Enough, enough—my song is sung,
 Love's tree bears bitter fruits:
 Beware of beauty, friend of mine!
 But oh!—beware of boots!

Kissing in the Old Style.

What is a Kisse?—praye tellt to mee?
 A daring daintie Fantasie:
 A brace of Birdes whych chirpe, "wee woulde,"
 And pypyng answer, "iff wee coulde!"

Whatt is a Kisse?—whan Evenynge falles
 In russett Foldes o'er Heauen's Walls,
 Itt is a blessed Propheseye
 That Love wyll live, tho' Daye doth dye.

Whatt is a Kisse?—whan Mornyng's leme
 Castes Verjuice redd in Heauen's whyte creame,
 Itt is a pretie rynging Knell,
 Whych cries to Love—"Swete, fare yee wel!"

What is a Kisse?—Alas! at worste
 A single Dropp to quenche a Thirste.
 Tho' ofte itt prooves in happie Houre,
 The first swete Dropp of one longe Showre.

The Azure Adolescent.

SLEEP'ST thou or wak'st thou, jolly shepherd,
 Thy sheep are in the corn,
 And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
 Thy flock will take no harm.

SHAKSPEARE.

CERULEAN youth, arise!
 And wind your bugle-horn,
 Till like a spirit through the skies
 I hear its echoes borne;
 For flocks are in the dewy mead,
 And sheep in the golden corn.

Ah! fainéant! is it thus
 Your fleecy flock you keep?
 Embraced by Morpheus;
 Lost in the realm of sleep,
 By the fragrant hay-cock high,
 Where nut-brown maidens reap!

The Wedding Trip of Jarl Alvar Rafn.

Drekum Bior ad bragde
Ur piukvidium hausa.

We shall drink beer in heaven
From the skulls of our enemies.

REGNER LODBROG.

THE lightning grew pale,
And the thunder was dumb
As if the old devil
In person had come,
When in vengeance and fury
The death-raven black,
The Vikingir ALVAR,
Came sweeping the track.
"Great ODIN, thou storm-god !
Crack on with our ship !
We are off on a batter,
Hurrah ! let her rip !"
So the wild pirate shouted
In madness and scorn,
While down went the liquor,
And round went the horn.
So all hands, as you see, kept
a good head of steam on !

By the sea, by the mountain,
On Norway's strand,
BRENHILDA, the peerless,
Sat high on the sand ;
When, smack ! o'er the water
In time double quick,
Great ALVAR came down,
Like a thousand of brick.
Splash ! into the ocean
The Vikingir sprung,
And pick-back the princess
O'er shoulders he flung :

Like an arrow he darted
The wild billows through,
And into the "Dragon"
BRENHILDA he threw.
While all hands gave a
yell, and took drinks on the strength of it.

"By the gods of VALHALLA!
I'm done for!" she cried;
"By THOR and by thunder!
You *are*!" he replied.
No more spake the maiden,
No more spake her lord,
But he stamp'd on the short deck
And brandish'd his sword.
"There's a sail to the leeward!
A *sail* in our path!
Do you hear! blood and brimstone!
Lok! blazes! and wrath!
The bier-sucker madness
Is boiling me through!"
Then he took a "long drink,"
And right into it flew,
While the Ravens all
round took a horn, and went at it.

Oh! then on the helmets
The death-biters rang,
While ALVAR, the Raven,
Swore, murder'd, and sang:
"The deck is blood-painted—
A wound all the bay—
While round rage the sea-wolves
And fight for their prey.
BRENHILDA! land-maiden!
Look up, and you'll find
How the Raven can 'go it,'
When once he's inclined;
See these skulls! how I split 'em!
These throats how I slice;

And all for thy sake, love !
Thou pearl beyond price !"
So the fight being over,
they all went and liquor'd.

"The VALKYRIES scream
For the souls of the dead,
While BALDER, the sun-god,
Shines down on our head !"
So like good, pious fellows,
They knelt on the deck,
And thanked the great gods
That their foe was a wreck.
For on points of religion
Great ALVAR was "strict,"
And always "held prayers"
When a ship had been lick'd.
On a prisoner they found,
By unanimous vote,
They first carved the eagle,
And then cut his throat ;
Then, church being over,
adjourned for refreshment.

And over the ocean,
And over the foam,
Like a shot from a shovel
The VIKINGIRS come.
Loud roar'd the wild tempest,
Loud roar'd the wild sea,
But louder great ALVAR
Sang forth in his glee—
"Grim spectres sweep o'er us
In lightning or gloom ;
I see their eyes gleaming
Like fire round a tomb :
The Runes of the valiant,
Dead heroes obey ;
Let's pitch into Naples
And plunder and prey !"

So they gave him three cheers,
and then emptied a barrel.

“Set fire to the churches!
Set fire to the town!
Grab, murder, and plunder,
Drag out and knock down!
Go it strong, ye brave Northmen,
Crash, tumble, and slash!”
Roar’d the JARL as with each hand
He held a mustache,
And glared on the town,
Like a wild devil grim:
An AESIR in fury,
A JOTUN in limb.
Now the blue shields are crimson,
The spires are in flame;
But on pitch the Ravens,
All grit and all game:
Only stopping to bolt
down the wine on the altar.

Like fiends wing’d for murder
The arrows flew forth,
While red swords were ringing
The knell from the North,
And maces deep mashing,
Laid saints in the mud;
While the black crow and eagle
Went wading in blood.
But where flames were loud roaring,
With death by his side,
Rose the giant JARL ALVAR
In glory and pride.
“We have thrash’d them to flinders
And knock’d ’em from time!
BRENHILDA, thou white one,
Say—isn’t it prime?”
While the Northmen
all round took a drink from their helmets.

"The men are all murder'd,
 The town all aflame :
 And we've bagged all the pewter;
 Let's slope whence we came !
 And under a full head
 Of glory we go :
 No *scald* now, thank BRAGA !
 Can chalk us as 'slow.'
 To our Death Dragon hasten :
 How stately and light
 She rides the bright Belt
 Of the Daughter of Night !
 And be glad ! for our voyage
 Full plainly hath shown
 That the gods, when we're pious,
 Look after their own."
 So they took one good
 horn, and went off in the Dragon.

Hymn to Moloch.

To C. Percy Jones, Esq.,

THE GIFTED AUTHOR OF FIRMILIAN,

AND OTHER SPASMODIC WORKS,

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

By Meister Karl.

MOLOCH, all roasting,
 Terrible-toasting,
 Red-hot, tremendous,
 Roarer stupendous !
 List to our prayer.
 Scorcher of babyhood !
 Father of fire and blood !
 God of the barbacued,
 Scollop'd, fried, broil'd, and stew'd !
 Look from thy lair !

Glance from thy flames eternal,
 With glowing eye infernal,
 While we thy rites prepare!

Now 'neath the mighty idol, fires are gleaming,
 While all around the victim-girls are screaming;
 And hotter still the awful flames are flaring,
 With drums loud rattling, Syrian trumpets blaring.

List to the rip and the roar of the song!

For thy priests are awake and go screaming along:

"Moloch Baal Molochim!

Moloch el Carnaim!

One god and many gods!

All god and any gods!

Greatest of all, by odds,

MOLOCH, the horned!

TITAN, blood-revelling,

Terror-bedevising,

All-to-hell-levelling,

Scorners and scorned,

Sober and corned!"

Now, with the holy poker,

Forth comes the SACRED STOKER.

His is the solemn task to stir the coals,

And pitch the screaming infants in the holes:

The seven holes within thy brazen side,

Where they, in anguish dire, are tortured, grilled, and fried.

Lo! he advances, 'mid clattering lances,

And rough-ringing rattle, like devils in battle,

While bucklers are crashing and scimitars flashing,

And blood-drunken priests at each other go slashing;

Pounding and banging with censer and axe,

Hitting each other such *horrible* whacks:

While the marble floor

Is gushing with gore.

List to the rout and horrible shout!

Moloch! Bál Moloch!—our blood runs out!

And the fire

Burns higher,

While through smoke, and o'er scream, and crackling flame,
A terrible voice is heard to proclaim :

"The fight is free !—there is naught to pay ;

Go in if ye will, and win if ye may :

For the honour of MOLOCH,

The child of the DRAGON !

The bull-headed MOLOCH,

The sire of the DRAGON !

The horrible MOLOCH,

The brother of DAGON !

Strike in and win, ye children of sin,

Though ye come out with never a rag on !"

List to the furious prayer

Of maddened votaries, who scream for gore,

Or hoarsely pant, "More blood ! great MOLOCH, blood !

More death ! HELL-FATHER !—MORE ! !

We thirst, we pant for torture ! give us pains

And horrid agonies ! Oh ! crush our veins !

Melt down all life in one tormenting flood !

Oh ! MOLOCH ! all-destroying !

Of anguish never cloying !

Grant us ineffable, tremendous pain,

That we may rise in holier life again !"

O'er the infernal storm

Rises the demon form

Of the great brazen idol, roaring hot ;

Dazzling, intensely white,

The extremest pitch of light ;

In which the innocent babes must go to pot !

Lo ! all is ready ! O'er the silver bridge,

Which spans a thousand cubits high in air,

Slow march the monstrous priests,

Like giants along a mountain ridge ;

Great, bloody, stern, and bare.

Dreadful they seem

As devils in a dream ;

And all the raving mob with joy is wild,

For every clergyman doth hold a child !

They stand o'er the burning god ;
 No farther can they go.
 Now hold your breath,
 For you'll witness death !
 There ! *there !* by BAALPHEGOR ! I told you so !
 For the first, with steady aim,
 Looks straight into the idol's scorching womb ;
 Then, grasping by the leg an infant boy,
 He whirls him thrice around his head with joy,
 And slings him smack into the burning tomb !

A heart-felt grunt of joy ineffable
 Runs through the multitude ; they're faint with bliss ;
 And pious rapture thrills in every heart,
 As loud they cry, "Great BAAL ! was ever sight like this ?"
 But now they're thrown by scores :
 The air is full of flying innocence !
 Again !
 Again !!
 Again !!!

Until the last priest sings,
 As round and round a babe he swings :
 "We've burnt up all this lot !—fetch out the men !"
 And loud the chorus rings :
 "Great Father ! mighty MOLOCH ! hear our prayer.
 Accept the victims which we offer thee !
 For we have brought, ready for sacrifice,
 Men of tremendous crimes, of tastes depraved,
 With every sense unnatural. We have found,
 After great search in many a distant clime,
 Men who ne'er gazed with joy on spouting blood,
 Nor loved to look on torture ; men who shunned
 The maddening ecstasies of drunkenness !
 Yea, who have led an impious sober life,
 And never shared the wild and thrilling rites
 Of ASHTAROTH or BENOTH. Take them all ;
 Remove their vile and sinful influence,
 And purify them in thy cleansing fire ;
 So that at last they may return to earth
 With holy natural tastes and sound desires,

And a refined love for blood and wine,
And every other consecrated joy!"

Loud roars the infuriate crowd in wild disgust,
As these vile victims feed the sacred flame.
"Yes, burn 'em up. Behold! the gods are just!
Vengeance is certain, though her feet be lame!"
They fall in the dreadful fire;
One singe, and they're puffed away,
As gauze-winged flies expire
When into furnaces they find their way;
And as each soul whirls off, whirls off in blinding smoke,
There rises from great MOLOCH's brazen head,
Which glares above the clouds in smouldering red,
A wild, infernal, grating, beastly bray;
A cry to night-mare Nature in her sleep:
A horrid sound—ten thousand octaves deep;
A growl which makes the mighty temple nod;
The awful joy-cry of a drunken god!

The fire hath ceased. We wait
Before the golden gate,
Reading the prayer of death from earthen scroll,
In arrow-headed words which pierce the soul.
List to the rising hum!
The PRIESTESSES have come!
Through curling smoke we see their black eyes swim,
While blood is plashing o'er each ivory limb.
Beauty on beauty crowds in quivering throng,
While from their lips bursts forth the eternal song:
"BAAL, MOLOCH, ASHTAROTH!
Father and mother both!
Serpent-child and serpent-sire!
Spirit of the endless fire!
Soul of the mighty sun
Male-female—two and one!
Star of the morning!
All-heaven-adorning!
Queen of the realm of night!
Lord of the land of night!

High in thy moon-ark thou sailest above
 ASTARTÉ-MYLITTA in beauty and love ;
 Deep in the earth is thy hell-flaming bed,
 BAAL-MOLOCH !—parent of darkness and dread !
 NUS-AROC, NISROCH—the living and dead !”

Here the priests gave a yell

At the mention of hell,

And the voice of the maidens, in wavering swell,
 Rings out like the chime of a musical bell ;
 But it dies away in a thrill of love,
 Like the last faint coo of ASTARTÉ's dove ;

For it seems by the scent,

Which just up-went,

Or went up from the altars in blue clouds whirling,
 Above and below in the light draught curling,
 All heads and all hearts and all senses turning,
 That something *excessively* nice is burning

As if the soft perfume

Of every flower in bloom,

From Nineveh to Babylon,

Were centered in the room.

While, faint and soft at first, from note to note,

Delicious music winds its wanton way :

Melting voluptuous, it seems to float

Upon the perfumed clouds, and

Shun the light of day :

While o'er the doors which light the marble hall

Transparent crimson curtains softly fall ;

How wondrously lovely the priestesses seem !

How their long eyes glance,

As they float in the dance,

And their voices roll to the core of the soul,

As their white forms swim in a wine-colour'd gleam.

“We are chosen for beauty ;

Love is our duty ;

Death is revival, and life is a dream.

Come ! oh, come ! for we wait too long :

ASTARTÉ hath sent us with eyes and with song,

To float in her endless stream !

In the living river,
Whose waters quiver

Around the serpent forever and ever !

ASTARTÉ-MOLOCH-BAÁL ! great mother-sire !

Thou too hast passed through darkness and the flood ;

Male in the female ark, Strength and Desire !

Even thou wert conquered by the Typhon brood ;

The giant hell of evil, pain and blood ;

The death-night of the waters ! but within

Thy scattered limbs still glowed eternal life.

And long they tossed upon the waves of sin,

Till placed together in thine ark and wife,

Thine other self, within whose closed horns

Thou swam'st for forty days, and in that time

Gav'st birth to the Triad, who in double forms

Made with their mother-sire the *Ogdoad* sublime,

The great Cabiri of earth's dawning prime."

Such was the awful song of life and death !

How THAMMUZ-ORPHEUS-ADON passed away,

And came again to freshened love and breath ;

And how revival followeth dark decay.

But—to tell the truth and the facts to admit—

This perversification

Of revelation

Didn't prove, on the whole, to be much of a hit ;

For, except by the priests and some others exempt,

It was treated with very oblivious contempt :

For the multitude all,

The great and the small,

Were yelling in one rip-roarious throng,

And going it *very* excessively strong.

'Tis true that the priestesses stopped the slaughter,

But 'twas done in a way,

I'm compelled to say,

Like soothing a burn with scalding water ;

For they served spiced wine out, hot from the vat,

In Iona goblets, and plenty at that ;

And with burning words and glances tender,

Exciting to drink,

With many a wink,
 As you well may think,
 Soon steamed them all up to a high-pressure bender;
 For the curtains fell, and a horrible yell,
 And a dreadful rout,
 As the lights went out,
 Went up from the mass in a roof-splitting swell.
 "Typhon hath got us!—'tis dark! 'tis dark!
 The flood rages round!—we're at sea in the ark!
 SUCCOTH-AL-BENOTH!—I'm fixed at last!
 BAAL-BERITH-ASMA!—we're perishing fast!
 The waves—the waters rise over our head!
 MOL—BA—BEL—MOLOCH!—we're dying!—we're dead!"

Throw wide the ocean-gate,
 Where DAGON sits in state!
 Cast off the curtains: let the young day in!
 The first red flush of morn,
 The cool breeze newly born!
 Lo! in the east dim sinks the queenly star!
 Lo! o'er the horizon pales the crescent moon!
 To all, as once to BAAL, be new life given;
 Enjoy your life, for death must follow soon!
 But first let each one take,
 Ere ye these walls forsake,
 The mystic honey-cake;
 The type of birth—the all-reviving food;
 For honey is the life of flowers;
 The soul of Nature's loveliest powers,
 MEL-DEA, MELITTA, MELICARTA!
Mel!—holy syllable and beauty's blood!
 MEL, MEL!—reviving MEL!
 Sweetest of tastes!—born of the sweetest smell!
 Farewell!—the dying swell
 Peals like a distant bell!
 MEL-DEA, MÉLA-MEL!
 Farewell! 'tis well!
 Go forth! In peace!
 FAREWELL!

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

IN WHICH MEISTER KARL THE COURIER BIDS HIS FRIENDS A
HEARTFELT AND AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL.

Finale.

READER, you good soul!—I greatly fear that the time has come, or is quickly coming, “when you and I must part!” Every thing in this world has an end. Greatly does it grieve me to part with you, for a respectable, moral, decent, well-behaved reader is a treasure not to be picked up in every tea-party, and yet I am not sorry to find myself so near the end of my volume.

Have we become friends? have I pleased you? It is too late now to back out, or to hedge criticism. Already the weight of the pages has shifted from the right hand to the left, and the increasing twilight of their numbers indicates that the empty night of the fly-leaves is close at hand.

The day is done, and darkness
From the wing of night is loosed,
As a feather is wafted downward
From a chicken going to roost.*

Jacta est alea, “all is over now.” But how does our account stand? On which side is the swindle? *An vixit is unquam qui placuit omnibus*—“But did that man e’er live who suited all?”

Lieber, sag, wo ist der Mann
Der Jedermann gefallen kan?
Niemandt ist er genant,
Nusquam ist sein Vaterland.

Anglicé:

Where bides upon this earthy ball
A person who can please us all?
Nemo’s his name, ye understand,
And *Nusquam* is his Fatherland.

Now, as Meister Karl's name is not Nemo or Nobody, and as he does not live in Nusquam or Nowhere, it follows that he has *not* pleased many. For Carmagnoles have long been out of fashion, and it is doubtful whether the *Bigarrures of the Seigneur des Accords* have at the present day as many readers as chapters. But these reflections will trouble him but little if he can only, "in the language of the last century, 'be permitted to hope'" that he has now and then struck a chord which has been echoed in the soul of some genial true-hearted *franc compaignon*, or illumined with a smile the windows of some fair lady's face.

Alas! it is the weakness of all knights of the quill (*condottieri* like Meister Karl included) to take it for granted that their scribblings and scissorings will make as much noise in the world as a New York saltpetre explosion, even before they have settled to a certainty the question whether saltpetre will explode or not! And when we reflect that even Plato, despite the excellent translations of Messrs. Cousin, Schleiermacher, and Taylor, never has more than ten readers at a timē in the world, (according to Emerson,) we might well despair, were it not for the consoling reflection that froth will sometimes rise to the surface. Hen-coops are saved when argosies go down.

My!—but this is a hard world to get along in!

Multis annis jam peractis
Nulla fides est in pactis,
Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis.

For many years, my friend, the fact is
That honesty is out of practice,
And honey'd words and fawning smile
Are ever mixed with fraud and guile.

Nay, we must all meet with hard knocks, and be treated sometimes right knavishly; but cheer up, my honest friend. Your case must be a hard one indeed if you can find no flattering unction in the reflection that—

It all will be nothing a hundred years hence.

And in those days when we have washed the garments of earthly grievances in the waters of Lethe, let us trust that all, both reviewers and reviewed, may meet in amity, pledging each

other in goblets of pure nectar, and resting as fraternally side by side as their polemics rest in some old library.

Fare thee well, reader, fare thee well. We at least are friends, let the world wag as it may. Even now my trunk is packed, and the landlord is studying up his last "extra." Fa-a-a-r-e-we-e-e-ll! The pretty chambermaid is weeping bitterly on the staircase, and Boots lingers in avaricious expectancy at the front door.—O Robin, rew on me, but now farewell!

I've shot my bolt, and said my say,
 I've packed my trunk, and paid the bill,
 But one more word, and then away,—
 Here comes the wagon down the hill.
 Farewell, farewell, companion mine,
 And ladies kind and true;
 Maria, Kate, and Adeline,
 Blue-eyed and black-haired Caroline,
 A long farewell to *you*!

I came a stranger to your gate,
 A stranger to my landlord's door;
 No loving friend on me to wait,
 And now I leave perhaps a score.
 God bless the day that I came here;
 God bless your eyes—black, brown, or blue:
 Maria, Kate, and Adeline,
 Bella bellissima Caroline,
 A long farewell to *you*!

If all the world were like your town,
 And every man had friends like mine;
 'Twould be a heaven turned upside down
 With music, laughter, love, and wine.
 All that I've made I've spent again,
 As I, good faith, again would do:
 Maria, Kate, and Adeline,
 Bella bellissima Caroline,
 A long farewell to *you*!

And if I pass this way again,
 I'll stop a month, should matters thrive;
 If not, I'll give my horse the rein,
 And one hurrah!—as past I drive.
 Perhaps some friend may catch the voice,
 Perhaps some girl may know the cry:
 Maria, Kate, and Adeline,
 Bella bellissima Caroline,
 Ye morning calls, and friends, and wine;
 To one and all—good-bye!

"A doo, a *do!*" as the ghost of Lord Byron cried to the Rochester rapper. But a few minutes more, and Meister Karl, your true old hearty Courier, will have faded far away in the distant azure horizon.

As fades the coffee dark and brown
In milk of chalky blue,
So he'll go fading out of town,
While shouting oft, "Adieu!"

And yet a few last words. Reader, have I performed the promises so profusely proffered in my introduction? Alas! I have left undone much that I ought to have done, though, *en revanche*, I have done still more that I never intended to do. So rest content. Perfect writers are as rare as perfect readers; and if Nature ever made a specimen of either, depend upon it that she made but one impression, and then broke the mould!

And here, methinks, you cry, "A plagiarism—a most manifest and shallow plagiarism!" True; and yet I stole it not from Byron or from Ariosto,* but from the story of the She Bear in the Pentamerone of Giambattista Basile, where a bereaved husband cries "Where shall I find a woman equal in beauty to my wife? Nature made Nardella, and then broke the mould!"

Yes, there is much that I could have done. I could have told you how Wolf Short fraternized with the Hospodar of Moldavia, and took tea with Key-ing in Canton; how he smuggled Bibles into Bohemia, and "made a pile" at playing poker and monté in California; how Von Schwartz fought in Hungary and Circassia, and with the Turks and Tartars, and how he at length became a perfect amateur Dugald Dalgetty; how the Chevalier married Coralie, and what Louis Napoleon said of the match; how young C—— sowed all his wild-oats, and, returning to New York, built unto himself a big broker business in Wall street and a mansion in Fifth avenue; and how Uncle Bill continues to visit him every Sunday evening, and how the latter seems to be in a fair way to marry Mrs. C——. And there are many mirific tales yet unwritten of Adrien the Artist, and the Count and Countess, all of which may yet see light, should Meister Karl ever chance this way again. And there is much more, in no

* *Natura lo fece e poi ruppà la stampa.*

wise referring to each or any of these, which may yet be said or sung, should my indulgent audience greet me with an encore.

And blame not the Meister that he is over-quaint and extra-peculiar in his style, shooting (to use his favorite simile) at times transcendently upward like a rocket, and then falling descend-entally downward, like its stick, into that rhetoric which the learned call rigmarole. Extraordinary subjects are to be illustrated in an extraordinary manner: as the Professor remarked when he drew the angles and curves of the soul upon a green board with yellow chalk. It may be, O reader, that you and I, or perhaps both of us, may, like the singed cat of antique fable, be better than we look. "A tattered cloak," saith Baxter in his "Saint's Rest," "may cover a good drinker." And it will be, I doubt not, a consolation and a comfort to you to reflect that, though the previous chapters may not in every particular have exactly squared with your views, tastes, or interests, they have not been, *per contra*, one whit better adapted to the tastes of your enemies or rivals, as the case may be.

Fare thee well, Regnault my reader—fare thee well. If I have in aught offended thee, I am sorry; and if thou hast ever thought hardly of me, I trust that we may both receive for punishment a beautiful girl and a game-bag full of guineas.

"Detur pro poenâ, scriptori pulchra puella."

This is my valediction, friend of mine!

THE END.

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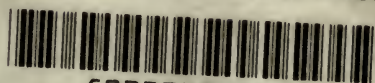
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